❧ Iohn Heywoodes woorkes.

A dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall prouerbes in the Englisth tonge, compact in a matter concernynge two maner of Mariages.

With one hundred of Epigrammes: and three hundred of Epigrammes vpō three hundred prouerbes: and a fifth hundred of Epigrams.

Whereunto are now newly added a sixte hundred of Epigrams by the sayde Iohn Heywood.

LONDINI.

1566.

The Preface.

AMong other thinges profityng in our tong
Those which much may profite both old and yong:
Such as on their fruite will fæde or take holde
Are our common plaine pithie prouerbes olde.
Some sence of some of whiche beyng bare and rude:
Yet to fine and fruitefull effect they allude.
And their sentences include so large a reache,
That almost in all thinges good lessons they teache.
This write I not to teache, but to touche: for why,
Yen know this as well or better then I.
But this and this rest, I wryte for this.
Remembringe and consideringe what the pyth is,
That by remembraunce of these prouerbes may grow
In this tale, erst talked with a frænd, I show
As many of them as we could fitly finde,
Fallinge to purpose, that might fall in minde.
To thentent that the Reader redily may
Finde them and minde them, whan he will alway.

FINIS.

The. i. Chapiter.

OF mine acquayntance a certaine yong man
(Beyng a reſorter to me now and than)
Reſorted lately, ſhowyng him ſelfe to bée
Deſirous to talke at length alone with me.
And as we for this, a méete place had won,
With this olde prouerbe, this yong man begon.
Who ſo that knew, what would be déere,
Should néede be a marchant but one yéere.
Though it (quoth he) thing impoſſible bée,
The full ſequele of preſent things to foreſée:
Yet doth this prouerbe prouoke euery man
Politykely (as man poſſible can)
In things to come after to caſt eie before,
To caſte out or kepe in things for fore ſtore.
As the prouiſion may ſéeme moſt profitable,
And the commoditée moſt commendable.
Into this conſideracion I am wrought
By two things, whiche fortune to hands hath brought.
Two women I know, of whiche twayne the tone
Is a mayde of flowring age, a godly one.
Thother a widow, who ſo many yéeres beares,
That all hir whiteneſſe lythe in hir white heares.
This mayde hath frénds ryche, but riches hath ſhée none,
Nor none can hir handes geat to lieue vpon.
This widow is very riche, and hir frénds bare,
And both theſe, for loue to wed with me fond are.
And both would I wed, the better and the wurs.
The tone for hir perſon, the tother for her purs.
They woo not my ſubſtance, but my ſelfe they woe.
Goodes haue I none and ſmall good can I doe.
On this poore maid hir riche frénds I clérely know,
(So ſhe wed where they will) great gifts will beſtow,

But with them all I am ſo far from fauer,
That ſhe ſhall ſure haue no grote if I haue her.
And I ſhall haue as little all my frēndꝭ ſwere,
Except I folow them, to wedde els where.
The poꝛe frēndꝭ of this riche wydow beare no ſway,
But wed hir and win welth, whan I will I may.
Now which of theſe twaine is like to be dereſt
In payn oꝛ pleaſure to ſticke to me nereſt,
The depth of all doubtes with you to conſither,
The ſence of the ſaide pꝛouerbe ſendth me hither.
The beſt bargaine of both quickly to haue ſkande,
Foꝛ one of them thinke I to take out of hande.

The.ii. Chapiter.

FRēende (quoth I) welcome, and with right good will,
I will as I can, your will herein fulfill.
And two thinges I ſée in you, that ſhew you wiſe,
Firſt in wedding ere ye wed, to aſke aduiſe.
The ſeconde, your yéeres beyng yong it apéeres,
Ye regarde yet good pꝛouerbes of olde ferne yéeres.
And as ye grounde your tale vpon one of them,
Furniſhe we this tale with euerychone of them.
Suche as may fitly fall in minde to diſpoſe.
Agréed (quoth he) Then (quoth I) firſt this diſcloſe.
Haue you to this old widow, oꝛ this yong mayde,
Any woꝛdꝭ of aſſurance er this time ſaide?
Nay in good faith ſaide he. Well than (ſaide I)
I will be plaine with you, and may honeſtly.
And plainely to ſpeake, I like you (as I ſaide)
In two foꝛe tolde thinges, but a thirde haue I wayde,
Not ſo much to be liked, as I can déeme,
Whiche is in your wedding your haſte ſo extréeme.
The beſt oꝛ woꝛſt thing to man foꝛ this life,
Is good oꝛ ill chooſing his good oꝛ ill wife.

I meane not onely of body good or bad,
But of all thinges méete or vnmeete to be had,
Such as at any time by any meane may
Betweene man and wife, loue encreaſe or decay.
Where this grounde in any hed, grauely grateth,
All firie haſt to wed, it ſone rebateth.
Som thinges that prouoke young men to wed in haſte,
Show after wedding, that haſt maketh waſte.
Whan time hath tourned white ſurger to white ſalte,
Than ſuche folke ſée, ſoft fire maketh ſwéete malte.
And that deliberation doth men aſſiſt
Before they wed to beware of had I wiſt.
And than their timely wedding doth clere appere,
That they were early vp, and neuer the nere.
And ones their haſtie heate a litteli controlde,
Than perceiue they well, hotte loue ſone colde.
And whan haſty witleſſe mirth is mated weele,
Good to be mery and wiſe, they thinke and feele.
Haſte in weddyng ſom man thinkth his owne auayle.
Whan haſte prouyeth a rod made for his owne tayle.
And whan he is well beaten with his owne rod,
Than ſeeth he haſt and wiſdome thinges far od.
And that in all, or moſt thinges, wiſht at neede,
Moſte times he ſeeth, the more haſte the leſſe ſpeede.
In les things then weddyng, haſt ſhowth haſtie mans fo,
So that the haſty man neuer wanteth wo.
Theſe ſage ſayd ſawes if ye take ſo profounde,
As ye take that, by which ye toke your grounde,
Than finde ye grounded cauſe by theſe now here told,
In haſt to weddyng your haſt to withhold.
And though they ſeeme wiues for you neuer ſo fit,
Yet let not harmfull haſt ſo far out ren your wit,
But that ye harke to here all the whole ſume,
That may pleaſe or diſpleaſe you in time to come.

Thus by theſe leſſons ye may learne good cheape,
In wedding and all thing, to loke or ye leape.
Ye haue euen now well ouerlokt me (quoth he)
And lept very nie me to. For I agrée,
That theſe ſage ſayings dwe weightily way
Againſt haſt in all thing, but I am at bay.
By other parables of like weightie weight,
Whych haſt me to weddyng, as ye ſhall here ſtreight.

The. iii. Chapiter.

HE that will not whan he may,
Whan he would, he ſhall haue nay.
Beautie or riches the tone of the twaine
Now may I chooſe, and which me liſt obtaine.
And if we determine me, this mayde to take,
And then tract of time traine her me to forſake:
Than my beautifull mariage lithe in the dike,
And neuer for beautie, ſhall I wedde the like.
Now if we awarde me this widowe to wedde,
And that I driue of time, till time ſhe be dedde,
Than farewell riches, the fat is in the fire,
And neuer ſhall I to like riches aſpire.
And a thouſande folde would it greue me more,
That ſhe in my faute ſhould die one houre before,
Than one minute after, than haſte muſt prouoke,
Whan the pigge is proferd to holde vp the poke.
Whan the ſunne ſhyneth make hay. whiche is to ſay.
Take time whan time cometh, leſt time ſteale away.
And one good leſſon to this purpoſe I pike
From the ſmithes forge, whan thyron is hot ſtrike.
The ſure ſeq man ſeeth, the tide tarieth no man.
And long delayes or abſence ſomewhat to ſkan:
Sens that that one will not, an other will,
Delaies in woers muſt nedes their ſpede ſpill.

And touchyng abſence, the full accompte who ſomthe.
Shall ſée, as faſt as one goth an other comthe.
Time is tickell: and out of ſight out of minde.
Than catche and holde whyle I may, faſt binde faſt finde.
Blame me not to haſte, for feare mine eie be blerde.
And therby the fat cleane fiit fro my berde.
Where wooers hoppe in and out, long time may bryng
Him that hoppeth beſt, at laſt to haue the ryng.
I hoppyng without for a ringe of a ruſhe.
And while I at length debate and beate the buſhe,
There ſhall ſteppe in other men, and catche the burdes,
And by long time loſt in many vayne wurdes.
Betwene theſe two wiues, make ſlouth ſpéede confounde
Whyle betwéene two ſtooles, my tayle go to the grounde.
By this, ſens we ſee ſlouth muſt bréede a ſcab,
Beſt ſticke to the tone out of hand, hab or nab.
Thus all your prouerbs inueying againſt haſte,
Be anſwerd with prouerbs plaine and promptly plaſte.
Wherby, to purpoſe all this no further fits,
But to ſhewe, ſo many heds, ſo many wits.
Whiche ſhewe as ſurely in all that they all tell,
That in my wedding I may euen as well
Tary to long, and therby come to late,
As come to ſone by haſt in any rate.
And proue this prouerbe, as the wordes therof go,
Haſte or ſlouth herein worke nother welth nor wo.
Be it far or nie, weddyng is deſteny,
And hangyng likewiſe, ſaith that prouerbe, ſaid I.
Than wed or hang (quoth he) what helpth in the whole
To haſt or hang alof, happy man happy dole.
Ye deale this dole (quoth I) out at a wrong dur.
For deſteny in this caſe doth not ſo ſtur
Againſt mans indeuour, but man may direct
His will, fore prouiſion to worke or neglect.

But

But to ſhew that quick wedding may bryng good ſpéede,
Somwhat to purpoſe, your prouerbs proue in déede.
Howbeit, whether they counterpayſe or out way
The prouerbes, which I before them did lay,
The triall thereof we will lay a water.
Till we trie more. For tryyng of which mater
Declare all commodities ye can deuiſe,
That by thoſe two wedding? to you can riſe.

The. iiii. Chapiter.

I Will (quoth he) in bothe theſe caſes ſtreight ſhow,
What thing? (as I thinke) to me by them will grow.
And where my loue began, there begin will I.
With this mayde, the péere pereleſſe in mine eie.
Whom I ſo fauour, and ſhe ſo fauourth me,
That half a death to vs a ſonder to be.
Affection eche to other doth vs ſo moue,
That welny without foode, we coulde liue by loue.
For be I right ſad, or right ſicke, from hir ſight,
Her preſence abſenteth all maladies quight.
Which ſéen, and that the great ground in mariage
Standth vpon liking the parties perſonage,
And than of olde prouerbes in opening the packe,
One ſhewth me openly in loue is no lacke.
No lacke of liking, but lacke of liuing.
Nay lacke in loue (quoth I) and bréede ill chéeuyng.
Well as to that (ſaide he) harke this othyng.
What time I lacke not hir, I lacke nothyng.
But though we haue nought, nor nought we can geat,
God neuer ſendth mouth, but he ſendeth meat.
And a hard beginnyng makth a good endyng.
In ſpace comth grace, and this further amendyng.
Seldome comth the better, and like will to like.
God ſendth colde after clothes. and this I pike.

Shye, by lacke of ſubſtance ſeemyng but a ſparke,
Steynth yet the ſtouteſt, for a leg of a larke
Is better than is the body of a kight.
And home is homely, though it be poꝛe in ſight.
Theſe pꝛouerbs foꝛ this parte ſhew ſuch a flouriſhe,
And than this partie doth delite ſo nouriſhe.
That much is my bowe bent to ſhoꝛte at theſe marks,
And kill feare, when the ſkis falth we ſhall haue larks.
All perils that fall may, who fearth they fall ſhall,
Shall ſo feare all thing, that he ſhall let fall all,
And be moꝛe fraid then hurt, if the thinges were done.
Feare may foꝛce a man to caſt beyonde the mone.
Who hopeth in Gods helpe, his helpe can not ſtarte:
Nothing is impoſſible to a willyng harte,
And will may wyn herte, herein to conſent,
To take all thinges as it comth, and be content.
And here is (quoth he) in maryng of this mayde,
Foꝛ courage and commoditée all mine ayde.
Well ſayde (ſaied I) but a while kéepe we in quenche,
All this caſe, as touchyng this poꝛe yonge wenche.
And now declare your whole conſideracion,
What maner thinges dꝛaw your imaginacion,
Toward your wedding of this wydow riche and olde.
That ſhall ye (quoth he) out of hande haue tolde.

The. vi. Chapiter.

THis wydowe being foule, and of fauour ill,
In good behauour can very good ſkill.
Pleaſantly ſpoken, and a very good wit,
And at hir table, whan we together ſit,
I am well ſerued, we fare of the beſt:
The meate good and holſome and holſomly dꝛeſt.
Swéete and ſofte lodgeyng, and therof great ſhifte.
This ſelte and ſéene, with all implementes of thꝛifte,

Of plate and money ſuch cupbordes and coffers,
And that without peyne I may win theſe profers,
Than couetiſe bearyng Venus bargaine backe,
Praiſing this bargaine ſaith, better leaue then lacke.
And gredineſſe, to drawe deſire to hir lore,
Saieth, that the wiſe man ſaieth, ſtore is no ſore.
Who hath many peaſe maie put the mo in the pot.
Of two ils, chooſe the leaſt whyle choiſe lith in lot.
Sence lacke is an ill, as ill as man may haue,
To prouide for the worſt, while the beſt it ſelfe ſaue.
Reſtie welth wilth me this widow to win,
To let the world wag, and take mine eaſe in mine in.
He muſt nedes ſwym, that is holde vp by the chyn.
He laugth that wynth. And this threde finer to ſpyn,
Maiſter promocion ſaieth, make this ſubſtance ſure,
If riches bryng ones portly countenance in vre,
Than ſhalt thou rule the roſte all rounde about.
And better to rule, than be ruled by the rout.
It is ſayde, be it better be it wurs,
Do ye after him that beareth the purs.
Thus be I by this, ones *le ſenior de graunde*,
Many that commaunded me, I ſhall commaunde.
And alſo I ſhall to reuenge former hurtes,
Hold their noſes to grinſtone, and ſit on their ſkurtes,
That erſt ſate on mine. And riches may make
Frends many waies. Thus better to geue then take.
And to make carnall appetite content,
Reaſon laboreth will, to wyn wils conſent,
To take lacke of beautie but as an eye ſore.
The fayre and the foule, by darke are like ſtore.
When all candels be out, all cats be grey,
All things are then of one colour, as who ſey.
And this prouerbe ſaith, for quenching hot deſire,
Foule water as ſone as fayre, will quenche hot fire.

Wilhers

Where gifte be geuen freely, eaſt, weſt, north, or ſouth,
No man ought to loke a geuen hors in the mouth.
And though her mouth be foule, ſhe hath a fayre tayle.
I conſtre this text, as is moſte my auayle.
In want of white teeth and yelow heares to beholde,
She flouriſheth in white ſiluer and yelow golde.
What though ſhe be toothleſſe, and balde as a cote:
Her ſubſtaunce is ſhote anker, wherat I ſhote.
Take a payne for a pleaſure all wiſe men can.
What, hungry dogges will eate durty puddings man.
And here I conclude (quoth he) all that I knowe
By this olde widow, what good to me may growe.

The. vi. Chapiter.

YE haue (quoth I) in theſe concluſions founde
Sundrie thinges, that very ſauerly ſounde,
And bothe theſe longe caſes, beyng well vewde,
In one ſhort queſtion, we maie well incluwde,
Whiche is, whether beſt or wurſt to be to be ledde
With riches, without loue or beautie, to wedde:
Or with beautie without richeſſe for loue.
This queſtion (quoth he) inquerth all that I moue.
It doth ſo (ſaid I) and is nerely couched.
But thanſwere will not ſo brekely be touched.
And your ſelfe, to lengthe it, taketh direct trade.
For to all reaſons, that I haue yet made,
Ye ſeeme more to ſeke reaſons how to contende,
Than to the councell of myne to condiſcende.
And to be plaine, as I muſt with my freende,
I perfectly feele euen at my fingers ende.
So harde is your hande ſet on your halfpeny,
That my reaſoning your reaſon ſetteth nought by.
But reaſon for reaſon, ye ſo ſtifly lay,
By prouerbe for prouerbe, that with you dow way,

That reason onely shall herein nought moue you.
To here more then speake. wherfore I will proue you
With reason, assisted by experience.
Whiche my selfe sawe, not long sens nor far hence.
In a matter so like this fashond in frame,
That none can be liker, it semeth euen the same,
And in the same, as your selfe shall espy
Eche sentence sothed with a prouerbe welny.
And at ende of the same, ye shall cléerely sée
How this shorte question shortly answerd may bée.
Ye mary (quoth he) now ye shote nie the prickz.
Practise in all, aboue all toucheth the quicke.
Proofe vppon practise, must take holde more sure,
Than any reasonyng by gesse can procure.
If ye bring practise in place, without fabling,
I will banish both haste and busie babling.
And yet that promise to performe is mickell,
For in this case my toung must oft tickell.
Ye know well it is, as telth vs this olde tale,
Méete, that a man be at his owne bridale.
If he wyue well (quoth I) méete and good it were.
Or els as good for him an other were there.
But for this your bridale I meane not in it,
That silence shall suspend your speech euery whit.
But in these mariages, which ye here meue,
Sence this tale conteinth the counsaile I can geue,
I would sée your eares attend with your tong,
For aduise in both these weddings olde and yong.
In whiche hering, time seene when and what to talke,
When your tonge tickleth, at will let it walke.
And in these bridales, to the reasons of ours,
Marke mine experience in this case of yours.

The. vii. Chapiter.

WIthin few yeres past, from London no far way
Where I and my wife, with our powre houshold lay.
Two yong men were abiding whom to discriue.
Were I, in poztraying persons dead oz alriue.
As cunnyng and as quicke, to touche them at full,
As in that feate I am ignozant and dull,
Neuer could I painte their pictures to allow,
Moze liuely, than to paint the picture of you.
And as your thzée persons shew one similitewd,
So shew you thzée one, in all things to be vewd,
Likewise a widowe and a mayde there did dwell,
A lyke like the widow and mayde ye of tell.
The frends of theim foure in euery degrée,
Standinge in state as the frends of you thzée.
Those two men, eche other so hasted oz taried,
That those two women on one daie they maried.
Into two houses, which nert my house did stand,
The one on the right, thother on the lefte hand.
Both bzidegromes bad me, I could ds none other,
But dine with the tone, and sup with the tother.
Ye that wedded this widow riche and olde,
And also she, fauourd me so, that they wolde
Make me dyne oz sup ones oz twise in a weeke.
This powre yonge man and his make beyng to seeke
As oft, where they might eate oz dzinke, I them bad,
Were I at home, to such pittaunce as I had.
Which common conference such confidence wzought,
In them to me, that deede, wozde, ne welny thought
Chaunced among them, what euer it weare,
But one of the foure, bzought it streight to mine eare.
Wherby betwene these twayne, and their two wiues,
Bothe foz welth and woe, I knew all their four liues.

And ſence the matter is muche intricate,
Betwene ſide and ſide, I ſhall here ſeperate
All matters on both ſides, and than ſequeſtrate
Thone ſide, whyle thother be full reherſt, in rate,
As for your vnderſtanding may beſt ſtande.
And this yonge poore couple ſhall come firſt in hande.
Who, the day of wedding and after, a whyle,
Could not loke eche on other, but they muſt ſmile.
As a whelpe for wantonnes in and out whipps.
So playde theſe twaine, as mery as thre chipps.
Ye there was God (quoth he) whan all is done.
Abide (quoth I) it was yet but hony mone.
The blacke ore had not trode on his nor hir ſote.
But er this braunche of bliſ could reach any roote,
The flowres ſo faded, that in fiftene weekes,
A man might eſpie the chaunge in the cheekes
Both of this poore wretch, and his wife this poore wenche,
Their faces told toies, that Totnam was tournd frenche.
And all their light laughyng turnd and tranſlated
Into ſad ſighyng, all mirth was amated.
And one mornyng timely he tooke in hande,
To make to my houſe, a fleeueles errande.
Haukyng vpon me, his minde herein to breake,
Which I would not ſee, till he began to ſpeake,
Prayeng me to here him. And I ſaide, I woulde.
Wherwith this that foloweth forthwith he tolde.

The. viii. Chapiter.

I Am now driuen (quoth he) for eaſe of my harte,
To you, to vtter parte of mine inward ſmarte.
And the matter concerneth my wyfe and mee,
Whoſe fathers and mothers longe ſence dead bee.
But vncles, with auntes and coſins, haue wee
Diuers riche on bothe ſides, ſo that we did ſee,

If we had wedded, eche, where eche kinred would,
Neither of vs had lackt, either siluer or gold.
But neuer coulde suite, on either side obtaine
One peny, to the one wedding of vs twaine.
And sence our one mariyng or marryng daie,
Where any of them see vs, they shrinke awaie,
Solemnly swearing, such as may geue ought,
Whyle they and we liue, of them we get right nought.
Nor nought haue we, nor no way ought can we get,
Sauinge by borowyng, till we be in det
So far, that no man any more will vs lende.
Wherby, for lacke we bothe be at our witt's ende.
Wherof no wonder, sence the ende of our gwd,
And beginning of our charge, together stwd.
But wit is neuer gwd till it be bought.
Howbeit when bought wits to best price bee brought,
Yet is one gwd forewit worth two after wits.
This paith me home lo, and full mo foly hits.
For had I lokt afore, with indifferent eye,
Though haste had made me thurst neuer so drye:
Yet to drowne this drought, this must I needes thinke,
As I woulde needes brewe, so must I needes drinke.
The drinke of my bryde cup I should haue forborne,
Till temperance had tempred the taste before.
I see now, and shall see while I am aliue,
Who wedth or he be wise shall die or he thriue.
I singe now in this facte, *factus est repente*,
Now mine eies be open I do repent me.
He that will sell lawne before he can folde it.
He shall repent him before he haue solde it.
Som bargains deere bought, gwd cheape would be sold,
No man loueth his fetters, be they made of gold.
Were I lose from the louely linkes of my chaine,
I would not daunce in such fayre fetters againe.

In houſe to kéepe houſholde, whan folks will néde wed,
Wo things belong, than foure bare legs in a bed.
I reckened my wedding a ſuger ſwéete ſpyce,
But reckners without their hoſt muſt recken twyce.
And although it were ſwéete foꝛ a wéeke oꝛ twayne,
Swéete meate will haue ſowꝛe ſawce, I ſée now playne.
Continuall penurie, whiche I muſte take
Telth me, better eye out then alway ake.
Boldly and blindly I ventred on this,
How be it, who ſo bolde as blinde Bayard is.
And herein to blame any man, then ſhould I raue.
Foꝛ I did it my ſelfe: and ſelfe dw, ſelfe haue.
But a daie after the layꝛe, comth this remoꝛs
Foꝛ relíefe: foꝛ though it be a gwd hoꝛs
That neuer ſtumbleth, what pꝛaiſe can that auouche
To iades that bꝛeake their necks at firſt trip oꝛ touche.
And befoꝛe this my firſt foule oꝛ bꝛeakneck fall,
Subtilly like a ſhépe thought I, I ſhall
Cut my cote after my cloth. When I haue her.
But now I can ſmell, nothing hath no ſauer.
I am taught to know, in moꝛe haſt than gwd ſpéede,
How *Indicare* came into the Créede.
My carefull wife in one coꝛner wéepeth in care,
And I in an other the purs is thꝛeede bare.
This coꝛner of our care (quoth he) I you tell.
To craue therein your comfoꝛtable counſell.

The. ix. Chapiter.

I Am ſoꝛy (quoth I) of your pouertée,
And moꝛe ſoꝛie, that I cannot ſuccour yée,
If ye ſtur your néde mine almes to ſtur,
Then of trouth ye beg at a wꝛong mans dur.
There is nothing moꝛe vaine, as your ſelfe tell can,
Than to beg a bꝛeche of a bare arſe man.

I come to beg nothing of you (quoth he)
Saue your aduiſe, whiche maie my beſt waie be,
How to wyn preſent ſalue for this preſent ſore.
I am like thill ſurgeon (ſaid I) without ſtore
Of good plaiſters. Howbeit ſuche as they are,
Ye ſhall haue the beſt I haue. But firſt declare,
Where your and your wiues riche kinſfolke do dwell.
Enuyronned about vs (quoth he) which ſhewth well,
The nere to the churche, the ferther from God.
Moſt parte of them dwell within a thouſand rod.
And yet ſhall we catche a hare with a taber,
As ſone as catche ought of them, and rather.
Ye plaie coleprophet (quoth I) who takth in hande,
To know his anſweare before he do his errande.
What ſhould I to them (quoth he) flyng or flit.
An vnbidden geaſt knoweth not where to ſit.
I am caſt at carts ars, ſome folke in lacke
Can not preaſe, A broken ſleeue holdth tharme backe.
And ſhame holdth me backe, beyng thus forſaken.
Tuſhe man (quoth I) ſhame is as it is taken.
And ſhame take him that ſhame thinkth ye thinke none.
Unminded, vnmoned, goe make your mone.
Till meate fall in your mouth, will ye lie in bed,
Or ſit ſtill: nay he that gapeth till he be fed,
May fortune to faſt and famiſhe for honger.
Set forward, ye ſhall neuer labour ponger.
Well (quoth he) if I ſhall needes this viage make,
With as good will as a beare goth to the ſtake,
I will ſtreight wete anker, and hoyſe vp ſayle.
And thytherward hie me in haſte like a ſnayle.
And home agayne hitherward quicke as a bee.
Now for good lucke, caſte an olde ſhoe after mée.
And firſt to mine vncle, brother to my father,
By ſuite, I will aſſaie to win ſome fauer.

Who brought me vp, and till my wedding was don
Loued me, not as his nephew, but as his ſon.
And his heire had I bene, had not this chaunced.
Of lands and goodes, which ſhould me much auaunced.
Trudge (quoth I) to hym, and on your marybones,
Cruche, to the grounde, and not ſo oft as ones
Speake any one word hym to contrary.
I can not tell that (quoth he) by Saynte Mary.
One yll word areth an other, as folke ſpeake.
Well (quoth I) better is to bow then breake.
It hurteth not the tounge to gene fater wurdes.
The rough net is not the beſt catcher of burdes.
Sens ye can nought win, if ye can not pleaſe,
Beſt is to ſuffre: For of ſuffraunce comth eaſe.
Cauſe cauſeth (quoth he) and as cauſe cauſeth mee,
So will I doo. And with this away went hee.
Yet whether his wife ſhould go with hym or no,
He ſent hir to me to know er he would go.
Wherto I ſayde, I thought beſt he went alone.
And you (quoth I) to go ſtreight as he is gone,
Amonge youre kynſolke likewyſe, if they dwell ny.
Yes (quoth ſhe) all rounde about euen here by,
Namely an aunte, my mothers ſyſter, who well
(Sens my mother died) brought me vp from the ſhell,
And much would haue geuen me, had my weddyng growne
Vpon hir fanſy, as it grew vpon mine owne.
And in likewyſe myne vncle hir huſband, was
A father to me. Well (quoth I) let pas:
And if your huſband will his aſſent graunt,
Go, he to his vncle, and you to your aunt.
Yes this aſſent he graunteth beforr (qnoth ſhe)
For he er this thought this beſt to be.
But of theſe two thinges he woulde determine none
Without ayde. For two heades are better then one.

With this we departed, ſhe to her huſbande,
And I to diner to them on thother hande.

The x. chapiter.

VVhan diner was done, I came home againe,
To attende on the retorne of theſe twayne.
And er thre howres to ende were fully tryde,
Home came ſhe fyrſt, welcome (quoth I) and well hyde.
Ye a ſhort horſe is ſone corryd (quoth ſhe)
But the weaker hath the wurs we all date ſée.
After our laſt parting, my huſbande and I
Departed, eche to place agréed formerly.
Myne uncle and aunte on me dyd loure and glome.
Bothe bad me god ſpéde, but none bad me welcome.
Their folke glomd on me to, by which it apeereth.
The younge cocke croweth, as he the olde heereth.
At dyner they were, and made (for maners ſake)
A kynſwoman of ours me to table take.
A falſe flattring filth, and if that be good,
None better to beare two faces in one hood.
She ſpeaketh as ſhe would creepe into your boſome.
And when the meale mouth hath won the bottome
Of your ſtomake, than will the pickthanke it tell
To your moſt enmies, you to by and ſell.
To tell tales out of ſchole, that is hir great luſt.
Loke what ſhe knowth, blab it will, and out it muſt.
There is no mo ſuch titifyls in Englands ground,
To holde with the hare, and run with the hound.
Fyre in the tone hand, and water in the tother,
The makebate beareth betwéene brother and brother.
She can wynke on the yew, and wery the lam.
She maketh earneſt matters of euery flimflam.
She muſt haue an ore in euery mans barge.
And no man may chat ought in ought of hir charge.

Coll vnder canſtik, ſhe can plaie on bothe handꝫ,
Diſſimulacion well ſhe vnderſtandꝫ.
Shе is loſt with an apple, and won with a nut.
Her tong is no edge tole, but yet it will cut.
Her chéekes are purple ruddie like a hoꝛſe plumme.
And the bigge parte of hir bodie is hir bumme.
But little titte all tayle, I haue heard er this,
As high as two hoꝛſe loues hir perſon is.
Foꝛ pꝛiuie nyps oꝛ caſts ouerthwart the ſhins,
Ye ſhall leſe the maiſtrie that with hir begins.
Shе is, to turne loue to hate, oꝛ ioye to gréefe
A paterne, as méete as a rope foꝛ a théefe.
Her pꝛomiſe of fréendſhip, foꝛ any auayle,
Is as ſure to holde as an ele by the tayle.
Shе is nother fyſhe noꝛ fleſhe, noꝛ good red hearyng.
Shе is a ryngleader there, And I fearing
Shе would ſpit her venym, thought it not euill
To ſette vp a candle befoꝛe the deuill.
I clawd hir by the back in waie of a charme,
To do me, not the moꝛe good, but the leſſe harme.
Pꝛaiyng hir in hir eare, on my ſide to holde,
Shе therto ſwearing by her falſe fayth, ſhe wolde.
Streight after diner mine aunte had no choice,
But other burſt, oꝛ burſt out in pilats voice.
Ye huſwife, what winde blowth ye hyther thus ryght?
Ye might haue knokte er ye came in, leaue is light.
Better vnboꝛne than vntaught, I haue heard ſaie,
But ye be better fed then taught farre awaie.
Not very fat fed, ſaid this flebergibet,
But néede hath no lawe, néede maketh hir hither tet.
Shе comth néece Ales (quoth ſhe) foꝛ that is hir name,
Moꝛe foꝛ néede, than foꝛ kyndnes, peine of ſhame.
Howbeit ſhe can not lacke, foꝛ he findth that ſéekes,
Louers liue by loue, ye as larkes liue by lékes.

Hated.

Saied this Ales, muchs moze then halfe in mockage.
Tuſhe (quoth mine aunte) theſe louers in dotage,
Thinke the ground beare them not, but wed of cozage
They muſt in all haſte, though a leafe of bozage
Might by all the ſubſtance that they can ſell.
Well aunt (quoth Ales) all is well that endes well.
Ye Ales, of a good beginning comth good end.
Not ſo good to bozowe, as be able to lend.
Naie in déede aunte (quoth ſhe) it is ſure ſo,
She muſt néedes grant, ſhe hath wzought hir owne wo.
She thought Ales, ſhe had ſéene far in a milſtone,
Whan ſhe gat a huſbande, and namely ſuche one,
As they by weddyng could not onely nought wyn,
But loſe bothe liuyng and loue of all their kyn.
Good aunt (quoth I) humblie I beſeche yée,
My treſpas done to you forgeue it mée.
I know and knowlage, I haue wzought mine owne peine,
But thing? paſt my hand?, I can not call againe.
True (quoth Ales) thinges done can not be vndone,
Be they done in due time, to late, oz to ſoone,
But better late then neuer to repent this,
To late (quoth mine aunt) this repentance ſhewd is,
Whan the ſtéede is ſtolne ſhut the ſtable durre.
I toke hir foz a roſe, but ſhe bzéedth a burre.
She comth to ſticke to me now in hir lacke.
Rather to rent of my clothes fro my backe,
Than to do me one farthinge wozth of good.
I ſée daie at this little hole. Foz this bood
Shewth what fruite will folow. In good faith I ſaide,
In waie of petition I ſue foz your ayde.
A well (quoth ſhe) now I well vnderſtand
The walking ſtaffe hath caught warmth in your hand.
A cleane fingred huſwife, and an idell, folke ſaie,
And will be lime fingerd I feare by my faie.

It is as tender as a parsons lemman.
Nought can she doe, and what can she haue than?
As sober as she seemth, fewe dayes come about
But she will once washe hir face in an ale clout.
And than betwene hir and the rest of the rout,
I proud, and thou proud, who shall beare thashes out.
She may not beare a fether, but she must breath,
She maketh so much of hir peinted sheath.
She thinkth her farthing good siluer I tell you,
But for a farthing who euer did sell you,
Myght bost you to be better solde then bought.
And yet though she be worth nought, nor haue nought,
Her gowne is gaier and better then mine.
At hir gaie gowne (quoth Ales) ye may repine.
Howe be it as we maye we loue to go gaye all.
Well well (quod mine aunt) pride will haue a fall.
For pride goeth before and shame cometh after.
Sure (saide Ales) in maner of mockyng laughter,
There is nothing in this worlde that agreeth wurs,
Then doeth a Ladyes hert and a beggers purs.
But pride she shewth none, hir looke reason alouth,
She lookth as butter would not melte in hir mouth.
Well the still sowe eats vp all the draffe Ales.
All is not golde that glisters by tolde tales.
In youth she was towarde and without euill.
But soone rype soone rotten, yong seynt olde deuill.
How be it lo god sendth the shrewd coow shorte hornes.
While she was in this house she sat vpon thornes.
Eche one daie was three, tyll lybertee was borow,
For one month ioie to bryng hir hole liues sorow.
It were pitie (quoth Ales) but she should do well.
For beautie and stature she beareth the bell.
Ill weede growth fast Ales: wherby the corne is lorne.
For surely the weede ouergroweth the corne.

Ye prayſe the wine, before ye taſt of the grape.
But ſhe can no more harme than can a ſhs ape.
It is a good body, hir propertie prætues.
She lacketh but euen a new paire of ſlæues.
If I male (as they ſay) teli trouth without ſin.
Of trouth ſhe is a wolfe in a lambes ſkyn.
Yer harte isfull hie, whan her eye is full low.
A geſt as good loſt as founde, for all this ſhow.
But many a good cowe hath an euill caulfe.
I ſpeake this doughter in thy mothers behalfe.
My ſiſter (God reſt hir ſoule) whom though I bofl,
Was cald the floure of honeſtée in this coſt.
Aunt (quoth I) I take for father and mother
Myne vncle and you aboue all other.
When we would, ye would not be our childe (quoth ſhé)
Wherfore now whan ye would, now will not wée.
Hence thou wouldſt nædes caſt away thy ſelfe thus,
Thou ſhalte ſure ſinke in thine own ſin for vs.
Aunt (quoth I) after a doting or dronken dæde,
Let ſubmiſſion obteine ſome mercie or mæde.
Ye that kilth a man, whan he is dronke (quoth ſhe)
Shalbe hangd when he is ſobre. And he
Whom in itching no ſcratchyng forbere,
Ye muſt beare the ſmarting that ſhall folow there.
And thou beyng borne very nigh of my ſtocke,
Though ny be my kyrtell, yet nere is my ſmocke.
I haue one of mine owne whom I muſt looke to.
Ye aunt (quoth Ales) that thinge muſt ye nædes do.
Nature compelth you to ſet your owne firſt vp.
For I haue heard ſaie, it is a dære colup
That is cut out of thowne fleſhe. But yet aunte,
So ſmall may hir requeſt be, that ye may graunte
To ſatiſfie the ſame, whiche may do her good,
And you no harme in thauanſing your owns blood.

And coſin (quoth ſhe to me) what ye would craue,
Declare, that our aunt may know what ye would haue.
Nay (quoth I) be they winners or loſers,
Folke ſate alway, beggers ſhould be no chooſers.
With thankes I ſhall take what euer mine aunt pleaſe.
Where nothing is, a little thing doth eaſe,
Hunger makth hard beanes ſweete. where ſaddels lacke
Better ride on a pad, than on the horſe bare backe.
And by this prouerbe apéerth this o thing,
That alway ſomwhat is better then nothing.
Hold faſt whan ye haue it (quoth ſhe) by my life.
The boy thy huſbande, and thou the gyrle his wife,
Shall not conſume that I haue laboured fore.
Thou art yong inough, and I can worke no more.
Kyt calot my coſyn ſawe this thus far on,
And in mine aunt̃ eare ſhe whiſpreth anon
Roundly theſe wordes, to make this matter whole.
Aunt, leat them that be a colde blowe at the cole.
They ſhall for me Aies (quoth ſhe) by gods bliſſ.
She and I haue ſhaken handes. farewell vnkiſſ.
And thus with a becke as good as a dieu gard,
She flang fro me, and I from hir hitherward.
Beggyng of hir boteth not the worth of a beane.
Littell knoweth the fat ſow, what the leane doth meane.
Forſoth (quoth I) ye haue beſtyd ye well.
But where was your vncle while all this fray fell?
A ſléepe by (quoth ſhe) routyng like a hog.
And it is euill waking of a ſléepinge dog.
The bitche and hir whelpe might haue béene a ſléepe to,
For ought they in wakyng to me would do.
Fare ye well quoth ſhe) I will now home ſtreight,
And at my huſband̃ hand̃ for better newes weite.

The.xi. Chapiter.

HE came home to me the next daie before none.
What tiding? now (quoth I) how haue ye done?
Upon our departing (quoth he) yeſterday
Toward mine vncles, ſomwhat more than midway,
I ouertoke a man, a ſeruaunt of his,
And a frend of mine. Who geſſed ſtreight with this
What mine errand was, offryng in the ſame,
To do his beſt for me, and ſo in gods name,
Thyther we went, no body beyng within,
But mine vncle, mine aunte, and one of our kin.
A mad knaue, as it were a raylyng geſter,
Not a more gagglyng gander henſe to Theſter.
At ſight of me he aſked, who haue we there?
I haue ſeene this gentleman, if I will where.
How be it lo, ſeldome ſeene, ſone forgotten.
He was (as he will be) ſomwhat cupſhotten.
Sire daies in the weeke beſide the market daie.
Malt is aboue wheate with him, market men ſaie.
But for as much as I ſawe the ſame taunt
Contented well mine vncle and mine aunt.
And that I came to fall in, and not to fall out,
I forbare: or els his dronken red knout,
I would haue made as oft chaunge from hew to hew,
As doth the cockes of Inde. For this is trew,
It is a ſmall hop on my thombe. And Chriſt wot,
It is wood at a wearde. little potte ſone whot.
Now mery as a cricket, and by and by,
Angry as a waſpe, though in both no cauſe why.
But he was at home there, he might ſpeake his will.
Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghill.
I ſhall be euen with him herein whan I can.
But he hauing done, thus mine vncle began.

Ye marchant, what attempth you, to attempt vs,
To come on vs before the messenger thus?
Koming in an out, I here tell how ye tosse,
But sonne, the rollyng stone neuer gatherth mosse.
Like a pickpurs pilgrim, ye pye and proule
At rouers, to rob Peter and pate Poule.
I wis I know, or any more be tolde,
That draffe is your errand, but drinke ye wolde.
Uncle (quoth I) of the cause, for which I com,
I pray you paciently here the hole som.
In faith (quoth he) without any more summyng,
I know to beg of me is thy commyng.
For soth (quoth his man) it is so in dede.
And I dare boldly bolde, if ye knewe his nede,
Ye wolde of pitie yet set him in some stey.
Sonne, better be enuied than pitied, folke sey.
And for his cause of pitee (had he had grace)
Ye might this date haue bene clere out of the case.
But now he hath well fisht and caught a frog.
Where nought is to wed with, wise men flee the clog.
Where I (quoth I) did not as ye wild or bad,
That repent I oft, and as oft wishe I had.
Sonne (quoth he) as I haue herd of mine elders,
Wishers and wolders be no good householders.
This prouerbe for a lesson, with such other.
Not like (as who saieth) the sonne of my brother,
But like mine owne sonne, I ofte before tolde the,
To cast hir quite of, but it would not holde the.
Whan I wilde the any other where to go,
Tushe, there was no mo maydes but maikyn tho.
Ye had been lost to lacke your lust, whan ye list,
By two miles trudgeyng twise a weeke to be kist.
I would ye had kist, well I will no more spurre.
It is good to haue a hatche before the durre.

But who will in time preſent pleaſure refrayne,
Shall in time to come, the more pleaſure obtayne.
Folowe pleaſure, and then will pleaſure flée.
Flée pleaſure, and pleaſure will folowe thée,
And howe is my ſaiyng come to paſſe nowe:
Howe oft did I prophecie this betwene you
And your ginſinné nycebecetur:
Whan ſwéete ſuger ſhould tourne to ſoure ſalte petur,
Wherby ye ſhould in ſeing that ye neuer ſawe,
Thynke that you neuer thought. your ſelfe a dawe.
But that tyme ye thought me a dawe. ſo that I
Dyd no good in all my wordes then, ſaue onely
Approued this prouerbe playne and true mater,
A man maie well bring a horſe to the water,
But he can not make him drinke without he will.
Colts (quoth his man) proue well with tatches yll.
For of a ragged colt there comith a good horſe.
If he be good now of his ill paſt no force.
Well, he that hangth him ſelfe a ſondaie (ſaid hée)
Shall hang ſtill vncut downe a mondaie for mée.
I haue hangd vp my hatchet, God ſpéde him well.
A wonder thing what thing? theſe olde thinges tell.
Cat after kynde good mouſe hunt. And alſo
Men ſaie, kindewill créepe wher it may not go.
Commenly all thing ſhewth fro whens it camme.
The litter is like to the ſyre and the damme.
How can the fole amble, if the hors and mare trot:
Theſe ſentenſes are aſſigned vnto thy lot,
By condicions of thy father and mother,
My ſiſter in lawe, and mine owne brother,
Thou foloweſt their ſteppes as ryght as a line.
For when prouander prickt them a little fine,
They did as thy wife and thou did, both dote
Eche one on other, and being not worth a grote,

They went(witleſſe)to wedding. Wherby at laſt
They both went a beggyng. And euen the like caſt
Haſt thou. thou wilt beg or ſteale, er thou die.
Take hede frende I haue ſeene as far come as nie.
If ye ſeeke to finde thinges, er they be loſt,
Ye ſhall finde one daie you come to your coſt.
This do I but repete, for this I tolde thee,
And more I ſaie: but I could not then holde thee.
Nor will not holde thee now: nor ſuche foly feele,
To ſet at my hert that thou ſetteſt at thy heele.
And as of my good, er I one grote geeue,
I will ſee how my wyfe, and my ſelfe may leeue.
Thou goeſt a glenyng er the cart haue caried.
But er thou gleine ought, ſens thou wouldſt be maried
Shall I make the laugh now, and my ſelfe weepe then?
Naie good chylde, better chyldren weepe then olde men.
Men ſhould not preſe much, to ſpend much vpon foles.
Fiſhe is caſte away that is caſt in drie poles.
To flee charge, and finde eaſe, ye would now heere oſte.
It is eaſie to cry ble at other mens coſte.
But a bow long bent, at length muſt ware weake.
Long bent I toward you, but that bent I will breake.
Fare well and feede full, that loue ye well to do.
But you luſt not to do, that longeth therto.
The cat would eate fiſhe, and would not wet her feete.
They muſt hunger in froſt, that will not worke in heete.
And he that will thriue, muſt aſke leaue of his wife.
But your wife will geue none, by your and hir life.
It is harde to wiue and thriue bothe in a yere.
Thus by thy wyuyng, thryuyng doth ſo appere,
That thou art paſt thryft before thryft begin.
But lo, will will haue will, though will wo win.
Will is a good ſonne, and will is a ſhrewde boy.
And wilfull ſhrewde will hath wrought thee this toy.

A gentle white ſpurre, and at nede a ſure ſpeare.
He ſtandth now as he had a flea in his eare.
How be it for any great courteſie he doth make,
It ſemth the gentill man hath eaten a ſtake.
He beareth a dagger in his ſleue, truſt mee,
To kill all that he meeteth prouder then hee.
He will perke, I here ſay he muſt haue the benche.
Jacke would be a gentleman if he could ſpeake frenche.
He thinkth his feete be, where his head ſhall neuer come.
He would faine flee, but he wanteth fethers, ſome.
Sir (quoth his man) he will no faute defende,
But barde is for any man all fautes to mende.
He is liueles, that is fautles, olde folkes thought.
He hath (quoth he) but one faute, he is nought.
Well (quoth his man) the beſt cart maie ouerthrowe.
Cart? well dryuen (quoth he) go longe vpright thowe.
But for my reward, let him be no longer carter.
I will ſend it him, by John Longe the carter.
O helpe him ſir (ſaide he) ſens ye eaſily maie.
Shamfull crauyng (quot he) muſt haue shamefull naie.
Ye maie ſyr (quoth he) mend three naies with one yee.
Two falſe knaues nede no broker, men ſay (ſaid hee)
Some ſay alſo it is mery when knaues meete.
But the mo knaues the worſe company to greete.
The one knaue now croucheth, while thother crauith.
But to ſhew what ſhalbe his reſeruaith.
Either after my death if my will be kept,
Or during my life: had I this hall hept
With golde, he may his parte on good friday eate,
And faſt neuer the wurs, for ought he ſhall geate.
Theſe former leſſon conde, take forth this, ſonne.
Tell thy cardes, and than tell me what thou haſt wonne.
Now here is the dore, and there is the wey,
And ſo (quoth he) farewell gentill Geffrey.

Thus parted I from him, beyng much diſmaide,
Whiche his man ſawe, and (to comfort me) ſaied.
What man, plucke vp your hert, be of good cheere.
After cloudes blacke, we ſhall haue weather cleere.
What ſhould your face thus againe the wolle be ſhorne
For one fall? What man all this winde ſhake no corne.
Let this winde ouerblow. a time I will ſpy,
To take winde and tide with me, and ſpede therby.
I thanke you (quoth I) but great bolt and ſmall rolle,
Maketh vnſauery mouthes, where euer men olle.
And this bolte verate vnſauorly ſerueth.
For while the graſſe groweth the horſe ſterueth.
Better one byrde in hande than ten in the wood.
Rome was not built in one daie (quoth he) and yet ſtood.
Till it was finiſht, as ſome ſay, full fayre.
Your hart is in your hoſe all in diſpayre.
But as euery man ſaith, a dog hath a daie.
Should you a man, diſpayre than any daie-maie.
Ye haue many ſtrings to the bowe, for ye know.
Though I, hauyng the bent of your vncles bow,
Can no way bryng your bolte in the but to ſtand,
Yet haue ye other marks to roue at hand.
The kays hang not all by one mans gyrdell man.
Though nought wilbe won here, I ſay, yet ye can
Take other kinſmen, of whom ye may geat,
Here ſome and there ſome, many ſmall make a great.
For come light winninges with bleſſings or curſes,
Euermore light gaines make heauy purſes.
Children learne to creepe er they can learne to go.
And little and little, ye muſt learne euen ſo.
Throw no gift againe at the geuers head,
For better is halfe a lofe than no bread.
I maie beg my bread (quoth I) for my kin all
That dwelth ny. Well, yet (quoth he) and the worſt fall,

Ye may to your kinſman, hens nine or ten mile.
Riche without charge, whom ye ſaw not of long whyle.
That benchwhiſtler (quoth I) is a pinchpenie,
As free of gift, as a poore man of his eie.
I ſhall geat a fart of a dead man as ſoone
As a farthing of him, his dole is ſoone doone.
He is ſo hie in thinſtep, and ſo ſtreight laſte,
That pride and couetiſe withdrawth all repaſte,
Ye know what he hath beene (quoth he) but twis,
Abſence ſaith plainly, ye know not what he is.
Men know (quoth I) I haue herd now and then,
How the market goth by the market men.
Further it is ſaide, who that ſaiyng wayth,
It muſt néedes be true, that euery man ſayth.
Men ſay alſo, children and fooles can not ly.
And both man and child ſaieth, he is a heinſby.
And my ſelfe knowth him, I dare boldly brag,
Euen as well as the begger knowth his bag.
And I knew him not worth a grey grote.
He was at an ebbe, though he be now a flote,
Poore as the pooreſt. And now nought he ſetteth
By poore folke, For the pariſh, prieſt forgetteth
That euer he hath bene holy water clarke.
By ought I can now here, or euer could marke.
Of no man hath he pitie or compaſſion.
Well (quot he) euery man after his faſſion.
He may yet pitie you, for ought doth appéere,
It hapth in one houre, that hapth not in. vii. yere.
For ſpeake not your fortune, nor hide not your néede.
Nought venter nought haue, ſpare to ſpeake ſpare to ſpéede.
Unknowne vnkiſt. it is loſte that is vnſought.
As good ſéeke nought (quoth I) as ſéeke and finde nought.
It is (quoth he) ill fiſhing before the net.
But though we get little, dere bought and far fet.

Are deinties for Ladies. Go we both two,
I haue for my maiſter thereby to do,
I maie breake a diſhe there. and ſure I ſhall
Set all at fire and ſeuen, to win ſome windfall.
And I will hang the bell about the cats necke.
For I will firſt breake, and ieobard the firſt checke.
And for to win this play, though the coſt be mine,
Let vs preſent him with a bottle of wine.
What ſhould we (quoth I) greaſe the fat ſow in thars,
We may do much ill, er we do much wars.
It is, to geue him, as muche almes or nede
As caſt water in tems, or as good a dede,
As it is to helpe a dogge ouer a ſtile.
Than go we (quoth he) we leſe time all this while.
To folow his fancy, we went together.
And toward night yeſternight when we came thyther,
She was within, but he was yet abrode.
And ſtreight as ſhe ſawe me, ſhe ſwelde like a tode.
Pattring the diuels Pater noſter to hir ſelfe,
God neuer made a more crabbed elfe.
She bad him welcome, but the wurs for mee.
This knaue comth a beggyng, by me thought ſhee,
I ſmelde hir out, and had hir ſtreight in the winde.
She maie abide no beggers of any kinde.
They be both grædy guts all geuen to get.
They care not how: all is fiſhe that comth to net.
They know no ende of their good: nor beginnyng
Of any goodneſſe. ſuch is wretched winning.
Hunger droppeth euen out of bothe their noſes.
She goth with broken ſhone and torne hoſes
But who is wurs ſhod, than the ſhoemakers wife,
With ſhops full of newe ſhoes all hir life:
Or who will do leſſe, then they that may do moſte:
And namely of hir I can no waie make boſte.

She is one of them, to whom God bad who.
She will all haue, and will right nought forgo.
She will not part with the paryng of her nayles,
She toyleth continually for auayles.
Whiche life she hath so long now kept in vre.
That for no life she would make chaunge, be sure.
But this lesson lernde I, er I was yeres seuen.
They that be in hell, wene ther is none other heuen.
She is nothyng fayre, but she is ill fauoured.
And no more vnclenly, than vnswéete sauoured.
But hakney men say, at mangy hakney hier,
A scald hors is good inough for a scabbe squier.
Ye is a knuckylbonyard verate méete
To matche a minion nother fayre nor sweete.
Ye winkth with the tone eie, and lokth with the tother
I will not trust hym though he were my brother.
Ye hath a poyson wyt, and all his delite,
To geue tauntes and checkes of most spitefull spite.
In that house commonly such is the cast,
A man shall as soone breake his necke as his fast.
And yet nowe suche a gyd did hir head take,
That more for my mates then for maners sake.
We had bread and drinke, and a cheese very greate.
But the greattest crabs be not all the best meate.
For hir crabbed cheese, with all the greatnesse,
Might well abide the fineneſſe, or sweatneſſe,
Anone he cam in. And when he vs sawe,
To my companion kindly he did drawe.
And a well fauourd welcome to hym he yeelds.
Byddyng me welcome strangly ouer the feelds.
With these woordes, Ah yong man I know your matter,
By my faith you come to looke in my water.
And for my comfort to your consolacion,
Ye would, by my purs, geue me a purgacion.

But I am laratiue inough there otherwiſe.
This (quoth this yonge man) contrary doth ryſe.
For he is purs ſicke, and lackth a phiſicion,
And hopeth vpon you in ſome condicion.
Not by purgacion, but by reſtoratiue.
To ſtrength his weakeneſſe to kéepe him aliue.
I can not (quoth he) for though it be my lot
To haue ſpeculacion, yet I practiſe not.
I ſée muche, but I ſay little, and doo leſſe,
In this kynde of phiſicke. and what would ye geſſe,
Shall I conſume my ſelf, to reſtore him now?
Nay. backare (quoth mortimer to his ſow)
He can before this tyme, no time aſſine,
In whiche he hath laied downe one peny by mine,
That euer might either make me bite or ſup.
And by lady frend. nought lay downe, nought take vp.
Ka me, ka thee, one good tourne aſkth an other.
Nought woon by the tone, nought woon by the tother.
To put me to coſte, thou camſt halfe a ſcore myles,
Out of thine owne neſt, to ſeeke me in theſe out yles.
Where thou wilt not ſtep ouer a ſtraw, I thinke,
To win me the worth of a draught of drinke.
No more than I haue wonne of all thy hole ſtocke.
I haue bene common Jacke to all that hole flocke.
Whan ought was to doo, I was common hackney,
Folke call on the horſe that will cary alwey.
But euermore the common horſe is worſt ſhod.
Deſert and reward be oft tymes thynges far od.
At end I might put my winnyng in mine eye,
And ſee neuer the worſe, for ought I wan them bye.
And now without them, I liue here at ſtaues end.
Where I need not borowe, nor I will not lend.
It is good to beware by other mens harmes,
But thy taking of thine aulter in thine armes.

Teacheth

Teacheth other to beware of their harmes by thyne.
Thou haſt ſtriken the ball, vnder the line.
I pray you (quoth I) pitie me a poore man,
With ſomewhat, tyll I maie worke as I can.
Toward your worckyng (quoth he) ye make ſuch taſkyng?,
As approue you to be non of the haſtyng?.
Ye ren to worke in haſte as nine men helde ye.
But whan ſo euer ye to worke muſt yelde ye.
If your meete mate and you meete together,
Than ſhall we ſee two men beare a fether
Recompenſing former loytring life loſe,
As did the pure penitent that ſtale a goſe
And ſtack downe a fether. And where olde folke tell,
That euill gotten good neuer proueth well.
Ye will truely get, and true gettyng well kéepe
Till tyme ye be as riche as a new ſhorne ſhéepe:
How be it whan thrift and you fell fyrſt at a fray,
You plaied the man, for ye made thrift ren away.
So helpe me god, in my poore opinion,
A man might make a plaie of this minion.
And fayn no ground, but take tales of his owne frends,
I ſucke not this out of my owne fingers ends.
And ſens ye were wed, although I nought gaue you.
Yet pray I for you, God and ſaint Luke ſaue you:
And here is all. For what ſhould I further wade:
I was neither of court nor of counſaile made.
And it is, as I haue lerned in liſtning,
A poore dogge, that is not worth the whiſtlyng.
A daie er I was wedde, I bad you (quoth I)
Scarbrough warning I had (quoth he) wherby,
I kept me thens, to ſerue thée accordyng.
And now if this nightes lodgeyng and bordyng.
Maie eaſe thée, and ryd me from any more charge,
Then welcom, or els get thée ſtreight at large.

For of further reward, marke how I boſt me.
In caſe as ye ſhall yelde me as ye coſt me,
So ſhall ye coſt me as ye yelde me likewiſe.
Which is, a thing of nought rightly to ſurmyſe.
Here with all his wife to make vp my mouthe,
Not only hir huſbandes tauntyng tale auouthe,
But therto deuiſeth to caſt in my téeth,
Checkes and chokyng oyſters. And whan ſhe ſéeth
Her tyme to take vp, to ſhew my fare at beſt,
Ye ſée your fare (ſayd ſhe) ſet your hart at reſt.
Fare ye well (quoth I) how euer I fare now.
And well mote ye fare bothe whan I dine with yow.
Come, go we hens frænd (quoth I to my mate)
And now will I make a croſſe on this gate.
And I (quoth he) croſſe thée quite out of my booke.
Sens thou art croſſe ſayde. Auale vnhappy hooke.
By hooke or crooke nought could I win there, men ſay
He that comth euery day, ſhall haue a cocknaie.
He that comth now and then, ſhall haue a fatte hen.
But I gat not ſo muche in comyng ſæld when,
As a good hens fether, or a poore egſhell.
As good play for nought as worke for nought, folke tell.
Well well (quoth he) we be but where we were.
Come what come would, I tought er we came there,
That if the worſt fell, we could haue but a naie.
Ther is no harme done man in all this fraie.
Neither pot broken, nor water ſpilt.
Farewell he (quoth I) I will as ſone be hilt,
As waite agayne for the moneſhine in the water.
But is not this a prety pyked mater?
To diſdeigne me, who mucke of the worlde hordeth not,
As he doth, it may ryme but it accordeth not.
She fometh like a boze, the beaſt ſhould ſéeme bolde,
For ſhe is as fierce, as a Lyon of Cotſolde,

She fryeth in hir owne greaſe, but as for my parte,
If ſhe be angry, beſhrew her angry harte.
Frend (quoth he) he maie ſhewe wiſdome at will,
That with angry herte can holde his tongue ſtyll.
Let pacience growe in your gardein alwaie.
Some loſe or od ende will come man, ſome one daie
From ſome frende, eyther in lyfe or at death.
Death (quoth I) take we that tyme, to take a breath:
Than graffe we a greene graffe on a rotten rote,
Who waitth for dead men ſhoen, ſhall go long barefote
Let paſſe (quoth he) and leat vs be trudgeing,
Wher ſome nappy ale is and ſofte ſweete ludgeing.
Be it (quoth I) but I would very faine eate.
At breakfaſt and diner I eat little meate.
And two hungry meales make the third a glutton:
We went wher we had boylde beeke and bake mutton,
Wherof I fed me as full as a tunne.
And a bed were we er the clocke had nine runne.
Early we roſe, in haſt to get awaie,
And to the hoſtler this mornyng by daie
This felow calde. what how felow, thou knaue,
I pray thee let me and myfelow haue
A heare of the dog that bote vs laſt night.
And bitten were we both to the braine aright,
We ſawe eche other drunke in the good ale glas,
And ſo did eche one eche other, that ther was.
Saue one, but oulde men ſay that are ſkild,
A hard foughten feeld, wher no man ſkapth vnkyld.
The reckenyng reckned he, néeds would pay the ſhot,
And nedes he muſt for me, for I had it not.
This done we ſhoke handes, and parted in fine,
He into his way, and I into myne
But this iourney was quite out of my waie.
Many kynſfolke and few frends, ſome folke ſaie.

But I finde many kynſfolke, and frende not one.
Folke ſay, it hath bene ſaide many yeres ſens gone,
Proue thy frende er thou haue nede, but in dede
A frende is neuer knowen till a man haue nede.
Before I had nede, my moſt preſent foes
Semed my moſt frends, but thus the world goes,
Euery man baſketh the fat hog we ſee,
But the leane ſhall burne er he baſted be.
As ſayth this ſentence, oft and long ſayd before,
He than hath plentie of godes ſhall haue more,
He that hath but a little, he ſhal haue leſſe.
He that hath right nought, right nought ſhall poſſeſſe.
Thus hauing right nought, and would ſomwhat obtaine.
With right nought (quoth he) I am retourned againe.

The .xii. Chapiter.

SVrely (quoth I) ye haue in this tyme thus worne,
Made a long harueſt for a little corne.
Howbeit, comforte your ſelfe with this old ſert,
That telth vs, when bale is hekſt, bote is nert.
Though euery man may not ſyt in the chayre.
Yet alwaie the grace of God is worth a fayre.
Take no though in no caſe, God is where he was.
But put caſe in ponertie all your life pas.
Yet pouertie and pore degree, taken well,
Fedth on this, he that neuer climbde, neuer fell.
And ſome caſe at ſome tyme ſhewth preſe ſomewhere,
That riches bringth oft harme, and euer feare.
Where pouertie paſſeth without grudge of greſe.
What man . the begger maie ſing before the theefe.
And who can ſyng ſo mery a note,
As maie he, that can not chaunge a grote.
Ye (quoth he) beggers maie ſing before theues,
And wepe before true men, lamentyng their greeues.

Some

Some ſay, and I feele hunger perſeth ſtone wall.
Meate nor yet money to bye meate withall,
Haue I not ſo muche as maie hunger defende
Fro my wife and me. Well (quoth I) God will ſende
Tyme to prouide for tyme, right well ye ſhall ſee.
God ſende that prouiſion in tyme (ſayde he.)
And thus ſeeming welnie wery of his life,
The poore wretch went to his like poore wretched wife.
From wantonnes to wretchedneſſe, brought on their knees.
Their hartes full heauy, their heades be ful of bees.
And after this a monthe, or ſomwhat leſſe,
Their landlorde came to their houſe to take a ſtreſſe
For rent, to haue kept Bayard in the ſtable.
But that to win, any power was vnable.
For though it be ill plaiyng with ſhort daggers.
Which meaneth, that euery wiſe man ſtaggers,
In earneſt or bourde to be buſie or bolde
With his biggers or betters, yet this is tolde.
Where as nothing is, the kynge muſt loſe his right.
And thus, kynge or keiſer muſt haue let them quight.
But warnyng to departe thens they neded none.
For er the next daie the birdes were flowne eche one,
To ſeeke ſeruyce. of which wher the man was ſped,
The wife could not ſpeede, but maugre hir hed,
She muſt ſeeke els where.for eyther there or nie,
Seruice for any ſuite ſhe none could eſpie.
All folke thought them not onely to lyther,
To lynger bothe in one houſe togither.
But alſo dwellyng nie vnder their winges,
Under their noſes they might conuey thinges,
Suche as were neither to heauie nor to whot.
More in a month then they their maiſter got
In a whole yere. Wherto folke further weiyng,
Receiue eche of other in their conueiyng,

Myght be woꝛſt of all. Foꝛ this pꝛouerbe pꝛéeues,
Where be no receiuers, there be no théeues.
Suche hap here hapt, that common dꝛeade of ſuche gyles.
Dꝛoue them and kepth them a ſunder many myles.
Thus though loue decree, departure death to bée,
Yet pouertie parteth felowſhip we ſée.
And doth thoſe two true louers ſo diſſeuer,
That méete ſhall they ſéelde when, oꝛ haply neuer.
And thus by loue, without regard of liuyng,
Theſe twaine haue wꝛought eche others yll chiuyng.
And loue hath ſo loſt them the loue of their fréendꝛ,
That I thinke them loſt, and thus this tale éendꝛ.

The.xiii. Chapiter.

AY ſir (ſaide my freend) when men will needꝛ mary,
I ſee now, how wiſdome and haſt maie vary,
Namely where they wed foꝛ loue altogether.
I would foꝛ no gꝛod, but I had come hyther.
Swéete beautie with ſoure beggery, naie I am gon,
To the welthy wythered wydow, by Sent John.
What yet in all haſte (quoth I) Ye (quoth hee)
Foꝛ ſhe hath ſubſtance inough. and ye ſee,
That lacke is the loſſe of theſe two yong fooles.
Know ye not (quoth I) that after wiſe mens ſchooles,
A man ſhould here all partꝛ, er he iudge anye:
Why are ye that (quoth he.) Foꝛ this (quoth I.
I tolde you, whan I this began that I woulde
Tell you of two couples. and I hauyng tould
But of the tone, ye be ſtreight ſtartyng away,
As I of the tother had right nought to ſay.
Oꝛ as your ſelfe of them right nought wold here.
Naie not all ſo (quoth he) but ſyns I thynke clere,
There can no way appéere ſo peinfull a lyfe,
Betwene your yong neighbour and his old ryche wyfe.

As

As this tale in this yong powre couple doth ſhow,
And that the moſt good or leaſt yll ye know.
To take at ende, I was at begynning bent,
With thanks for this, and your more peyne to preuent,
Without any more matter now reuolued.
I take this matter here cléerely reſolued.
And that ye herein awarde me to forſake,
Beggerly beautie, and reueld ryches take.
Thats iuſt, if the halfe ſhall iudge the whole (quoth I)
But yet here the whole, the whole wholly to try.
To it (quoth he) than I pray you by and by.
We will dine firſt (quoth I) it is none by.
We mate as well (quoth he) dine whan this is done.
The longer forenone the ſhorter after none.
All comth to one, and therby men haue geſt,
Alwaie the longer eaſt the ſhorter weſt.
We haue had (quoth I) before ye came, and syn,
Weather, méete to ſette paddockes abroode in.
Rain, more than enough, and when all ſhrews haue dind,
Chaunge from foule weather to faire is oft inclind.
And all ſhrews in this parte, ſauing one wife
That muſt dine with vs, haue dinde peine of my life.
Now if good chaunge of ill weather be dependyng
Upon hir diet, what were mine offendyng,
To kepe the woman any longer faſtyng.
If ye (quoth he) fet all this far caſtyng,
For common wealth, as it apéereth a cléere caſe,
Reaſon would your will ſhuld, and ſhall take place.

Thus endeth the fyrſt part.

The ſecond parte.

The. i. Chapiter.

DInners can not be long, where deinties want.
Where coine is not cõmon, cõmons muſt be ſcant.
In poſt paſe we paſt from potage to chéeſe,
And yet this man cride, alas what time we léeſe.
He would not let vs pauſe after our repaſte,
But apart he pluckt me ſtreight, and in all haſte,
As I of this poꝛe yonge man, and poꝛe yong mayde,
Or moꝛe poꝛe yong wife, the foꝛeſaid woꝛdes had ſayd,
So praieth he me now the pꝛoceſſe maie be tolde,
Betwéene thother yong man, and riche widow olde.
If ye lacke that (quoth I) awaie ye muſt winde,
With your hole errand, and halfe thanſwere behinde.
Whiche thing to do, ſens haſt therto ſhewth you loth,
And to haſt your goyng, the daie awaie goth.
And that time loſte, againe we can not win.
Without moꝛe loſſe of tyme, this tale I begin.

IN this late olde widow, and than olde new wife,
Age and appetite fel at a ſtronge ſtrife.
Her luſt was as yong as hir limꝫ were olde.
The day of hir weddyng, like one to be ſolde,
She ſet out hir ſelfe in fine apparell.
She was made like a béere pot, oꝛ a barell.
A croked hooked noſe, béetyll bꝛowde, blere eyde.
Many men wiſhte, foꝛ beautifiyng that bꝛyde.
Hir waiſte to be gyꝛde in, and foꝛ a boons grace,
Some well fauoꝛd viſoꝛ, on hir yll fauoꝛd face.
But with viſoꝛlike viſage, ſuche as it was,
She ſmirkt, and ſhe ſmilde, but ſo liſped this las,
That folke might haue thought it doone onely alone,
Of wantonneſſe, had not hir téeth béene gone.

Wyꝛighe

Upright as a candle ſtandth in a ſocket,
Stode ſhe that daie, ſo ſimple de cocket.
Of auncient fathers ſhe toke no cure nor care,
Shе was to them, as koy as a crokers mare
Shе toke thentertеinment of the yong men
All in daliaunce, as nice as a nuns hen.
I ſuppoſe that daie hir eares might well glow,
For all the towne talkt of hir hy and low.
One ſaide, a well fauoured old woman ſhe is.
The diuell ſhe is ſaide an other. and to this,
In came the thyrde, with his. v. egges, and ſayde,
Fyfty yere ago I knew hir a trime maide.
What euer ſhe were than (ſayd one) ſhe is nowe,
To become a bride, as méete as a ſowe
To beare a ſaddle. Shе is in this mariage
As comely as is a cowe in a cage.
Cup with a galde backe gill, come vp to ſupper.
What mine olde mare woulde haue a new crouper.
And now mine olde hat muſt haue a new band.
Well (quoth one) glad is he that hath hir in hand.
A goodly marpage ſhe is, I here ſaie.
Shе is ſo (quoth one) were the woman awaie.
Well (quoth an other) fortune this moueth.
And in this caſe euery man as he loueth
Quoth the good man, whan that he kyſſt his cowe.
That kyſſe (quoth on) doth well here, by god a vowe.
But how can ſhe geue a kyſſe ſowre or ſwéete?
Her chin and hir noſe, within halfe an inche méete.
God is no botcher ſyr, ſaide an other.
He ſhapeth all partes, as eche part maie fytte other.
Well (quoth one) wiſely, let vs leaue this ſcannyng.
God ſpéede them, be as be maie is no bannyng.
That ſhalbe, ſhalbe. and with gods grace they ſhall
Do well, and that they ſo may, wiſhe we all.

THIS wonder (as wonders laſt) laſted nine daies.
Whiche done, and all geſts of this feaſt gon their waies,
Ordinary houſholde this man ſtreight began.
Very ſumptuouſly, which he might well do than.
What he woulde haue, his wife was ſet
In ſuche dotage of him, that fayre wordes did ſet,
Gromel ſede plentie, and pleaſure to prefer,
She made muche of him, and he mockt muche of her.
I was (as I ſaide) muche there, and moſt of all
The fyrſt month in which time ſuche kindneſſe did fall,
Betewne theſe two counterfaite turtle burdes.
To ſee his ſweete lokes, and here hir ſweete wurdes.
And to thinke wherfore they bothe put both in vre,
It wolde haue made a hors breake his halter ſure.
All the fyrſt fortnight their tickyng might haue tought,
Any yonge couple, their loue tickes to haue wrought.
Some laught, and ſaid, all thing is gay that is grene.
Some therto ſaid, the grene new brome ſweepth clene.
But ſens all thyng is the wors for the wearyng,
Decaie of cleane ſweepyng folke had in fearyng.
And in dede, er two monthes away were crept,
And hir beggs baggeſt into his boſom ſwept.
Where loue had apered in him to hir allway
Hotte as a tofte, it grew cold as a kay.
He at meate caruyng hir, and none els before,
Now carued he to all but hir, and hir no more.
Where her wordes ſeemd hony, by his ſmylyng cheere,
Now are they muſtarde, he frowneth them to heere.
And whan ſhe ſawe ſweete ſauce began to ware ſoure,
She wart as ſowre as he, and as well could lowre.
So turned they their tippets by way of erchaunge,
From laughyng to lowryng, and taunts did ſo raunge,
That in plaine termes, plaine truth to you to vtter,
They two agreed like two cats in a gutter.

Mary

Mary ſir (quoth he) by ſcratchyng and bytyng
Catts and dogs come together, by folkes recityng.
Together by the eares they come (quoth I) cheerely.
How be it thoſe wordes are not voyde here cleerly.
For in one ſtate they twayne could not yet ſettle.
But wauerynge as the wynde, in docke out nettle.
Now in now out. now here now there, now ſad.
Now mery, now hie, now lowe, now good, now bad.
In whiche vnſtedy ſturdy ſtormes ſtreinable.
To know how they bothe were irrefreynable,
Marke how they fell out, and how they fell in.
At ende of a ſupper ſhe did thus begin.

The.ii. Chapiter.

HVſbande (quoth ſhe) I would we were in our neſt.
When the bealy is full, the bones wold be at reſt.
So ſone vpon ſupper (ſaide he) no queſtion,
Sléepe maketh yll and vnholſome digeſtion,
By that diete a great diſeaſe once I gat.
And burnt childe fyre dredth. I will beware of that.
What a poſt of phiſyke (ſaide ſhe) ye a poſt.
And from poſt to pyller wyfe, I haue béene toſt
By that ſurfet. And I féele a little fyt,
Euen now, by former attemptyng of it.
Wherby, except I ſhall ſéeme to leaue my wit,
Before it leaue me, I muſt now leaue it.
I thanke God (quoth ſhe) I neuer yet felt payne,
To go to bed timely, but riſyng againe
To ſone in the mornyng, hath me diſpleaſed,
And I (quoth he) haue béene more diſeaſed,
By earely lyyng downe, than by early riſyng.
But thus differ folke lo, in exerciſyng.
That one may not, an other may.
Vſe maketh maiſtry, and men many tymes ſay,

That one loueth not, an other doth, which hath ſped,
All meates to be eaten, and all maides to be wed.
Haſte ye to bed now, and ryſe ye as ye rate.
Whyle I ryſe early, and come to bed late.
Long lyng warme in bed is holſome (quoth ſhée)
Whyle the leg warmeth, the boote harmeth (quoth hée)
Well (quoth ſhe) he that doth as moſt men dow,
Shalbe leaſt wondred on, and take any two,
That be man and wyfe in all this whole towne,
And moſte parte together, they ryſe and lie downe.
Whan bydes ſhall rouſt (quoth he) at. viii. ix. or ten,
Who ſhall appoynt their houre, the cocke, or the hen.
The hen (quoth ſhe) the cocke (quoth he) iuſt (quoth ſhe)
As Jermans lips. It ſhall proue more iuſt (quoth he)
Than proue I (quoth ſhe) the more fole far away.
But there is no fole to the olde fole, folke ſay.
Ye are wyſe inough (quoth he) if ye kéepe ye warme,
To be kept warme, and for non other harme,
Nor for muche more good, I toke you to wedde.
I toke not you (quoth he) nyght and day to bedde.
Her carrain carkes (ſaide he) is ſo colde,
Becauſe ſhe is aged, and somwhat to olde,
That ſhe kylth me, I dow but roſte a ſtone.
In warmyng hir. And ſhall not I ſaue one,
As ſhe wolde ſaue an other? yes by ſeint Johne.
A fyr (quoth ſhe) mary this geare is alone.
Who that worſt maie, ſhall holde the candell, I ſée,
I muſt warme bed for him ſhould warme it for mée.
This medicine thus miniſtred is ſharpe and colde.
But all thing that is ſharpe is ſhort. folke haue tolde.
This trade is now begun, but if it holde on,
Then farewell my good dales. they wyll be ſone gon.
Goſpell in thy mouth (quoth he) this ſtrife to breake.
How be it, all is not goſpell that thou doeſt ſpeake.

But what neede we lumpe out loue at ones laſhing.
As we ſhould now ſhake handes. what ſoft foꝛ daſhing.
The fayꝛe laſteth all the yere. we be new kneet,
And ſo late met, that I feare we parte not yeet,
Quoth the baker to the pilozie. Whiche thyng,
From diſtemperate fondyng, temperance may bꝛing.
And this reaſon to ayde, and make it moꝛe ſtrong,
Olde wiſe folke ſay, loue me little, loue me long.
I ſay little (ſayd ſhe) but I thinke moꝛe.
Thought is free. Ye leane (quoth he) to the wꝛong ſhoꝛe.
Bꝛaulyng boted not, he was not that night bent,
To play the bꝛidgꝛoome. Alone to bed ſhe went.
This was their beginnyng of iar. How be it,
Foꝛ a beginnyng, this was a feat fit,
And but a fleabytyng to that did enſew.
The woꝛſt is behind. we come not where it grew.
How ſay you (ſayd he to me) by my wyfe.
The diuell hath caſt a bone (ſayd I) to ſet ſtrife
Betweene you, but it were a folye foꝛ mee,
To put my hande betweene the barke and the tree.
Oꝛ to put my finger to far in the fyꝛe,
Betweene you, and lay my credence in the myꝛe.
To meddle little foꝛ me it is beſte.
Foꝛ of little medlyng cometh great reſte.
Yes ye may meddle (quoth he) to make hir wiſe,
Without takyng harme, in geuyng your aduiſe.
She knowth me not yet, but if ſhe waxe to wilde,
I ſhall make hir knowe, an olde knaue is no childe.
Sluggyng in bed with hir is woꝛſe than watchyng.
I pꝛomiſe you an old ſacke axeth much patchyng.
Well (quoth I) to moꝛowe I will to my beades,
To pꝛay, that as ye both will, ſo ake your heades.
And in meane tyme my akyng head to eaſe,
I will couche a hogs head. Quoth he whan ye pleaſe.

We parted, and this within a day or twayne,
Was raakt vp in thaſhes, and couerd agayne.

The. iii. Chapiter.

THeſe two paſt, he ſayd to me, whan ye will,
Come chat at home, al is wel. Jack ſhall haue gill.
Who had the wurs ende of the ſtaffe (quoth I) now:
Shall the maiſter weare a bræche, or none: ſay you.
I truſt the ſow will no more ſo dæpe wrote.
But if ſhe dw (quoth he) you muſt ſet in foote.
And whom ye ſée out of the way, or ſhoote wide,
Ouer ſhoote not your ſelfe any ſyde to hyde.
But ſhoote out ſome woordes, if ſhe be to whot.
She maie ſaie (quoth I) a fooles bolte ſoone ſhot.
Ye will me to a thankeleſſe office hæere.
And a buſy officer I may appæere.
And Jack out of office ſhe maie bid me walke.
And thinke me as wiſe as Waltams calfe, to talke.
Or chat of hir charge, hauyng therin nought to doo,
How be it, if I ſee neede, as my part comth too,
Gladly betwene you I will doo my beſt.
I bid you to diner (quoth he) as no geſte,
And bringe your poors neighbors on your other ſide.
I did ſo. And ſtreight as tholde wife vs eſpied,
She bad vs welcome and merily toward me,
Græne ruſhes for this ſtraunger, ſtrawe here (quoth ſhe)
With this aparte ſhe puld me by the ſlæue.
Saiyng in few woords, my mind to you to mæue.
So it is, that all our great fraie the laſt night,
Is forgeuen and forgotten betwene vs quight.
And all fraies by this I truſt haue taken end.
For I fully hope my huſband will amend.
Well amended (quoth I) whan ye both relent,
Not to your owne, but eche to others mendment.

Now ſi hope kayle (quoth ſhe) and chaunce bring about
Any ſuche breache, wherby we fall again out.
I pray you tell bym his pars bers now and than.
And winke on me alſo hardly, if ye can
Take me in any trip. Quoth I, I am lothe,
To meddle commonly. For as this tale gothe,
Who medleth in all thyng, maie ſhoe the gollyng
Well (quoth ſhe) your medlyng herein may bryng
The wynde calme betweene vs, whan it els might rage.
I will with good will (quoth I) yll winds to ſwage,
Spend ſom wind at neede, though I waſt winde in vayne.
To table we ſat, where kyne kare did remayne.
Mery we were as cup and can could holde,
Eche one with eche other homely and bolde.
And ſhe for hir parte, made vs chéere beauen hye.
The fyrſt parte of dyner mery as a pye.
But a ſcalde head is ſoone broken. and ſo they,
As ye ſhall ſtreight here, fell at a new frey.

The. iiii. Chapiter.

HUſband (quoth ſhe) ye ſtudie, be mery now.
And euen as ye thynke now ſo rome to yoin.
Nay not ſo (quoth he) for my thought to tell right,
I thynke how ye lay gronyng wife, all laſt night.
Huſband, a gronyng horſe, and a gronyng wife,
Neuer kayle their maiſter (quoth ſhe) for my life.
No wife, a woman hath nyne lyues lyke a cat.
Well my lambe (quoth ſhe) ye may pycke out of that,
As ſoone goth the yonge lamſkin to the market
As tholde yewes. God forbyd wife, ye fyrſt iet.
I will not iet yet (quoth ſhe) put no doutyng.
It is a bad ſacke that will abide no cloutyng.
And as we oft ſée, the lothe ſtake ſtandeth longe,
So is it an yll ſtake I haue heard among.

That can not ſtande one yere in a hedge.
I drinke (quoth ſhe) Quoth he I will not pledge.
What nede all this, a man may loue his houſe well,
Though he ride not on the rydge, I haue heard tell.
What, I wene (quoth ſhe) proferd ſeruice ſtynkth.
But ſomwhat it is, I ſæ, when the cat winkth,
And both hir eyne out, but further ſtrife to ſhonne,
Let the cat winke, and leat the mouſe ronne.
This paſt, and he chered vs all, but moſt chére
On his part, to this yong wife did appére.
And as he to her caſt oft a louyng eye,
So caſt her huſbande lyke eye, to his plate by.
Wherwith in a great muſyng he was brought.
Frænd (quoth the good man) a peny for your thought.
For my thought (quoth he) that is a goodly diſhe.
But of trough I thought, better to haue then wiſhe.
What, a goodly yong wife, as you haue (quoth he)
Nay (quoth he) goodly gylt gobiets, as here be.
By r lady frænds (quoth I) this maketh a ſhow,
To ſhewe you more vnnaturall than the crow,
The crow thinkth hir owne birdes fayreſt in the wood,
But by your words (except I wrong vnderſtood)
Eche others byrdes or iewels, yd dwe waie
Aboue your owne. True (quoth the old wife) ye ſeie.
But my neighbours deſyre rightly to meaſure,
Comth of nede, and not of corrupte pleaſure.
And my huſbands more of pleaſure, than of nede.
Olde fiſh and yong fleſh (quoth he) doth men beſt fede.
And ſome ſay, chaunge of paſture makth fat calues.
As for that reaſon (quoth ſhe) ronth to halues.
As well for the cowe calfe as for the bull.
And though your paſture loke barreinly and dull,
Yet loke not on the meate, but loke on the man,
And who ſo looketh on you. ſhall ſhortly ſhan,

H

Ye maie wryte to your frends, that are in helth
But all thyng maie be ſuffred ſauyng welth.
An olde ſaide ſawe, itche and eaſe, can no man pleaſe.
Plentie is no deintie, ye ſee not your owne eaſe.
I ſée, you can not ſée the wood for trées.
Your lips hange in your light, but this poore man ſées
Both how blindly ye ſtand in your owne light,
And that you roſe on your right ſyde here right.
And might haue gone further, and haue faren wurs.
I wot wel I might (quoth he) for the purs,
But ye be a baby of Belſabubs bowre.
Content ye (quoth ſhe) take the ſwarte with the ſowre.
Fancy may boult bran, and make ye take it floure,
It will not be (quoth he) ſhould I dye this houre.
While this fayre floure flouriſheth thus in mine eye.
Yes, it might (quoth ſhe) and here this reaſon whye.

Snow is white
And lyeth in the dike } And euery man lets it lye.
Pepper is blacke
And hath a good ſmacke } And euery man doth it bye.
Milke (q he) is white
And lyeth not in the dicke } But all men know it good meate.
Inke is all blacke
And hath an yll ſmacke } No man will it drinke nor eate.

Thy ryme (quoth he) is muche elder then mine,
But mine beyng newer is truer then thine.
Thou likeneſt now for a vayne aduauntage,
Whit ſnow to fayre youth, blacke pepper to foule age.
Which are placed out of place here by rwd.
Blacke inke is as yll meate, as blacke pepper is gwd.
And white milke as gwd meate, as white ſnow is yll
But a milke ſnow white ſmwth yong ſkyn, who chaunge wil.
For a pepper inke blacke rough old wythered face?
Though chaunge be no robbry for the chaunged caſe,

Yet ſhall that chaunge rob the chaunger of his wit.
For who this caſe ſetcheth, ſhall ſone ſée in it,
That as well agréeth thy compariſon in theſe,
As a lyke compare in taſte, chalke and cheſe.
Or a like in colour to déeme ynke and chalke.
Walke drab walke. Nay (quoth ſhe) walke knaue walke
Saieth that terme. How be it ſir, I ſaie not ſo.
And beſt we laie a ſtrawe here, and euen ther who.
Or els this geare will bréede a pad in the ſtrawe.
If ye hale this waie, I will an other waie drawe.
Here is god in thambrie (quoth I.) Quoth he, naie,
Here is the diuell in thorologe, ye maie ſaie.
Sens this (quoth I) rather bryngeth bale then bote,
Wrape it in the clothe, and tread it vnder foote.
Ye harpe on the ſtryng, that geueth no melody.
Your tounges run before your witz, by ſeint Antonie.
Marke ye, how ſhe hitteth me on the thombz (quoth hée)
And ye taunt me tyt ouer thumb (quoth ſhée)
Sens tyt for tat (quoth I) on euen hand is ſet,
Set the hares hed againſt the goſe ieblet.
She is (quoth he) bent to force you parforce
To know, that the grey mare is the better horſe.
She chopth logyke, to put me to my clargy.
She hath one poynt of a good hauke, ſhe is hardie.
But wife, the fyrſt point of haukyng is hold faſt.
And holde ye faſt I red you, leſt ye be caſt,
In your owne tourne. Naie ſhe will tourne the leafe.
And rather (quoth I) take as faith in the ſheafe,
At your handes. and let fall hir holde, than be bolde.
Naie, I will ſpyt in my handes, and take better holde.
Ye (quoth ſhe) that will be angry without cauſe,
Muſt be at one, without amendes. by ſage ſawes.
Tread a worme on the tayle, and it muſt turne againe.
Ye taketh pepper in the noſe, that I complaine

Upon his fautes, my selfe beyng fautelesse.
But that shall not stop my mouth, ye maie well gesse.
Well (quoth I) to much of one thyng is not good,
Leaue of this. Be it (quoth he) fall we to our food.
But suffrance is no quittance in this daiment.
No (quoth she) nor misreckonyng is no paiment.
But euen reckonyng maketh longe frendes, my frend,
For alwaie owne is owne, at the reckonynges end.
This reckonyng thus reckned, and dyner once done,
We three from them twayne, departed very sone.

The. v. Chapiter.

THis olde woman the next daie after this night,
Stale hom to me, secretly as she might.
To talke with me. In secrete counsell (she saide)
Of thinges which in no wise might be bewraied.
We twayne are one to many (quoth I) for men say,
Three maie kepe counsayle, if two be away.
But all that ye speake, vnmete againe to tell,
I will say nought but mum, and mum is counsell.
Well then (quoth she) herein auoydyng all feares,
Auoyd your children. small pitchers haue wide eares.
Whiche done (she saide) I haue a husband, ye know,
Whom I made of nought, as the thing self doth show.
And for these two causes onely him I toke.
First, that for my loue, he should louingly loke,
In all kynd of cause, that loue ingender might,
To loue and cherishe me by day and by night.
Secondly, the substance, which I to him brought.
Ye rather should augment, than bring to nought,
But now my good, shall both be spent, ye shall see,
And it in spendyng sole instrument shall bee
Of my destruction, by spendyng it on such
As shall make him destroy mee: I feare this muche,

He maketh hauok. and ſetteth cocke on the hoope.
He is ſo laueis, the ſtocke beginneth to droope.
And as for gaine is deade, and layde in tombe,
Whan he ſhould get ought, eche fynger is a thumbe,
Eche of his iointes againſt other iuſtles,
As handſomly as a beare picketh muſcles.
Flattring knaues & fieryng quenes beyng the marke.
Hang on his ſleeue, many hands make light warke.
He hath his haukes in the mew. but make ye ſure,
With emptie handes men maie no haukes allure.
There is a neſt of chickens, whiche he doth brood,
That will ſure make his heare grow through his hood.
They can curriſauell, and make faire wether.
Whyle they cut large thongs of other mens lether.
He maketh his marts with marchants likely,
To bryng a ſhillyng to. ix. pens quickely.
If he holde on a while, as he begins,
We ſhall ſee him proue a marchaunt of eele ſkins.
A marchaunt without either money or ware.
But all be bugs words, that I ſpeake to ſpare.
Better ſpare at brym than at bottem, ſay I.
Euer ſpare and euer bare (ſaith he) by and by.
Spend, and god ſhall ſend (ſaith he) ſaith tholde ballet,
What ſendth he (ſaie I) a ſtaffe and a wallet.
Than vp gothe his ſtaffe, to ſend me a louſe.
He is at three words vp in the houſe rouſe.
And herin to grow (quoth ſhe) to concluſion,
I praie your ayde, to auoid this confuſion.
And for counſaile herin, I thought to haue gon,
To that cunnyng man, our curate ſir John.
But this kept me backe, I haue herd now and then,
The greateſt clerkes be not the wyſeſt men.
I thynke (quoth I) who euer that terme began,
Was neither greate clerke, nor the greateſt wiſe man.

In

In your rennyng from hym to me, ye runne
Out of gods bleſſing into the warme ſunne.
Where the blinde leadth the blynde, both fall in the dike,
And blynde be we both, if we thinke vs his like.
Folke ſhow much foly, when things ſhould be ſped.
To ren to the foote, that mate go to the hed.
Sens he beſt can and moſt ought to dooe it,
I feare not, but he will, if ye will woo it.
There is one let (quoth ſhe) mo than I ſpakeon,
My huſband and he be ſo great, that the ton
Can not piſſe, but the tother muſt let a fart.
Chooſe we hym aparty, than farewell my part.
We ſhall ſo part ſtake, that I ſhall leſe the hole.
Folke ſay of olde, the ſhoe will holde with the ſole.
Shall I truſt hym then? nay in truſt is treaſon.
But I truſt you, and come to you this ſeaſon
To here me, and tell me, what wate ye thinke beſt,
To hem in my huſband. and ſet me in reſt.
If ye minde (quoth I) a conqueſt to make
Ouer your huſband, no man mate vndertake
To bring you to eaſe, nor the matter amende.
Except ye bryng hym to weare a cocks comb at ende,
For take that your huſband were, as ye take him,
As I take him not, as your tale would make him.
Yet were contencion like to do nought in this,
But kepe him nought, and make him woors then he is,
But in this complaint, for counſele quicke and cléere,
A few prouerbes for principles, leat vs heere.
Who that mate not as they wolde, will as they mate.
And this to this, they that are bound muſt obate:
Foly it is to ſpourne againſt a pricke,
To ſtryue againſt the ſtreme, to winche or kicke
Againſt the hard wall. By this ye mate ſee.
Beyng bound to obedience, as ye bee.

And alſo ouermatch, ſuffraunce is your daunce.
Ye maie ouermatche me (quoth ſhe) perchaunce
In ſtrength of body, but my tung is a lym,
To matche and to vere euery vayn of hym.
Toung breaketh bone, it ſelfe hauing none (quoth I)
If the winde ſtande in that doore, it ſtandth awry.
The perill of prayeng out of tune by note,
Telth vs, that a good beſtyll is worth a grote.
In beyng your owne foe, you ſpin a fayre threede.
Aduyſe ye well, for here dooth all ly and bleede,
Flee thattemtyng of extremities all.
Folke ſaie, better ſyt ſtyll than ryſe and fall.
For little more or leſſe no debate make,
At euery dogs barke, ſeeme not to awake.
And where the ſmall with the great, can not agree,
The weaker goeth to the potte, we all daie ſee.
So that alwaie the bygger eateth the beane.
Ye can nought win, by any wayward meane.
Where the hedge is loweſt, men maie ſoneſt ouer,
Be ſilent. Leat not your toung ron at rouer.
Sens by ſtryfe, ye maie loſe, and can not wyn,
Suffer. It is good ſlepyng in a whole ſkyn.
If he chyde, kepe you byll vnder wing muet.
Chatting to chidyng is not worth a chuet.
We ſee many tymes, might ouercomth right.
Were not you as good than to ſay, the crow is whight.
And ſo rather let fayre wordes make foles fayne,
Than be plaine without pletes, & plant your owne payne.
For were ye as plaine as dunſtable by waie.
Yet ſhould ye that waie rather breake a loue daie.
Than make one thus though ye perfytely knew,
All that ye coniecture to be proued trew,
Yet better diſſemble it, and ſhake it of,
Than to broide him with it in earneſt or ſcof.

If he plaie kalſehed in ſelowſhip, plaie yee,
Sée me, and ſée me not. the woꝛſt part to flée.
Why thinke ye me ſo white lyuerd (quoth ſhe)
That I will be toung tyed? Naie I warrant ye.
They that will be akrayd of euery karte,
Muſt go far to piſſe. Well (quoth I) your parte
Is to ſuffre (I ſaie) Foꝛ ye ſhall pꝛæue.
Taunt? appeaſe not thyng?, they rather agrée ue:
But foꝛ yll company, oꝛ exſpenſe extréme,
I here no man doubte, ſo far as ye déeme.
And there is no fyꝛe without ſome ſmoke, we ſée.
Well well, make no fyꝛe, reyſe no ſmoke (ſayd ſhe)
What cloke foꝛ the rayne ſo euer ye bꝛyng mée,
My ſelfe can tell beſt, where my ſhoe doth wꝛyng mée.
But as ye ſaie, where fyꝛe is, ſmoke will appéere.
And ſo hath it done, Foꝛ I did lately heere,
How ſlek and his make, vſe their ſecrete hauntyng,
By one byꝛd, that in mine eare was late chauntyng.
One ſwalowe maketh not ſommer (ſayd I) men ſaie.
I haue (quoth ſhe) mo block? in his waie to laie.
Foꝛ further encreaſe of ſuſpicion of yis,
Beſyde his iettyng into the towne, to his gyls,
With calets he conſumeth hym ſelfe and my goodes.
Sometyme in fields, ſometyme in the woodes.
Some here and ſée him, whom he hereth noꝛ ſéeth not.
But fields haue eies, and woodes haue eares, ye wot
And alſo on my maydes he is euer totyng.
Can ye iudge a man (quoth I) by his lokyng.
What, a cat maie loke on kyng, ye know.
My cats léeryng loke (quoth ſhe) at fyꝛſt ſhow.
Shewth me, that my cat gothe a catterwawyng.
And ſpecially by his maner of dꝛawyng,
To Madge my faire maide. foꝛ may he come ny her.
He muſt nedes baſſe hir, as he comth by her.

He loueth well ſhéeps fleſh, that wets his bred in the wul,
If he leaue it not, we haue a crow to pul.
He loueth hir better at the ſole of the foote,
Than euer he loued me at the hart roote.
It is a foule byrd, that fyleth his owne neſt.
I wold haue hym liue as gods lawe hath erpreſt.
And leaue lewde tickyng. He that will none ill dw.
Muſt do nothyng, that belongeth therto.
To tycke and laughe with me, he hath lawfull leeue.
To that I ſaide nought but laught in my ſléeue.
But whan ſhe ſéemed to be fired in mynde,
Rather to ſéeke for that ſhe was lothe to finde,
Than leaue that ſéekyng, by whiche ſhe might find eaſe,
I fainde this fancy to féele how it would pleaſe.
Will ye do well (quoth I) take peyne to watche him.
And if ye chaunce in aduoutrie to catche him,
Then haue ye him on the hyp, or on the hyrdell.
Then haue ye his head vnder your gyrdell.
Where your wurds now do but rub him on the gall.
That déede without wordes ſhal driue him to the wall.
And further than the wall he can not go.
But muſt ſubmit him ſelfe, and if it hap ſo,
That at ende of your watche, he giltles apéere,
Then all grudge, growne by ielowſie, taketh end cléere.
Of all folkes I may worſt watche him (ſaid ſhe)
For of all folkes him ſelfe moſt watcheth me.
I ſhall as ſone trie him or take him this waie,
As dryue a top ouer a tyled houſe, no naie.
I maie kepe corners or holowe trées with tholwe,
This ſeuen yeres, daie and night to watche a bowle.
Before I ſhall catche him with vndoubted euill.
He muſt haue a long ſpoone, ſhall eate with the diuill.
And the diuell is no falſer then is hee.
I haue heard tell, it had needs to bee.

A wyly mouſe that ſhould bréde in the cats eare.
Shall I get within him than? nay ware that geare.
It is harde haltyng before a créepele ye wot.
A falſer water drinker there liueth not.
Whan he hunteth a doe, that he can not avow,
All dogs barke not at him, I warant yow.
Namely not I, I ſaie, though as I ſayde.
Ye ſomtyme, though ſeldome, by ſome be bewrayde.
Cloſe huntyng (quoth I.) the good hunter alowth.
But be your huſband neuer ſo ſtyll of mouth,
If ye can hunt, and will ſtand at recite.
Your maide examine, maketh him open ſtreite.
That were (quoth ſhe) as of my truth to make préfe,
To are my felow whether I be a thefe.
They cleaue together like burs. that way I ſhall
Pike out no more, than out of the ſtone wall.
Than lyke ye not to watche him for wife nor mayde.
No (quoth ſhe). Nor I (quoth I) what euer I ſayde.
And I mi̇lyke not onely your watche in vayne.
But alſo if ye toke him. what could ye gayne?
From ſuſpicion to knowlage of yll. forſothe
Coulde make ye dwe, but as the flounder doothe,
Leape out of the fryng pan into the fyre.
And chaunge from yll pein to wurs is worth ſmall hyre.
Let tyme trie. Tyme tryeth trouth in euery doubt.
And déeme the beſt, till time hath tryde the trouth out.
And reaſon ſaieth, make not two ſorowes of one,
But ye make ten ſorowes where reaſon maketh none.
For where reaſon (as I ſaide) wilth you to winke,
(Altough all were proued as yll as ye thinke)
Contrary to reaſon ye ſtampe and ye ſtare.
Ye fret and ye fume as mad as a marche hare.
Without proofe to his proofe preſent or paſt.
But by ſuche reporte, as moſte proue lies at laſt.

And here gothe the hare awaie, for ye iudge all,
And iudge the worſt in all, er praiſe in ought fall.
But blinde men ſhould iudge no colours: by old ſauſe,
And folke oft tymes ar moſt blind in their owne cauſe,
The blynde eate many flies. Howbeit the fancy,
Of your blindneſſe comth not of ignorancy.
Ye coulde tell an other herin the beſt waie.
But it is as folke dwe, and not as folke ſaie.
For they ſaie, ſaiyng and dwyng are two thyngs
To defend daunger that double dealyng bryngeſ.
As ye can ſéeme wiſe in wordes, be wiſe in déede.
That is(quoth ſhe) ſoner ſaid then dwne, I dréede.
But me thinkth your counſell weith in the whole,
To make me put my fynger in a hole.
And ſo by ſuffrance to be ſo lyther,
In my houſe to lay fyre and tow together.
But if they fyre me, ſome of them ſhall wyn
More towe on their diſtaues, than they can well ſpyn.
And the beſt of them ſhal haue both their handſ full.
Bolſter or pillow for me, be whoſe will.
I will not beare the diuels ſacke, by ſaint Audry.
For concelyng ſuſpicion of their baudry.
I feare fals meaſures, or els I were a chylde.
For they that thinke none yll, are ſoneſt begylde.
And thus though muche water goeth by the myll.
That the miller knoweth not of, yet I will
Caſt what my ſcape, and as though I did fynde it.
With the clacke of my myll, to fyne meale grynde it.
And ſure er I take any reſt in effect,
I muſt baniſhe my maydes ſuche as I ſuſpect.
Better it be dwne than wiſhe it had bene dwne.
As good vndwn(quoth I)as dw it to ſone.
Well(quoth ſhe)till ſone, fare ye well, and this
Kéepe ye as ſecrete, as ye thinke méete is.

Dut

Out at dores went ſhe herwith. and herupon
In at dores cam he forthwith as ſhe was gon.
And without any tempzate pzoteſtacion,
Thus he began, in way of exclamation.

The. vi. Chapiter.

O Hy what choyce may compare, to the diuels lyke,
Lyke his, that haue choſen a diuel to his wife:
Namely ſuch an olde witche, ſuche a mackabzoyne,
As euermoze like a hog hangeth the groyne,
On hir huſbande, except he be hir ſlaue,
And folow all fancies, that ſhe would haue.
Tys ſayde, there is no god accozde,
Where euery man would be a Lozde.
Wherfoze my wyfe will be no lozde, but lady,
To make me, that ſhould be her Lozde, a baby.
Befoze I was wedded, and ſens, I made reckning,
To make my wyfe bow at euery beckning.
Bachelers boſt, how they will teach their wyues good,
But many a man ſpeaketh of Robyn hood,
That neuer ſhot in his bowe. When all is fought,
Bachelers wiues, and maides childzen be well tought.
And this with this, I alſo begin to gather,
Euery man can rule a ſhzewe, ſaue he that hath her.
At my will I wend ſhe ſhould haue wzought, like wax.
But I fynd and feel, ſhe hath found ſuch knax
In her bouget, and ſuche toies in her hed.
That to daunce after her pipe, I am ny led.
It is ſaide of olde, an olde dog byteth ſoze.
But by God, tholde bitche biteth ſozer and moze.
And not with teeth (ſhe hath none) but with hir toung.
If all tales be true (quoth I) though ſhe be ſtong,
And therby ſtyng you, ſhe is not muche to blame,
Foz what euer you ſaie. thus goeth the ſame.

Whan folke firſt ſaw your ſubſtance laid in your lap,
Without your pein, with your wife brought by good hap,
Oft in remembraunce of haps happy deuiſe,
They would ſaie, better to be happy then wiſe.
Not minding therby, to depraue your wit,
For they had good hope, to ſee good proofe of it.
But ſens their good opinion therin ſo cooles,
That they ſaye as oft, God ſendeth fortune to fooles.
In that as fortune without your wit gaue it,
So can your wit not keepe it whan ye haue it.
Saieth one, this geare was gotten on a holy daye.
Saieth an other, who maye holde that wil awaie.
This game from beginning, ſheweth what ende is ment.
Sone gotten ſone ſpent, yll gotten yll ſpent.
Ye are calde not onely to great aſpender,
To franke a geuer, and as free a lender.
But alſo ye ſpende geue and lende, among ſuche,
Whoſe lightneſſe miniſheth your honeſtee as muche.
As your money, and muche they diſalow,
That ye bring all from him, that brought all to yow.
And ſpende it out at dores, in ſpite of hir,
Becauſe ye wolde kyll hir to be quite of hir.
For all kindneſſe, of hir parte, that maie riſe,
Ye ſhewe all thunkindneſſe ye can deuiſe.
And where reaſon and cuſtome (they ſaie alwaies,
Alwaie to let the louers haue their woords,
Ye make hir a cokequeane, and conſume hir good.
And ſhe muſt ſit like a beane in a monks hood.
Bearing no more rule, than a goſe turd in tems,
But at hir owne maides becks, winges, or hems,
She muſt obey thoſe lambs, or els a lambs ſkin,
Ye will prouide for hir, to lap hir in.
This biteth the mare by the thombe, as they ſay.
For were ye, touching condition (ſay they)

The caſtell of honeſtée in all things els.
Yet ſhould this one thing, as their hole tale tels,
Deſoyle and deface that caſtell to a cotage,
One crop of a tourd marrth a pot of potage,
And ſome to this, crie, let hym pas, for we thinke,
The more we ſtur a tourde, the wurs it will ſtynke,
With many conditions good, one that is yll,
Defaceth the flowre of all, and doth all ſpyll.
Nowe (quoth I) if you thinke they truely clatter,
Let your amendment amende the matter.
Halfe warnd halfe armde. this warnyng for this I ſhow,
Ye that hath an yll name, is halfe hangd, ye know.

The. vii. Chapiter.

VVell ſayde (ſaide he) mery ſir here is a tale,
For honeſtie, mæte to ſet the diuell on ſale.
But now am I forſt, a bead roule to vnfolde,
To tell ſomwhat more to the tale I erſt tolde.
Grow this. as moſt part doth, I durſt holde my lyfe,
Of the ielouſy of dame Iulok my wyfe,
Than ſhall ye wonder, whan trouth doth define,
How ſhe can, and doth here, both byte and whyne.
Franſy, hereſy, and ielouſy are thrée,
That men ſay hardly or neuer cured bée.
And although ielouſy néede not or bote not,
What helpeth that counſayle, if reaſon rote not.
And in mad ielouſy ſhe is farre gon.
She thinkth I run ouer all, that I loke on:
Take good héede of that (quoth I) for at a woorde,
The prouerbe ſaith, he that ſtrike with the ſworde,
Shalbe ſtrikyn with the ſcaberde. Tuſhe (quoth he)
The diule with my ſcaberde will not ſtrike me.
But my dame takyng ſuſpicion for full prœfe,
Repoorteth for a trouth, to the moſte miſchéefe

In wordꝫ golde and hole, as men by wyt could wiſhe.
She will lie as faſt as a dogge will licke a diſhe.
She is of trouth as fals, as God is trew.
And if she chaunce to ſée me at a bew
Kylle any of my maydes alone, but in ſporte,
That taketh she in erneſt. after Bedlem ſorte.
The cow is wood. Her tong ronth on patens.
If it be morne, we haue a payre of matens.
If it be euen, euenſong, not Laten nor Gréeke,
But Engliſhe, and like thutas in eaſter wéeke.
She beginneth, firſt with a cry a leyſone.
To whiche she ringth a peale, a larom. ſuch one,
As folke ring bées with baſons. the world runth on whéeles.
But except hir mayde ſhewe a fayre paire of héeles,
She haleth her by the boy rope, tyll hir braines ake
And bring I home a good diſhe. good chéere to make,
What is this (ſaith she) good meate (ſaie I) for yow.
God haue mercy hors, a pyg of mine owne ſow.
Thus whan I ſee, by kyndneſſe eaſe renewth not,
And than, that the eie ſeeth not, the hart renewth not,
And that he muſt needes go, whom the diuell dooth driue,
Her force forcing me, for mine eaſe to contriue,
To let her faſt and kreate alone for me,
I go where mery chat, and good cheere may be.
Muche ſpend I a brode, whiche at home ſhould be ſpent,
If she would leaue controllyng, and be content.
There lepte a whityng (quoth she) and lept in ſtreite.
Take a heare from his beard, and marke this conceite.
He makth you beleue, by lies laide on by lode,
My braulyng at home, makith him banket abrode.
Where his bankets abrode, make me braule at home,
For as in a froſt, a mud wall made of lome
Cracketh and crummeth in peeces a ſunder,
So melteth his money, to the worlds wunder.

So

Thus maie ye ſée, to tourne the cat in the pan,
Or ſet the cart before the horſe, well he can.
He is but litle at home, the treweth is ſo.
And forth with him, he will not let me go.
And if I come to be mery where he is,
Than is he mad. as ye ſhall here by this.
Where he with goſſips at a banket late was,
At whiche as vſe is, he paide all. but let pas.
I came to be mery. wherwith merily.
Preface. Haue among youblynd harpers (ſaide I)
The mo the meryer, we all daie here and ſée.
Ye, but the fewer the better fare (ſaide hée)
Then here were, er I came (quoth I) to many.
Here is but litle meate lefte, if there be any.
And it is yll commyng, I haue heard ſay,
To thend of a ſhot, and beginning of a fray.
Put vp thy purs (quoth he) thou ſhalt none paie.
And fray here ſhould be none, were thou gone thy waie.
Here is, ſens thou camſt, to many féete a bed.
Welcome when thou goeſt. thus is thine errand ſped.
I come (quoth I) to be one here, if I ſhall,
It is mery in halle, when herds wag all.
What, byd me welcome pyg. I pray thée kys me.
Nay farewell ſow (quoth he) our lord blys me
From ballyng of beaſtes of Beare binder lane.
I haue (quoth I) for fyne ſuger, faire rats bane.
Many yeres ſens, my mother ſayde to me,
Her elders would ſaie, it is better to be
An olde mans derlyng, then a yong mans werlyng.
And god knowth. I knew none of this ſnerlyng
In my olde husbandes dates. for as tenderly,
He loued me, as ye lone me ſklenderly.
We drew both in one line. Quoth he wold to our lorde
Ye had in that drawyng, hangd both in one corde.

For I neuer mete thée at flesshe nor at fisshe,
But I haue sure a deade mans head in my dishe.
Whose best and my worst date, that wisht might bée,
Was when thou didst bury him and mary mée.
If you (quoth I) lous for chaunge in those cases,
Would to god he and you, had chaunged places.
But best I chaunge place, for here I mate be sparde.
And for my kynde commyng, this is my rewarde.
Claw a churle by thars, and he shiteth in my hand.
Knak me that nut. muche good doyt you all this band.
Must she not (quoth he) be welcome to vs all,
Among vs all, lettyng suche a farewell fall?
Suche carpenters, suche chips. (quoth she) folke tell,
Suche lips, suche letttce. suche welcome, suche farewell.
Thine owne word (quoth he) thine owne welcome mard.
Well (saide she) whan so euer we twayne haue iard,
My word be pried at narowly, I espie,
Ye can sée a mote in an other mans eye,
But ye can not sée a blocke in your owne.
Ye marke my word, but not that they be growne,
By your reuellous rydyng on euery royle.
Wel ny euery day a new mare or a moyle.
As muche vnhonest, as vnprofytable.
Whiche shall bryng vs shortly to be vnable,
To geue a dog a lose, as I haue oft saide.
How be it your pleasure mate no tyme be denayde.
But still you must haue, bothe the fynest meate,
Apparail, and all thing that money mate geate,
Lyke one of fond fancy so fyne and so neate,
That would haue better bread than is made of wheate.
The best is best cheape (quoth he) men sate clére.
Well (quoth she) a man may by gold to dére.
Ye nother care, nor welny cast what ye paie,
To by the déerest for the best alwaie.

Than

Than for your diet who vſeth fædyng ſuch,
Eate more than enough, and drinke much more to much.
But temperaunce teacheth this, where he kepeth ſcole,
He that knoweth whan he hath enough, is no fole.
Fæd by meaſure, and defie the phiſicion.
And in the contrary marke this condicion,
A ſwyne ouer fatte is cauſe of his owne bane.
Who ſeeth nought herein, his wit is in the wane.
But pompous prouiſion, comth not all, alway
Of glottony, but of pryde ſomtyme, ſome ſay.
But this prouerbe preacheth to men haute or hye,
Hewe not to hye, leſt the chips fall in thine eye.
Meaſure is a mery meane, as this doth ſhow,
Not to hye, for the pye, nor to lowe for the crow.
The difference betwene ſtaryng and ſtarke blynde,
The wiſe man at all tymes to folow can fynd.
And ywis an auditour of a meane wit,
May ſone accompt, though herafter come not yit,
Yet is he ſure be the day neuer ſo long,
Euermore at laſte they ryng to euenſong.
And where ye ſpend much though ye ſpent but lickell,
Yet littell and littell the cat eateth the flickell.
Little loſſe by length may grow importable.
A mouſe in tyme, maie bite a two a cable.
Thus to ende all thinges be we leeſe or lothe,
Yet lo, the pot ſo long to the water gothe.
Tyll at the laſte it comthe home broken.
Fewe wordes to the wiſe ſuffice to be ſpoken.
If ye were wiſe, here were enough (quoth ſhée)
Here is enough, and to muche, dame (quoth he)
For though this appéere a proper pulpet péece,
Yet whan the fore preacheth, then beware your geeſe.
Yet ſome tale yll tolde, in the tellyng is marde.
So are (quoth ſhe) good tales well tolde, and yll harde.

Thy tales (quoth he) ſhew long heare, and ſhort wit, wife.
But long be thy legs, and ſhort be thy lyfe.
Pray for your ſelfe, I am not ſicke (quoth ſhe)
Well lets ſee, what thy laſt tale reacth to (quoth he)
Thou ſaieſt I ſpend all, to this, thy woꝛds wander.
But as deepe dꝛinketh the goſe, as the gander.
Thou canſt cough in the aumbꝛy, if neede be,
Whan I ſhall rough without bꝛead oꝛ bꝛoth foꝛ thee.
Wherby while thou ſeemeſt mine abꝛode to ſpende.
Thou goſſepſt at home, to meete me at landꝛ ende.
Ah, than I beggle you (quoth ſhe) this ye meane.
But ſyꝛ, my pot is whole, and my water cleane.
Well, thou woldſt haue me (quoth he) pinch lyke a ſnudge,
Euery daie to be thy bꝛaell and dꝛudge.
Not ſo (quoth ſhe) but I would haue ye ſtur
Honeſtly, to kepe the wolfe from the dur.
I would dꝛiue the wulfe out at dooꝛe ſyꝛſt (quoth he)
And that can I not doo, tyll I dꝛiue out thee.
A man were better be dꝛowned in Venice gulfe
Than haue ſuche a beatded beake, oꝛ ſuche a wulfe.
But had I not beene witleſt, my weddyng to flee,
The termes that longe to weddyng had warnde mee.
Firſt wooyng foꝛ woing, banna foꝛ bannyng.
The banes foꝛ my bane, and than this thus ſcannyng,
Mariyng marryng. And what maryed I than?
A woman. As who ſaith, woo to the man.
Thus wed I with woo, wed I Gyll, wed I Jane.
I pꝛay god the deuel go with thee, downe the lane.
I graunt (quoth ſhe) this doth ſound (as ye agree)
On your ſyde in woꝛd, but on my ſyde in deede.
Thou grantſt this graunt (quoth he) without any grace,
Ungraciouſly, to thy ſyde, to tourne this caſe.
Leaue this (quoth ſhe) and learne liberalitee,
To ſtynt ſtryfe, growne by your pꝛodigalitee,

Leſt

Oft saide the wise man, whom I erst did bery,
Better are meales many, than one to mery.
Well (quoth he) that is answered with this wise.
Better is one monthes chére, than a churles hole lyfe.
I thinke it learnyng of a wyser lectour,
To learne to make my selfe myne owne erectour,
Than spare for an other that might wed thée,
As the fole, thy fyrst husband spared for mée.
And as for yll places, thou sekest me in mo,
And in worse to, than I into any go.
Wherby this prouerbe shewth the in by the wéeke.
No man will an other in the ouen séeke
Except that him selfe haue béene there before.
God geue grace thou hast béene good, I saie no more.
And wolde haue the say lesse. except thou couldst proue
Such processe as thou sclanderously doest moue.
For sclaunder perchaunce (quoth she) I not denie.
It maie be a sclaunder, but it is no lie.
It is a lie (quoth he) and thou a lyer.
Will ye (quoth she) driue me to touche ye nyer?
I rub the gald hors backe till he winche, and yit
Ye would make it séeme, that I touche him no whit.
But I wot what I wot, though I few words make.
Many kisse the childe for the nurses sake.
Ye haue many god childzen to loke vpon,
And ye blesse them all, but ye basse but one.
This halfe shewth, what the hole meaneth, that I méeue,
Ye fet circumquaques to make me beleue:
Or thinke, that the mone, is made of a gréene chéese.
And whan ye haue made me a loute in all théese,
It semeth ye wolde make me go to bed at none.
Naie (quoth he) the daie of dome shall be done,
Er thou go to bed at none or night for mée.
Thou art, to be plaine, and not to flatter thée,

As holsom a morsell for my comely cors.
As a showlder of mutton for a sicke hors.
The diuell with his dame, hath more rest in hell,
Than I haue here with the. but well wife well.
Well well (quoth she) many wels, many buckets.
Ye (quoth he) and many words, many buffets.
Had you some husband, and snapte at him thus.
I wys he would gene you a recumbentibus.
A dog will barke er he bite, and so thow,
After thy barkyng wilt bite me, I trow now.
But it is harde to make an olde dog stoupe, lo.
Sir (quoth she) a man may handle his dog so,
That he maie make him byte him, though he would not,
Husbandes are in heauen (quoth he) whose wiues scold not,
Thou makest me claw where it itcheth not. I would
Thy toung were cold to make thy tales more cold,
That aspine leafe, such spitefull clappyng haue bred.
That my cap is better at ease then my hed.
God sende that hed (said she) a better nurs.
For when the head aketh, all the bodie is the wurs.
God graunt (quoth I) the head and the bodie both two.
To nourse eche other, better then they do.
Or euer haue done for the moste tymes paste.
I brought to nurs both (quoth she) had it not béene waste.
Margery good cowe (quoth he) gaue a good méle,
But than she cast it downe againe with hir héle.
How can hir purs for profite be delitefull?
Whose person and properties be thus spitefull.
A péece of a kyd is worth two of a cat.
Who the diuell will chaunge a rabet for a rat?
If I might chaunge, I woulde rather chose to begge,
Or sit with a rosted appull, or an egge,
Where mine appetie serueth me to bée,
Then euery daie to fare lyke a duke with thée.

Lyke

Lyke a duke, lyke a duck (quoth ſhe) thou ſhalt fare,
Except thou wilt ſpare, more than thou doſt yet ſpare.
Thou fareſt to well (quoth he) but thou art ſo good,
Thou knowſt not who doth thee harme, who doth thée good
Yes yes (quoth ſhe) for all thoſe wyſe words vttred,
I know on whiche ſyde my bread is buttred.
But there will no butter cleaue on my breade,
And on my bread any butter to be ſpreade.
Euery promiſe that thou therin doſt vtter,
Is as ſure as it were ſealed with butter.
Or a mouſe tied with a threéde. Euery good thyng,
Thou letteſt euen ſlyp, lyke a waghalter ſlypſtryng.
But take vp in time, or els I proteſt,
All be not a bedde, that ſhall haue yll reſt.
Now go to thy derlings, and declare thy gréefe.
Where all thy pleaſure is, hop how, pipe theefe.

The. viii. Chapiter.

With this thence hopt ſhe, wherwith (o lord) he cryde,
What wretch but I, this wretchednes could byde.
Howe be it in all this wo, I haue no wrong
For it onely is all on my ſelfe along.
Where I ſhould haue brydled hir fyrſt with rough bit,
To haue made hir chew on the brydell one fit.
For likorous lucre of a little winnyng,
I gaue hir the bridell at beginnyng.
And now ſhe taketh the brydell in the téeth,
And runneth away with it, where eche man ſéeth,
It is (as olde men right well vnderſtande)
Ill puttyng a nakt ſword in a mad mans hande.
She taketh ſuche hart of grace, that though I maime hir.
Or kyll hir, yet ſhall I neuer reclaime hir,
She hath (they ſay) bene ſtyffe necked euermore.
And it is yll healyng of an olde ſore.

This

This prouerbe prophecied many yeres agone.
It will not out of the fleſhe that is bred in the bone.
What chaunce haue I, to haue a wife of ſuche ſort,
That will no laute amend in earneſt nor ſport?
A ſmall thinge amis lately I did eſpy,
Whiche to make hir mende. by a ieſt mirily,
I ſaide but this, taunt tiuet wife, your noſe drops.
So it maie fall, I will eate no broweſſe ſops
This daie. But two daies after this came in dre,
I had ſorow to my ſops ynough be ſure.
Well (quoth I) it is yll ieſtyng on the ſothe.
Soth bourd is no bourd, ought that mirth dothe.
Suche ieſtes could not iuggle hir, were ought amis.
Nor turne melancoly to mirth. for it is
No playyng with a ſtrawe before an olde cat,
Euery tryflyng toye age can not laugh at.
Ye maie walke this waie, but ſure ye ſhall fynde,
The further ye go, the further behynde.
Ye ſhould conſyder the woman is olde.
And what for a whot worde. Sone whot, ſone colde.
Beare with them, that beare with you, and ſhe is ſcand,
Not onely the faireſt floure in your garland,
But alſo ſhe is all the faire flowers therof,
Will ye requyte hir then with a tauntyng ſcof?
Or with any other kynd of vnkyndneſſe?
Take hēde is a faire thing. Beware this blindneſſe.
Why will ye (quoth he) I ſhall folow hir will?
To make me John drawlache, or ſuche a ſnekebill.
To bryng hir ſolace, that bryngeth me ſorow,
Wyr lady, than we ſhall catche byrds to morow.
A good wife makth a good huſbande, (they ſaie)
That (quoth I) ye maie tourne an other waie.
To make a good huſbande, make a good wife.
I can no more herin, but god ſtint all ſtrife.

Amen

Amen (quoth he) and god haue mercy brother,
I will now mend this houſe, and payre an other.
And that he ment of likelyhod by his owne.
For ſo apairde he that, er thrée yeres were growne,
That little and little he decaied ſo long,
Tyll he at length came to buckle and bare thong.
To diſcharge charge, that neceſſarily grew,
There was no more water than the ſhip drew.
Suche drifftes draue he, from yll to wars and wars,
Tyll he was as bare as a byrdes ars.
Money, and money worth, did ſo miſſe him,
That he had not now one peny to bliſſe him.
Whyche foreſéene in this woman wiſely waiyng,
That méete was to ſtaie ſomwhat for hir ſtaiyng,
To kepe yet one meſſe for Aliſon in ſtore,
She kept one bag, that he had not ſéene before.
A pore cooke that maie not licke his owne fingers.
But about hir at home now ſtill he lingers
Not checker a bord, all was not cléere in the coſſe,
He lokt lyke one that had beſhyt the roſſe.
But whether any ſecrete tales were ſprinklyng.
Or that he by geſſe had got an inklyng
Of hir hord. or that he thought to amend.
And tourne his yll beginnyng to a good ende.
In ſhewing him ſelfe a new man, as was féete,
That appéered ſhortly after, but not yéet.

The. ix. Chapiter.

ONe daie in their arbour, whyche ſtode ſo to mine,
That I might, and did cloſely myne eare incline,
And likewiſe caſt mine eye to here and ſee,
What they ſayde and did, where they could not ſee mee
He vnto hir a goodly tale began,
More like a woer, than a wedded man.

As farre as matter therof therin ſerued,
But the fyrſt part from wordꝭ of wooyng ſwerued.
And ſtod vpon repentaunce, with ſubmiſſion,
Of his former crooked vnkynde condiſſion.
Prayeng hir, to forgeue and forget all frée,
And he forgaue hir, as he forgeuen wolde be.
Louyng hir now, as he full deeply ſwore,
As whotly as euer he loued hir before.
Well well (quoth ſhe) what euer ye now ſaie,
It is to late to call agains yeſterdaie.
Wife (quoth he) ſuch maie my dilygence ſéeme,
That thoffence of yeſterdaie I maie redéeme.
God taketh me as I am, and not as I was.
Take you me ſo to, and let all thynges paſt pas
I praie thée good wife, thinke I ſpeake and think plaine.
What, he runth far, that neuer turnth againe.
Ye be yong enough to mend, I agrée it,
But I am (quoth ſhe) to old to ſée it.
And amende ye or not, I am to olde a yere.
What is like: where liuyng is extinct cléere.
Namely at olde yeres of leaſte helpe and moſt neede.
But no tale coulde tune you, in tyme to take heede.
If I tune my ſelfe now (quoth he) it is faire.
And hope of true tune, ſhall tune me from diſpaire.
Beleue well, and haue well, men ſay. ye, (ſaid ſhe)
Do well, and haue well, men ſaie alſo, we ſee.
But what man can beleue, that man can doo well,
Who of no man will counſell take or here tell.
Whiche to you, whan any man any way tryde,
Than were ye deafe, ye could not here on that ſyde.
Who euer with you any tyme therin weares,
He muſt both tell you a tale, and fynd you eares.
You had on your harneſt eares, thicke of hearyng.
But this is a queſtion of olde enqurepug,

Who is ſo deafe, or ſo blynde, as is hée,
That wilfully will nother here nor ſée,
Whan I ſaw your maner, my harte for wo molte.
Than wolde ye mend, as the fletcher mende his bolte.
Or as ſowre ale mendth in ſummer, I know.
And knew, which wate the winde blewe, and will blow.
Though not to my profite, a prophete was I.
I prophecied this, to true a prophecie.
Whan I was right yll beleued, and wors hard.
By flingyng from your folkes, at home, which all mard.
Whan I ſaid in ſemblaunce eyther cold or warme,
A man far from his good, is nye his harme.
Or wilde ye to loke, that ye loſt no more,
On ſuche as ſhewe, that hungry flies byte ſore.
Than wold ye loke ouer me, with ſtomake ſwolne,
Like as the diuel lokt ouer Lincolne.
The diuel is dead wife (quoth he) for ye ſée,
I loke like a lambe in all your wordꝭ to mée.
Looke as ye liſt now (quoth ſhe) thus lookt oe than.
And for thoſe lookes I ſhew this, to ſhew eche man,
Such proofe of this prouerbe, as non is gretter.
Which ſaith, that ſome man mate ſtele a hors better,
Than ſome other mate ſtande and looke vpone.
Lewde huſwiues might haue woordꝭ but I not one
That might be aloude. But now if ye looke,
In miſtakyng me, ye may ſée, ye tooke
The wrong way to wood, and the wrong ſow by theare.
And therby in the wrong bore to thryue ye were,
I haue herde ſome, to tell this tale not fælde.
Whan thryft is in the towne, ye be in the fælde.
But contrary, you made that ſence to ſowne,
Whan thrift was in the fæld, ye were in the towne.
Fælde ware might ſinke or ſwym, while ye had eny.
Towne ware was your ware, to tourne the peny.

But towne or feelde. where moſt thrift did apeere,
What ye wan in the hundred ye loſt in the ſheere.
In all your good huſbandry, thus ryd the rocke,
Ye ſtumbled at a ſtrawe, and lept ouer a blocke.
So many kyndes of increaſe you had in choice,
And nought increaſe nor kepe, how can I reioyce:
Good ryding at two ankers men haue tolde,
For if the tone faile, the tother maie holde.
But you leaue all anker holde, on ſeas or lands.
And ſo ſet vp ſhop vpon Goodwins ſands.
But as folke haue a ſaiyng bothe olde and trew,
And that they ſay blacke will take none other hew.
So maie I ſaie here, to my deepe dolour,
It is a bad clothe that will take no colour.
This caſe is yours. For ye were neuer ſo wiſe
To take ſpecke of colour, of good aduiſe.
Thaduiſe of all freends I ſay, one and other
Went in at the tone eare, and out at the tother.
And as thoſe woords went out, this prouerbe in came,
He that will not be ruled by his owne dame.
Shall be ruled by his ſtepdame, and ſo you.
Hauyng loſt your owne good, and owne freends now,
Maie ſeeke your forein freends, if you haue any.
And ſure one of my great greefes, among many,
Is that ye haue bene ſo verale a hog,
To my freends. What man, loue me, loue me dog.
But you to caſt pretious ſtones before hogs,
Caſt my good before a ſort of cur dogs.
And ſawte bitches. Whiche by whom now deuoured.
And your honeſtie amonge them defloured,
And that you maie no more expence afoorde,
Now can they not afoorde you one good woorde,
And you them as fewe. And olde folke vnderſtoode,
Whan theeues fall out, true men come to their good.

Whiche

Which is not alway true. For in all the bretche,
I can no ferthing of my good the more fetche.
Nor I trowe them selues nether, if they were sworne,
Light come, light go. And sure sens we were borne,
Ruine of one rauine, was there none gretter.
For by your giftes, they be as littell the better.
As you be muche the worse and I cast awaye.
An yll winde that bloweth no man to good, men say.
Well(quoth he)euery wynd blowth not downe the corne.
I hope(I say)good happe be not all out worne.
I will nowe begin thrift, whan thrift semeth gone.
What wyse there be mo waies to the wood than one.
And I will assaie all the wayes to the wood,
Till I finde one waye, to get againe this good.
Ye will get it againe(quoth she)I feare,
As shortly as a horse will licke his eare.
The Dutcheman saieth, that segging is good cope.
Good wordes bringe not euer of good deedes good hope,
And these words shewe your words spoken in skorne,
It pricketh betymes that will be a good thorne.
Timely croketh the tree, that will a good camok bee.
And such beginnyng such ende. we all date see.
And you at me at begynnyng beyng thryuen.
And then to keepe thrift could not be prickt nor driuen.
How can ye now get thrift, the stocke beyng gone?
Which is thonely thyng to reise thrift vpon.
Men saie he may yll renne, that can not go,
And your gain without youre stocke, renneth euen so.
For what is a workman, without his tooles?
Tales of Robin hood ar good among fooles.
He can yll pype, that lacketh his vpper lyp.
Who lacketh a stocke his gaine is not worth a chip,
A tale of a tub, your tale no truth auouth,
Ye speake now, as ye would creepe into my mouth,

In pure peinted proceſſe, as falſe as fayre.
How ye will amend, when ye can not apayze.
But againſt gaie glofers, this rude terte recites,
It is not all butter, that the cow ſhites.
I herd once a wiſe man ſaie to his daughter,
Better is the laſt ſmyle, than the fyrſt laughter,
We ſhall I truſt (quoth he) laugh againe at laſt.
Although I be ones out of the ſaddle caſt.
Yet ſens I am bent to fyt, this will I dw,
Recouer the hozs, oz leſe the ſaddle tw.
Ye neuer could yet (quoth ſhe) recouer any hap,
To win oz ſaue ought, to ſtop any one gap.
Foz ſtoppyng of gaps (quoth he) care not a ruſhe,
I will learne, to ſtop two gaps with with one buſhe.
Ye will (quoth ſhe) as ſone ſtop gaps with ruſhes,
As with any huſbandly handſome buſhes,
Your tales haue lyke taſt, where tempzance is taſter,
To bzeake my head and than geue me a plaſter.
Now thzifte is gone, now would ye thziue in all haſte.
And whan ye had thzift, ye had like haſte to waſte.
Ye like then better an ynche of your will,
Than an ell of your thzift. Wife (quoth he) be ſtill,
Maie I be holpe fwzth an ynche at a pinche,
I will yet thziue (I ſaie) As gwd is an inche
As an ell. Ye can (quoth ſhe) make it ſo, well.
Foz whan I gaue you an ynche, ye towke an ell.
Till both ell and inche be gone, and we in det.
Naie (quoth he) with a wet fynger ye can fet,
As muche as maie eaſyly all this matter eaſe,
And this debate alſo pleaſantly appeaſe.
I could dw as muche with an hundzed pounde now,
As with a thouſand afoze, I aſſure you.
Ye (quoth ſhe) who had that he hath not, wouldе
Dw that he dwth not, as olde men haue tolde.

Had

Had I, as ye haue, I woulde dwe moze (quoth hee)
Than the preest spake of on sonday, ye should see.
Ye dwe, as I haue (quoth she) foz nought I haue,
And nought ye dwe. What man, I trow ye raue,
Wolde ye bothe eate your cake, and haue your cake?
Ye haue had of me all that I might make.
And be a man neuer so greedy to wyn,
Ye can haue no moze of the fore but the skyn.
Well (quoth he) if ye list to bring it out,
Ye can geue me your blessing in a clout.
That were foz my child, (quoth she) had I ony,
But husband, I haue neither child, noz mony.
Ye cast and conjecture this muche like in show,
As the blind man casts his staffe, oz shootes the crow.
Yow be it had I money right muche, and ye none,
Yet to be plaine, ye shulde haue none, foz Jone.
Nay, he that first flattereth me, as ye haue doone.
And doth as ye did to me after, so soone.
He maie be in my Pater noster in deede.
But be sure, he shall neuer come in my creede.
Aue Maria (quoth he) how much motion
Here is to praiers, with how little deuotion.
But some men say, no peny no Pater noster.
I saie to suche (said she) no longer foster,
No longer lemman. But faire and well than,
Praie and shifte eche one foz him selfe, as he can.
Euery man foz him selfe, and god foz vs all.
To those woozdz he saide nought, but foorthwith did fall,
From harping on that stringe, to faire flattring speeche,
And as I erst saide, he did hir so beseeche,
That thingz erst so far of, were now so far on.
That as she maie wallow, away she is gon,
Where all that was left late with a trustie freend.
Dwellyng a good walke from hir at the townes ende,

And backe again ſtreight a haltyng pace ſhe hobles.
Bringyng a bag of royals and nobles.
All that ſhe had, without reſtraint of one iote,
She brought bullocks noble. for noble or grote.
Had ſhe not one mo. Whiche I after well knew.
And anon ſmilyng, toward him as ſhe drew,
A ſir light burdeine far heauy (quoth ſhe)
This light burdeine in long walke welny tyreth me.
God geue grace I play not the foole this daie,
For here I ſende thare after the helue awaie.
But if ye will ſtint and auoyde all ſtryke,
Loue and cheriſhe this as ye wolde my life,
I will (quoth he) wike, by god almightie.
This geare comth euen in puddyng time rightlie.
He ſnacht at the bag. No haſt but good (quoth ſhe)
Short ſhotyng leeſeth your game, ye maie ſee
Ye myſt the cuſhin, for all your haſt to it.
And I maie ſet you beſide the cuſhyn yit.
And make you wype your noſe vpon your ſleeue,
For ought ye ſhall win without ye are me leeue.
Haue ye not heard tell all couet all leeſe:
A fyr, I ſee, ye may ſee no greene cheeſe
But your teeth muſt water. A good cocknay coke.
Though ye loue not to bye the pyg in the poke,
Yet ſnatche ye at the poke, that the pyg is in,
Not for the poke, but the pyg good chepe to win.
Lyke one halfe loſt, till gredy graſpyng gat it
Ye would be ouer the ſtyle, er ye come at it.
But abyde freend, your mother bid till ye were borne.
Snatching winth it not, if ye ſnatche tyll to morne.
Men ſay (ſaid he) long ſtandyng and ſmall offring
Maketh poore perſons. and in ſuche ſignes and proffring.
Many prety tales, and mery toies had they.
Before this bag came fully from hir awey.

Kindly

Kindly he kyst hir, with words not tart nor tough.
But the cat knoweth whose lips she lickth well enough.
Anone, the bag she deliuered him, and saide,
He should beare it, for that it now heauy waxde.
With good will wyfe, for it is (saide he to her)
A proude horse that will not beare his own prouander.
And oft before semd she neuer so wise,
Yet was she nowe, sodeinly waxen as nise
As it had bene a halporth of siluer spones,
Thus cloudy mornynges turne to clere after nones.
But so ny none it was, that by and by,
They rose, and went to diner louingly.

The. x. Chapiter.

THis diner thought he long. and streight after that,
To his accustomed customers he gat.
With whom in what tyme he spent one grote before,
In lesse time he spenth nowe, ten grotes or more
And in small time he brought the world so about,
That he brought the bottome of the bag cleane out.
His gaddyng thus againe made hir ill content.
But she not so much as dreamd that all was spent,
How beit sodeinly she mynded on a daie,
To pycke the chestе locke, wherin this bag laie,
Determinyng this, if it laie whole still,
So shall it lie, no mite she minithe will.
And if the bag began to shrinke, she thought best,
To take for hir parte some parte of the rest.
But streight as she had forthwith opened the locke,
And loke in the bag, what it was a clocke,
Than was it proued trew, as this prouerbe goth,
He that commeth last to the pot, is sowest wroth.
By hir comming lasse, and to late to the pot.
Wherby she was potted, thus lyke a sot,

To sée the pot both skimd for rennyng ouer,
And also all the licour renne at rouer.
At hir good husbandes and hir next métyng.
The diuels good grace might haue geuen a gretyng.
Eyther for honour or honestie as good
As she gaue him. She was (as they say) horne wood.
In no place could she sit hir selfe to settle,
It séemd to him, she had pist on a nettle.
She nettled him, and he ratlet hir so,
That at ende of that fraie, a sunder they go.
And neuer after came together againe.
He turnde hir out at dores to grase on the plaine.
And him selfe went after. For within fortnight,
All that was left, was launched out quight.
And thus had he brought haddocke to paddocke.
Tyll they both were not worth a haddocke.
It hath bene saide, néede maketh the olde wife trot.
Other folke said it, but she did it god wot.
First from frend to frend, and than from dur to dur.
A beggyng of some that had begged of hur.
But as men saie, misery maie be mother,
Where one begger is driuen to beg of an other.
And thus ware, and wasted this most wofull wretche.
Tyll death from this life, did hir wretchedly fetche.
Her late husbande, and now wydower, here and there
Wandring about few know, and fewer care where,
Caste out as an abiect, he leadeth his life,
Tyll famine by like, fet him after his wife.

Now let vs note here, First of the first twaine,
Where they both wedded together, to remayne,
Hoping ioyful presence shuld weare out all wo.
Yet pouertæ brought that ioye to foefaile, lo.
But notably note these last twayne, where as hé
Tooke hir onely, for that he riche wolde bée.

And

And ſhe him onely in hope of good happe.
In hir dotyng daies to be daunſt on the lappe,
In condicion they differde ſo many waies,
That lightly he layde hir vp for hollie daies.
Hir good he layd vp ſo, leſt théues might ſpie it.
That nother ſhe could, nor he can come by it.
Thus failed all foure, of all thinges leſſe and more,
Whiche they all, or any of all, maryed fore.

The.xi. Chapiter.

FOrſoth ſaid my frend this matter maketh boſt,
Of diminucion. For here is a myll poſt
Thwytten to a puddyng pricke ſo nérely,
That I confeſſe me diſcouraged cléerely.
In bothe my weddynges, in all thinges, except ons.
This ſparke of hope haue I, to prócede vpone.
Though theſe and ſome other, ſpede yll as ye tell,
Yet other haue liued and loued full well.
If I ſhould deny that (quoth I) I ſhould raue.
For of both theſe ſorts, I graunt, that my ſelfe haue.
Séene of the tone ſorte, and hard of the tother,
That lyked and lyued right well, eche with other.
But whether fortune will you, that man declare,
That ſhall chooſe in this choice, your comfort or care.
Sens, before ye haue choſen, we can not know,
I thought to laie the wraſt, as ye the beſt ſhow.
That ye might, beyng yet at libertie,
With all your ioye, ioygne all your ieoperdie.
And nowe in this herde, in theſe caſes on eche parte,
I ſaie no more, but lay your hand on your harte.
I hartily thanke you (quoth he) I am ſped
Of mine errande. This hitteth the nayle on the hed.
Who that leaueth ſurety and leneth vnto chaunce.
Whan fooles pype, by auctorité he maie daunce.

And sure am I, of those twayne, if I none chose.
Although I nought wyn, yet shall I nought lose.
And to wyn a woman here, and lose a man.
In all this greate winnyng, what gain win I thanne?
But marke how foly hath me away caryed.
How like a wethercoke I haue here varyed.
First these two women to wed I was so lothe,
That if I might, I would haue wedded them bothe.
Than thought I sens, to haue wedded one of them.
And now know I clére, I will wed none of them.
They both shall haue this one answere by letter,
As good neuer a whit as neuer the better.
Now let me are (quoth I) and your selfe answere,
The short question, that I asked while ere,
A foule olde riche widowe, whether wed would ye,
Or a yonge fayre mayde, beyng pore as ye be,
In neither barrell better hearyng (quoth he)
I lyke thus, richesse as ill as pouertée.
Who that hath either of these pygs in yre,
He hath a pyg of the worse panier sure.
I was wedded vnto my will. How be it,
I will be deuorste, and be wed to my wyt.
Wherby with these examples paste, I may sée,
Found weddyng, for loue, as good onely to flée.
Onely for loue, or onely for good,
Or onely for both I wed not, by my hood.
Thus no one thyng onely, though one thing chiefly
Shall wo me to wed now: for now I espy,
Although the chiefe one thinge in wedding be loue,
Yet must mo things ioygne, as all in one maie moue.
Suche kynde of lyuyng, for suche kynd of lyfe,
As lackyng the same, no lacke to lacke a wife.
Here is enough, I am satisfied (said he,)
Sens enough is enough (said I) here maie we,

With that one wood take ende good, as may be geast.
For folke saie, enough is as good as a feast.

FINIS.

The firste hundred of Epigrammes.

Inuented and made by John Heywoode.

LONDINI.

1566.

To the Reader.

Ryme without reason, and reason without ryme,
In this conuersion deepe diſcreuce doth fall.
In firſt part wherof where I am faine this time,
The holy I graunt, whiche graunted (readers all)
Your graunt, to graunt this requeſt, require I ſhall,
Ere ye full reiecte theſe trifles folowyng here
Perceiue (I praie you) of the woordes thententes clere.

¶ In whiche (maie ye like to looke) ye ſhall eſpie
Some woordes, ſhewe one ſence, a nother to diſcloſe,
Some woordes, them ſelfes ſondrie ſenſes ſignifie:
Some woordes, somewhat from common ſence, I diſpoſe,
To ſeeme one ſence in text, a nother in gloſe.
Theſe woords in this woorke, thus wrought your woorthyng toole
Maie woorke me to ſeeme (at leaſt) the leſs a foole.

¶ Than in rough rude termes of homely honeſtie
(For vnhoneſt termes (I truſt) there none here ſoundes)
Wherin fine tender eares ſhall offended bee
Thoſe folies, beyng ſercht in reaſons bounndes.
Reaſon maie bee ſurgion ſaluyng thoſe woundes.
Turning thoſe ſores to ſalues: for reaſon doth geſſe
Homely matters, homely termes doo beſt expreſſe.

¶ But where all defence ſtandth in exempcion
To defend me herein out of folies handes.
So that to redeme me thers no redempcion.
Graunting, and ſubmitting holy, that ſo ſtandes,
This laſt refuge I craue to haue, at your handes,
Thoſe folies ſtanding cleere from intent of yll.
In lieu of laske of good wit, except good will.

The table to this Booke.

¶ The preface to the reader.
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The fyrſt hundred of Epigrammes.

An Epygramme on this booke of Epygrammes. 1.

THis booke maie ſeeme, as it ſorteth in ſute,
A thin trym trencher to ſerue folke at frute.
But caruer or reader can no waie win,
To eate frute theron, or compt frute therin.

Of three ſages. 2.

Three maner ſages nature dooth deuiſe,
The ſage herbe, the ſage foole, and the ſage wiſe,
And who for moſte wiſe him ſelf dooth accept,
Maie matcht any ſage, the ſage wiſe except.

Queſtions anſwered. 3.

Truſt they any, } Ye,
That truſt not many: }

Pleaſe the any, } Nay.
That ſerue many: }

Helpe they any, } Ye.
That helpe not manye: }

Fréende they any, } Nay.
That flatter many? }

Feare they any, } Ye.
That feare not many? }

Kéepe they any, } Nay.
That kéepe to many? }

Of water, wine, and ale, 4.

Water vnder a bote, wine in a bottell,
The tone I can beare, thother hearthe me well,

And where as nother bates nor battels bee,
Nother can I beare wyne, nor water beare mee.
But aboue all licour welfare ale (I sale)
For I with ale, and ale with me wag awy,

To muche or to litle. 5.

If that I drinke to much, than am I drie,
If I drinke to litell, more drie am I.
If I drinke no whit than am I drier.
To muche, to litle, no whit, nought is the best,
Thus drinke we no whit, or drinke tyll we burst,
Yet pore drie soules we be euer a thurst.

Of the senses. 6.

Speake not to muche, lest speeche make the speecheless,
Go not to muche, for feare thou go behynde,
Here not to muche, lest hearyng bring deafnesse.
Loke not to muche, lest lokyng make the blinde.
Smell not to muche, lest smellyng lose his kynde.
Tast not to muche, lest taste mistast thy chaps.
Touche not to muche for feare of afterclaps.

Of talkyng. 7.

Thy tayle can talke, and knowth no letter,
Thy tounge can talke and talkth muche swetter.
But except wisdome be the gretter,
Of tounge and taile, thy tayle talkth better.

Of heares and wittes. 8.

Thinne heares and thicke wittes be deynte,
Thicke heares and thinne wittes be pleynte.
Thicke heares and thicke wittes be skant,
Thinne heares and thinne wittes none want.

A dronkard. 9.

A goose is harnest in hir white fethers,
A drunkard in drinke against all weathers.
A sole in his soles hood, put all togethers.

The

The foxe and the mayde. 10

Although that foxes haue ben séene ther séelde,
Yet was there lately in Fynsbery féelde
A foxe sat in syght of certayne people,
Noddyng, and blyssyng, staryng on pouls stéeple.
A maide toward market with hens in a band
Cam by, and with the fox she fell in hand.
What thing is it Rainard in your braine ploddyng,
That bringeth this busy blissing and noddyng?
I nother nod for sléepe swéete herte the foxe saide,
Nor blisse for spirites, excepte the diuell be a maide.
My noddyng and blyssyng bréedth of wonder,
Of the witte of Poules wethercocke yonder.
There is more witte in that cocks onely head,
Than hath bene in all mens heades that be deade.
As thus, by common reporte this we fynde,
All that be dead, dide for lacke of wynde.
But the wethercockes witte is not so weake
To lacke wynde, the winde is euer in his beake.
So that while any winde blowth in the skie,
For lacke of winde that wethercocke will not die,
She cast downe hir hennes, and now did she blis,
Iesu (quoth she) *in nomine patris*,
Who hath euer herde at any season
Of a foxes forgeyng so feat reason?
And while she preysed the foxes wit so,
He gat hir hens in his necke and to go.
Whither awaie with my hens foxe (quoth she?)
To poules pig as fast as I can (quoth he)
Betwene these hennes and yonde wethercocke
I will assaie to haue chickens a flocke.
Whiche if I maie get, this tale is made goode,
In all Christendome not so wise a broode.

Maiden (quoth he) these hens be forbodden
Your sight, tyll the wethercocke hath trodden.
Wo worth (quoth she) all craftie inuencions,
And all inuenters, that by fals intencions,
Inuent with intent to blynd or bleare blunt eies,
In case as this for to me doth deuise.

Of an yll gouernour called Jude. 11.

A ruler there was in couutrey a fer,
And of people a greate extorcioner:
Who by name (as I vnderstand) was caled Jude,
One gaue him an asse, which gyft when he had veude.
He asked the geuer, for what intent
He brought him that asse. For a present
I bryng maister Jude (quoth he) this as hyther,
To ioygne maister Jude and this asse together.
Whiche two ioygned in one, this is brought to pas,
I maie byd you good euen maister Judas.
Macabe or Iscariot thou knaue (quoth he?)
Whom it please your mastership, him let it be.

Of geuyng an almes. 12.

Into a beggars hande, that almes did craue,
In stéede of one peny, two pense one gaue:
Whiche doone, he saide beggar happie thou art,
For to the my hand is better then my hart.
That is (quoth the begger) as it chaunceth now,
The better for me, and the worse for yow.

Of a surfet. 13.

¶ A man from a feuer recouered new,
His gréedy appetite could not eschew,
From meate contagious, wherto he had a lust,
But one morsell one euenyng, nedes eate he must,
Whiche forthwith brought good approbacion,
Of his retourne into residiuacion.

What

What cause causeth this (quoth the phisicion?)
I know (quoth he) no cause of suspicion.
How be it my wonder is great as can be,
By what meane this feuer attacheth me
More, for eatyng a littell this night last,
Than for eatyng muche more the night before past.
I did eate a capon nie euery whit
The last night: after whiche, I felt no fit.
And this night I eate but one bit of fresh beefe.
And yet I am shaken with the hourson theefe.
Now (quoth the phisicion) apeereth the cause why
Capon is holsome, and the beefe contrary.
And a littell yll meate geueth sickneffe more foode,
Than a littell to muche of meate that is goode.
Sir, I thanke you muche (quoth the pacient)
This lesson shall henssorth make me to consent,
Whan I shall needes surfet, by vnruly will,
Rather to surfet on that is good, than yll.

Repugnancie in apparance. 14.

Muche contrarietee may seeme to stand
Where none is, as by example, my son.
In London is the best ale of all England:
And yet as good ale in England as in London.

The ape and the asse. 15.

The ape and the asse stode, where they beheelde.
A course with a greyhound at the hare in the feelde.
They well perceuyng, the greyhound great ground wan.
As long as the hare and he forthright ran.
And like aduauntage they sawe in the hare,
Whan she list lightly to turne here and thare.
The ape to know whether the asses talkyng,
Where any quicker than his asshis stalkyng.
Asked the asse: if thou shouldest chose one of bothe.
To ren as swiftly as the greyhound yonder gothe.

Or turne as light as the hare: which one of twaine
Wouldſt thou in thy choſyng by choyſe optaine?
I (quoth the aſſe) beyng at libertée,
Will choſe none of both feates, I may ſaie to thée.
What winneth the dog by his ſwift footemanſhip?
When the hare at pinche turnth from him at a whip.
And what winth the hare in hir turns ſo lightly,
The dog out rennyng hir againe by and by:
Rennyng or turnyng ſo, ren or tourne who will,
I will goe ſoftly, or els ſtand euen ſtill.
Howbeit to aſſoyle thy queſtion (quoth he)
If I ſhould choſe one, lyke the hare would I be.
For where the dog renneth the hare for to kyll,
She turnth for defence, offring the dog none yll.
And better is this part in this caſe brother,
Thy ſelfe to defend, then offend, an other.

A foole and a wiſe man. 16.

A fole and a wyſe man ridyng, one eſpyde
The aſked the horſe, that the wyſe man dyd ryde,
Whither goſte thou horſe: whither go I (quoth he:)
Aſke him that guideth the brydell, aſke not me.
Whither rydeſt thou fole (quoth he) with loke ſo fell:
Aſke my horſe knaue (ſaide he) what can I tell.
Whan foles ryde (quoth he) that can not rule the raine
Their horſes be their herbengers, I ſe plaine.
And when wiſe men ryde, I right well eſpie,
Them ſelfe not theire horſe, apointe where they lie.

Of ſyght. 17.

Who néedes will loke, and woulde not ſée,
The ſyght once ſéene thou lokeſt fore,
Cloſe vp thine eies. For truſt thou me.
Muche lokyng ſo, bréedth much eie ſore.

Feigned

Feigned newes. 18.

From a fæld fought, one of the beaten syde,
Ran home, and victorie on his part he cride.
Whose prince by him thus enfourmed of this,
Made bonfiers and bankettes, as the vse is.
In short tyme after all whiche ioye and cost,
The kynge was acertained, the fæld was lost.
Wherwith he (in as great hast as great græle)
Charged the fyrst messenger to make præle,
Where he had this lie, that the feeld was wonne.
My selfe sir (quoth he) this lie fyrst begonne.
Which for commoditee vnto your grace
And all your subiectes, I brought it in place.
Where the truth should haue brought watching and wæping,
My lie brought two daies of laughyng and sleeping.
And if ye all this yere take my lie for true,
To kepe you mery, what harme could ensue?
Better is (quoth he) be it new or stale,
A harmelesse lie, than a harmefull true tale.
How his lie was alowde, I know none that knowth.
But it was at least wynkt at, I hear of trowth.

Two arme in arme. 19.

One said to an other takyng his arme,
By licence freend, and take this for none harme.
No sir (quoth the other) I geue you leeue
To hang on my arme, but not on my sleeue.

Of hearyng and speakyng. 20.

Who heareth all
And speaketh nought,
Chaunce maie so fall
Ye is well tought.
Who speaketh all
And heereth nought

Fall what ſhall fall,
Ye is ill tought.
Who heareth all
And all bableth,
What euer fall
Ye ofte fableth.
Who hereth nought,
Nor nought can ſpeake,
Vaie ſoone be thought
A hodie peake.
Saie nought, here all,
Saie all, here nought,
Both, none, theſe fall
Extremely wrought.
Who hereth oft,
And ſpeaketh ſeld,
Be witte alofte
Ye wynth the feeld.

Of wit, will, and wiſdome. 21.

Where will is gwd, and wit is yll,
There wiſdome can no maner ſkyll.
Where wit is gwd, and will is yll,
There wiſdome ſitteth all ſilent ſtill.
Where wit and will are both two yll,
There wiſdome no waie meddle will,
Where wit and will well ordred bee,
There wiſdome makth a trinitee.

The wrenne, and hir byrdes. 22.

Of a neſt of wrens late bred in a hedge,
Whiche the dam forſakyng, when they were fledge,
One ſaide: Alas mother what is the why,
That ye draw from vs vnnaturally.
Child (quoth the dam) I owe now vnto thée,
As my dam in my youth did vnto mée.

Wherby

Wherby I am blameleſſe in that I do,
Sens I do but as I haue bene done to.
Mother (quoth he) to deale as ye be delt with,
Is not alwaie méete: but this is the pith:
As ye would your dam ſhould haue delt with yow,
So ſhould ye our dam deale with your birdes now.
Why ſonne (quoth ſhe) thinkſt thou me ſuche a fole:
That my childe ſhall ſet his mother to ſcole:
Nay adieu (quoth ſhe) and away ſhe is flowne:
This childe for this checke refuſing for hir owne.
Whiche done, the wren calth his brothers and ſiſters,
And vnto them this leſſon he whiſters.
I ſde and ye may ſee (quoth he) by this caſe,
The tryall of tauntes out of tyme and place.
Where faire words haply my mother might haue won,
This taunt makth hir refuſe me for hir ſon.
Whiche maie teach vs all, where euer we becum,
Rather by ſilence alway to be mum,
Than in ought at libertee, or forbydden,
To taunt our betters, openly or hydden.

The maiſter and the man. 23.

A man, and his man, chaunced late to bee
Nie where a crowe ſtode cryng in a tree.
James (quoth the maiſter) the crow hath ſpyde thee.
Nay by God, he loketh on you maiſter (quoth he)
Taunts (quoth the maiſter) rebound ſomtyme I ſee.
Where I thought to taunt thee, thou doeſt taunt mee.

Vpon penance. 24.

Two men of one man were confeſt but late,
And both two had penaunce after one rate.
Whiche was: eche of them a peny ſhould geue
To a penyles man, him to releue.
Thone of theſe twaine had one peny and no more.
Thother, no peny nor farthyng had in ſtore.

They disclosyng eche to other in this case
This peny father dyde his purse a pase,
Saiyng: sens thou art penitesse, I will
Geue thee this peny, my penance to fulfill.
God thanke thée (quoth the tother) and sens thow
Art now penitesse, as I was euen now.
For penance I geue this peny to thée,
As frely as euer thou gauest it to mee.
Well done (quoth the other) here mate we bost,
Peny dole delt, without one peny coste.

Jacke and his father. 25.

Jacke (quoth his father) how shall I ease take?
If I stand, my legges ake, and if I knéele,
My knées ake, If I goe, then my féete ake,
If I lie, my backe akthe, If I sit I feele
My hyps ake, and leane I neuer so wéele,
My elbowes ake: Sir (quoth Jacke) pein to exile,
Sens all these ease not, best ye hang a while.

Of a daw. 26.

With a crossbowe late in hand readye bent
To shoote at a daw in a tree, I went.
Saiyng to one by: I will assaie to hit
Yonder I see a daw, if she will sit.
She is, if she sit, a daw in déede (quoth he)
But if she sit not, what is she than saie ye?
A daw also (said I). Than saide he, I see,
Whether a daw sit, or whether a daw flee,
Whether a daw stand, or whether a daw lie,
Whether a daw creke, or whether a daw crie,
In what case so euer a daw, perseuer,
A daw is daw, and a daw shall be euer.

Of shewyng the waie. 27.

Twaine met in a high waie, what tyme they did go,
Eche one toward the place the tother came fro.

What is my waie (saide the tone) I pray the?
Foule (quoth thother.) That is yll tidynges (quoth he.)
I can tell the better tidynges then this:
Thy way, bothe faire and smoth as a dye is.
My tidynges (quoth he is better then thyne,
But I thinke thy tidynges truer then mine.
This is (quoth the tother) so well brought about,
That it brought and shall bryng me in dout,
Whiche of these twayne is most ill to bew,
Good tales that be false, or yll tales that be trew.

A quiet neighbour. 28.

Accompted our commodités,
Few more commodious reason sées,
Than is this one commodité,
Quietly neighboured to bée.
Which neighbourhod in the apéers.
For we two hauyng ten whole yéers
Dwelt wall to wall, so ioygningly,
That wispering soundeth through welny.
I neuer herd thy seruaunt's brall
More than thou hadst had none at all.
Nor I can no waie make auaunt,
That euer I heard the geue them taunt.
Thou art to them and they to thée
More milde then muet, mum ye bée.
I heare no noise mine ease to breake,
Thy buttry dore I here not creake.
The kitchin cumbreth not by heate,
Thy cokes choppe neither herbes nor meate.
I neuer heard thy fyre once sparke,
I neuer heard thy dog once barke,
I neuer herde once in thy house,
So muche as one péepe of one mouse.

I neuer herde thy catte once mew.
These preyses are not small nor lew.
I beare all water of thy soyle,
Wherof I fæle no sylthie soyle,
Saue water, whiche doth washe thy hands,
Wherin their none annoiance stands.
Of all thy guestes set at thy bourde,
I neuer heard one speake one worde.
I neuer hearde them cough nor hem:
I thinke hence to Jerusalem,
For this neighbourlie quietnesse,
Thou art the neigbour neighbourlesse.
For er thou wouldest neighbours annoye,
These kyndes of quyet to destroy,
Thou rather wouldest to helpe that matter,
At home alone fast bread and water.

Of dogges and theeues. 29.

To keape théues by nyght out of my house,
I kepe doggs to ayde me in my yarde,
Whose barkyng at stur of euery mouse,
By lacke of slæpe kylth me in regarde,
Théues or doges than, whiche maie best be sparde?
Murder is the most mischieke here to gesse,
Théues can do no more, and dogs will do no lesse.

A keper of the commaundementes. 30.

If it be (as it is) much commendable,
To kepe Gods preceptes, geuen Moyses in table:
In keppng the same (as thou hast pretended)
Thou maist well be marueylously commended.
First for thy hauyng any mo gods but one,
Thou kepest within that bound, For God thou hast none.
Hauyng or worshippyng of god false or true,
Thou hast nor worshippest God olde nor newe.

And

And as for the committing of Idolatrie,
By grauyng to thy selfe any Imagerie,
This twenty yeres day in weather hot or cole,
Thou handledst no caruyng nor workyng tole.
The name of God in vaine thou consentst not till,
Thou neuer swerst but for some purpose good or yll,
And as for holy day, thou doest breake none,
For thou wilt rather make twentie then breake one
Father and mother not dishonoured by thée:
For thou neuer comst where any of them bée.
And where thou shalt not kyll, to cléere the of that,
Thou neuer durst abyde to fight with a gnat.
Than all adultery or fornication
Chastitée dischargeth, by this approbation.
All women hardly can beare the their fauour,
To abyde thy sight: and in no wise thy sauour.
For stealyng or theft, what euer thou hast béene,
Thy handes at this day are knowen to be cleene.
How canst thou steale ought in house, feeld, or streete:
Thou sittest in Newgate fast bound hand & feete.
By false witnesse thou neuer hurtest man, for why,
Euery word thou speakest, euery man thynkth a ly.
Now, to couet in minde thy neighbours asse,
Or his house, when bondage will not let the passe.
To ride to the tone, or go to the tother,
Nor in consented thought one waie or other.
For to couet thy neighbours maide or his wife,
Thou knowyng, they can not loue thee for their lyfe,
Or of thy neighbours thinges to couet any thyng,
Whan couetousnes can no way bring winnyng,
But that lacke of credite, libertée, or loue,
Kepth the from that couetyng can moue.
Thou hast a shrewde wit in desre to dwell,
To haue things, from which dispeyre doth the expell.

Thus in preceptes, except thou cléere appéere
I know not who the diuell can say he is cléere

Of a noſe. 31.

But for blemiſhe of a face to loke vpon,
I doubt which were beſt, to haue a noſe or none.
Moſt of your ſauours are more ſoure than ſwéete,
A noſe or no noſe, which is now moſt méete?

Lettyng of a ferme. 32.

By worde without writyng one let out a farme,
The couenaunts wherin the leſſée brake a maine:
Wherby the leſſor, lackyng writyng, had harme.
He ſaid and ſware, he would make promiſe playne,
Whithout writyng, neuer to let thing againe.
Huſband cryde this wife, that othe agayne reuarte,
Els without writyng, ye can not let a farte.

Age and youth. 33.

Though age and youth together can ſéeld agrée,
Yet once two yong and two olde folke did I ſée,
Agréede lyke lams together dyuers yeres.
The ſtory wherof forthwith aperes.
A woman olde, and a man yong were led,
She him for loue, and he hir for good to wed.
A yong woman, and olde man in lyke caſe,
Were wed for lyke cauſe at the ſame tyme and place.
Into one houſe theſe two couples wedded were,
And duryng their liues, together muſt liue their.
And they once acquainted, and one monthy maryed,
All their liues after they neuer baryed.
Company and condicion theſe foure folke holde,
As nature naturally wylth yong and olde:
Couplyng them ſelues to gether thus euery daie,
Tholde folles aldaie prate, the yong folles aldaie plaie.

A roſe and a nettill. 34.

What time herbes and weedes, and ſuch thing? could talke,
A man in his gardeine one daie did walke,
Spiyng a nettil greene (as Themeraude) ſpied
In a bed of roſes lyke the rubie red.
Betwene whiche two colours, he thought by his eye,
The greene nettil did the red roſe beautifie.
How be it he aſked the nettil, what thing
Made him ſo pert: ſo nye the roſe to ſpring.
I grow here with theſe roſes, ſaide the nettil:
Their milde properties in me to ſettil.
And you, in laiyng vnto me your noſe,
Shall ſmell, how a nettil maie change to a roſe.
He did ſo, whiche done, his noſtrils ſo pritcht,
That raſhely he rubd, where it no whit itcht,
To whiche ſmart mocke, and wily begilyng,
He the ſame ſmellyng, ſaide ſmoothly ſmilyng,
Roſes conuert nettils: Nay, they be to fell,
Nettils will peruet Roſes rather, I ſmill.

Of the wynes and hir huſbandes waſte. 35.

Where am I leaſt huſband: quoth he, in the waſt:
Whiche comth of this, thou art vengeable ſtreit laſt.
Where am I biggeſt wife: in the waiſte (quoth ſhee)
For all is waſte in you, as far as I ſee.

An olde wines boone. 36.

In olde world, when olde wiues bitterly prayde,
One deuoutly as by way of a boone,
Art vengeance on hir huſband, and to him ſaide.
Thou wouldſt wed a yong wyfe er this weeke were done
Wer I dead, but thou ſhalt wed the diuel as ſone.
I can not wed the diuell (quoth he) why (quoth ſhe:)
For I haue wedded his dam before (quoth he)

A talke of two conies. 37.

In tyme whan dum beaſtes, as well as birdꝫ ſpake,
Two conies their mindes in this mater brake.
Were all conies in ſuche caſe (ſaid the one)
That of two winters weather we muſt chooſe one?
Whiche were the beſt choice, froſt neuer, and ſnow euer,
Or els to chooſe froſt euer, and ſnow neuer?
Froſt (quoth the other) maketh vs luſtye and fat,
And ſnow lameth vs for leane. What (quoth he) for that?
Fortie fat conies be oft kilde in one night,
Whan leane conies with lyke ſcape away quight.
Ye (quoth the tother) but where ſnow to long lyeth,
Conies by famin wellnie euery one dieth.
Better all be fatte, though ſome die as lotts fall,
Than linger in leanneſſe, and therby die all.

A priſoner. 38.

In priſon, a priſoner condemned to die,
And for execution waityng daylie,
In his handes for wormes lokyng on a daie:
Smilyng to him ſelfe theſe wordes did ſaie:
Hence my foure quarters in foure quarters ſhall ſtand,
Why harme I theſe ſély wormes eatyng my hand?
Nought els in this déede do I, but my ſelfe ſhow,
Enemy to the worme and frend to the crow.

Two blinde men. 39.

One blynde man to ſupper an other bad,
Whiche twaine ſyttyng at ſuch meate as they had,
Me thinkth (quoth the blinde hoſt) this candell burnth dim.
So thinkth me ſir, ſainde the blind gueſt to him.
Wife (ſaide the good man) with ſorow mend this light.
She put out the candell, whiche burned very bright.
And chopt downe emptie candelſtickes two or thrée.
So lo: now eate and welcome neighbour (quoth hee.)

Deblitée

Debilitee of ſenſes. 40.

Wilke, my hands foꝛ feelyng are oft very yll.
And as thone hand mendth, thother appeireth ſtill.
Ye ſaie ſoth (ſaid ſhe) thone hand feelth euermoꝛe,
Woꝛſe the daie preſent, than the daie befoꝛe.
Thother hand feeleth by oinctmentes excellent,
Better the day befoꝛe than the daie preſent.
But how doth your eye ſight? woꝛſe and woꝛſe (ſaid he.)
Foꝛ woꝛſe this daie, than yeſterdaie, I ſee the.
Though you wer blinde (quoth ſhe) that ſhuld no loue breake,
I would your eies were out, ſo you could not ſpeake.
Take hearyng to (quoth he) thou makſt my eares ſuch,
That thou haſt made them here enough, and to much.
And goyng maie go to. Foꝛ where euer I am,
I go not an ynche from the diuell oꝛ his dam.
In faith if thou didſt (quoth ſhe) yet could I well
Fynde meane, to finde out a fole by the ſmell.
And here may we here and ſée, how this tale fitts,
With my good mans godly lyms, and good witts.

A fooliſhe huſbande. 41.

Huſband, two wittes are better then one, clarks ſaie,
To debate matters: which ſéemeth true this waie.
Whan we two contend whats my wit without thine,
To conuince thy ſelfe, thy wit conducth mine.

A witty wife. 42.

Jane (quoth James) to one ſhoꝛt demaund of mine
Anſwere not with a lie, from that mouth of thine,
And take this noble. Whiche when ſhe had tane,
Is thy huſband (quoth he) a cockold Jane?
She ſtode ſtil, and to this would no woꝛd ſpeake.
From whiche dum dump when he could hir not breake,
He a xt his noble againe. Why (quoth ſhe)
Made I a lie to thée? Nay (quoth he)

Than walke foole: (quoth she) this wager I wyn cléere.
And thou of my counsel neuer the néere.
Gogs soule (sware he) and flang away amayne,
I will neuer talke with that woman agayne.
For as she in speeche can reuile a man,
So can she in silence beguile a man.

Hansome handlyng. 43.

Some wonder to see thy handlyng of tyngs neats,
But it is no wonder as the cale stands.
The toes of thy feete in handlyng of thyngs feate,
Are as hansome as the fyngers of thy hands.

A saiyng of Patche my lord cardinals foole. 44.

Maister Serten, a parson of knowne wit,
As he at my lord Cardinals boord did sit,
Greedily raught at a goblet of wyne:
Drinke none (said my lord) for that sore leg of thine.
I warrant your gate (quoth Serten) I prouide
For my leg: For I drinke on the tother side.

Certaine folies. 45.

To cast faire white salte into wise mens meate,
To make them count salt suger, when they eate, } a foly.
To beare a man in hand he itcheth in ecbe parte
When the man feeleth an vniuersall smarte, } a foly.
To speake alwaies well, and do alwaies ill,
And tell men those deedes are doone of good will, } a foly.
Thy lustie limd horse to leade in thy hand,
When on thy lame limbs thou canst scantly stand, } a foly.
Of kyks for cage woorke, to build thy house hie,
And couer it with leade no kepe thy house drie, } a foly.

Of two studentes. 46.

Two scolers yonge in the vniuersitie late,
Kept in thinne diet, after scolers rate,
Thone beyng an eater greedy and greate,
Thother a weake feeder, said at his meate:

Oh this smart small pittans, and hungrie diet,
Maketh vs to studie aptly and quiet.
Sure (said the tother) small meales are induction
To thencrease of studie, for déeper instruction,
This diner shall driue me to studie anon,
Where I maie get more meate, whan this is gon.

A merie woman. 47.

There cam by chaunce to a good companie.
A lady, a wanton and a merie.
And though euery worde of hir owne showde hir light,
Yet no mans wordz els to hir might that recite:
She had all the wordz, she babled so fast
That they beyng wéery, one saide at the last:
Madam, ye make my hert lyght as a kyr,
To sée you thus full of your meretrix.
This tricke thus well tricked in the latine phrase,
Brought to this tricker nother muse nor mase,
She nought perceiuyng, was no whit offended:
Nor hir light behauiour no whit amended,
But styll hir tounge was clappyng lyke a paten.
Well, saide the saide man, in language of laten,
I neuer tolde woman any faute before,
Nor neuer in laten will tell them faute more.

A louse and flea. 48.

A louse and a flea set in a mans necke,
Began eche other to taunt and to checke.
Disputyng at length all extremitées
Of their pleasurs, or discommoditées.
Namely this I bearde, and bare away well.
If one (quoth the louse) scrat within an ell
Of thy tayle: than forthwith art thou skipyng,
Lyke iacke of Bedlem in and out whipping.
Halfe an oure after thou darst no where syt,
To abyde the bytyng of one good byt.

And whan any man herein shall proue me,
His nailes doo (as a writte dooth) remoue me,
Whiche nailes once remoued from the mans head,
I am streight at féedyng within a heare breade.
Where I fed before in my deyntie diot.
Ye be hardie (quoth the flea) I deny not,
But how many lise haue abidden by it?
Whan they would haue doone as fleas dooe, flie it.
With this the man to his necke his hand raught,
The flea skypt away, but the louse he caught.
How now (quoth the flea.) Alas (quoth the louse)
My head is well serued to serue for sowse:
That thus like a sows head, forsaw not this gréefe.
Tyll féelyng hath put peinfull practise in préefe.

Of him that forgat his pater noster in latine 49.

An olde homely man at shrift commaundid
By his Curate his *pater noster* to bid.
After long studie, he saide: Maister vicker,
By Iys cham a shamd, my wyt is no quicker.
Ich said it within littell more then fortnight.
And now, lyke a beast, cha forgote it quight.
Fye on age. In youth Ich had euer suche wit,
That what so euer Ich had to dooe, yit
At shrift chad my *pater noster* euermore,
Whan Ich saide it not twise in the yere before.

Of him that could not learne his Pater noster in Englishe. 50.

A man of the countrey shriuen in Lent late,
(Accordyng to thiniuction) his curate
Bad him, the *pater noster* in englishe saie,
Iche can it not maister (quoth he) by my faie.
Saie a péece of it (quoth he) though ye the rest mys,
Iche can not one woord of it (quoth he) by Iys.

And

And yet master hickar, by gods sacrament,
Cha fumbled about it euer sens laste lent.
And som of it ich had in the clensyng wéke,
But now, whan ich shoulde say it, all is to séke.
Well (quoth the prest) if your wit be so far decayde,
Say the *pater noster*, ye haue alway sayd.
Nay by the masse (sweare ye) if you will haue all tolde,
Cha so grated on the new, cha forgot tholde.

Of *the fist and the hart.* 51.

One curst an others hart for a blowe in a fume,
Curse not his hart (quoth one by) curse his fiste.
His hert (quoth he) to mine eare did not presume,
But his hart to mine eare did his fist assist.
Sens eche lim must frame in feate, as the hart list,
Whan the harte with any lym in any faute to fall.
No man blame any man, to blame the hart for all.

Of *the woorde enough.* 52.

A mery man by his master at meate set.
Ye thinketh (quoth the master) thou canst no drynke get.
Here is enough, though ther be none saide hér:
Than art thou not drie. Yes so mote I thér,
And faine would drynke. How be thy word true than?
Thus: This worde *enough* two wales we may skan.
Thone much enough, thother littell enough.
And here is littell enough. His master lough,
Callyng in his wife to discant vpon this.
How saiest thou wife: our man in this case is
Drie, and would drynke, and drynke nothyng nie him.
And yet proueth he drinke enough by him.
Sens he (quoth she) proueth drinke enough in store,
More then enough were wast. He getth no more.

Of *table play.* 53.

Wife, I will no more play at tables with thée:
When wée come to bearyng, thou beggyest mée,

In bearyng of thy men, whyle thou haſt any,
Eche other caſt thou bearell a man to many.

The cocke and the hen. 54.

A cocke and his hen perchyng in the night,
The cocke at his houre crowde loude as he might,
The hen heuy of ſléepe, prayed the cocke that he
Woulde leaue of his crowyng, but it woulde not be,
The hen ſaw the cocke ſticke to his tacklyng,
In hir treble voyce, ſhe fell ſo to cacklyng,
That the cocke prayde hir, hir cacklyng to ſeace,
And he of his crowyng wouldz holde his peace,
Nay chozle(quoth ſhe) be ſure, that will I not.
And foz thy learnyng hencefozth marke this knot.
Whan euer thou wouldeſt ſéeme, to ouer crow mée,
Than will I ſurely ouer cakill thée.

Cheapenyng of a face of furre. 55.

Into a ſkinners ſhop, while his wife there wrought,
In haſt ran a gentilman there to eſpie.
A fayre face of fur, whiche he woulde haue bought.
What fur(quoth ſhe) would your maiſterſhip bie?
Harlots wombs(quoth he) know ye any nie?
Harlots wombs(forſooth) I haue none(quoth ſhe)
But ye ſhall haue knaues ſhankes, méete as can be.

Byyng of ſhowes. 56.

Whan I at the ſhoemakers ſhall ſhoes aſſay,
If they be to littell, they will ſtretche(ſaith he)
If they be to muche, they will ſhrinke ſtreight way:
To long, to ſhozt, how narrow oz wide they be,
All is one matter as he ſhapth them to me.
Foz may he once get his ſhoes on my féete,
Without laſt oz lingel his wozdes make them méete.

A ſuſpicion cleared. 57.

One to his frende kindly,
Gaue monicion frindly,

That

That ill was reported
By one that resorted
To him: whom (as they thought)
Entised him to nought.
He thanked him, and sayde,
My frende, be not afraide.
The heryng of that fole
Setth me no whit to schole.
I here him, whan he list,
And folow him whan me list.

Of spite. 58.

If there be any, as I hope there be none,
That would leese both his eies, to leese his foe one,
Than feare I, there be many as the world gothe,
That would leese one eie, to leese their foes bothe.

Of the letter H. 59.

H, is worst among letters in the crosse row,
For if thou finde him other in thine elbow,
In thine arme, or leg in any degree,
In thy head, or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
Into what place so euer H, may pike him,
Where euer thou finde ache, thou shalt not like him.

Of flyng of idelnesse. 60.

If flight from idelnesse may be deemed.
Mayn meane to vertue beyng fled warely:
How maist thou than therby be esteemed:
Thou fleest that vice not meanly nor barely,
But mainely: scrupulously, and so charely,
That in thee, er idelnesse shalbe spied,
Thou wilt yet rather be ill occupied.

A tounge and a clocke: 61.

Thy tong should be a clocke wise, bad I gods power,
For than would it strike but once in one hower,

Yet it might ren (quoth she) and strike er the time,
And should that clocke haue (as my tong hath) a chime?
I beyng sexten, might set the clocke forth soone,
To strike and chime. 12. two houres before noone.

A hearer of a sermon. 62.

What bringst thou from the sermon Jacke? declare that.
Forsooth maister (quoth he) your cloke and your hat.
I can thée good thanke Jacke. for thou art yet sped,
Of somwhat in thy hande, though nought in thy hed.

A man without wit, strength, and cunning. 63.

Thou art a wight to wonder at.
Thy head, for wit, showth thée a wat.
Thy bodie for strength showth thee a gnat.
Thy voyce for tune sheweth thee a cat.
Doo, say, or syng, in any what,
Thou art a minion marmsat.

How to wishe. 64.

How may I haue thee Gill, whan I wishe for thee?
Wishe not for me Jacke, but whan thou maist haue mee.
This is a lesson Gill proper and pleasaunt.
For by these woordes this winnyng Jacke may auaunt,
Though Jacke be no nere Gill then Jacke was before,
Yet Jacke is nere his wit, by gis, by ten score.

A doubtfull demaunde of choise. 65.

If thou must choose Hodge, touchyng cockoldry,
Whiche wouldst thou choose? to know thy selfe commonly
To be taken for one: and take thy selfe none,
Or to be taken for none, and take thy selfe one?
The best or worst of these twaine (Hew) tel me whiche
Claw wher it doth smart, tikell, where it doth itche?
I know small difference herein, Hodge brother,
And I (Hugh) know as littell in the tother.

An olde widower and a yong mayde. 66.

A widower riche, with riueld face old,
Wooyng a fayre yong woman, his minde he told.
Bostyng what he had, as wowers doe, that can,
Wherin he bosted of a goodly yong man.
A son of his owne, whom god had him sent,
Of condicions and qualitées excelent,
In this whot wooyng this old mans behauour
So far foorth had won this yong womans fauour,
That in short tale, whan his long tale was don,
She praid him to go home, and send hir his son.

Gaping Oysters. 67.

On whom gape thine Oysters so wide, oysterwife?
Mine Oysters gape on you sir, god saue your life.
Wherfore gape they? Sir they gape for promocion.
They hope (to promote them) you haue deudcion.
Nay (quoth he) the perill were pernicious,
To promote Oysters, that be ambicious.

The Judge and the Juggler. 98.

To a iustice a iuggler did complaine
Of one, that dispraised his liger demaine,
Whats thy nam (said the iustice) Dauson said hee.
Is thy father aliue? Nay, dead sir pardee.
Than thou shalt no more be Daus son, aclere case,
Thou art Daw thy self now, in thy fathers place.

Of lookynge. 69

To saue mine head, whan I vpward cast mine eie,
And looke not to my feete: to the ground fall I,
Whan I looke downeward to my feete, to take heede,
A tile falne from a house makth my hed bleede.
And looke I right foorth, betweene my feete and hed,
Broken head, breke necke falls, of both I am sped.
I thinke it as good, by ought I can deuise,
To be starke staryng blind, as thus to haue eies.

Of conſtancie. 70.

Some ſay, thou art inconſtant, but I ſay nay,
What though thy wit be wauryng euery way:
Whoſe wit like the winde hath bẽ ewauryng euer,
And in vnſtedy wauryng doth perſeuer,
A conſtant man I affirme him conſtantly,
For he is conſtant in inconſtancy.

Of a face and a witte. 71.

In thy youth and age theſe properties are ſprong,
In youth thy face was olde, in age thy wit is yong.

Of blowyng. 72.

What winde can there blow, that doth not ſome man please?
A fart in the blowyng doth the blower eaſe.

To the flatterer. 73.

Thy flatteryng of me, this foloweth therupon:
Other thou art afole, or els I am one.
Where flattrie aperth, at leaſt, by wiſe mens ſcole
The flattrer, or the flattred, is a fole.

Of contentation. 74.

Is not the poore man riche, that is contented?
Yes: riche by his contentation conſented.
Is not the riche man poore, that is not content?
Yes, poore by lacke of contentation herement.
Than riches and pouertée in mens mindes lie.
Ye: but we may far ſoner learne (quoth I)
To thinke our ſelues riche, hauyng no riches nie,
Than make our ſelues riche, hauyng muche riches bie.

Of waityng. 75.

I would ſée a man waite to his maiſters minde,
As the weathercocke watteth on the winde,
Blow it here or there, blow it low or hie,
The weathercocke? beke is ſtill in the wind? eie.

Of fore knowlage. 76.

Foreknowlage of thyng? that muſt fall

To man, I thinke it were not beſt.
The foze knowne ill to man, would call
Foze felt greefe, of foze knowne vnreſt.
By foze knowen good to man were ſelt
Sweete ſodain toy, which euermoze
Comth, whan toyes come vnknowne befoze.

The ſame impugned without chaunge of wordes, except ſome or fiue.

Foze knowlage of thinges that muſt fall
To man, I thinke it were the beſt,
The foze knowen ill to man, would call
Digeſtion, of foze knowen vnreſt,
By foze knowen good to man, were ſelt
Diſtemperate toy, which euermoze
Comth, whan toyes come vnknowne befoze.

Miſtakyng an errand. 77.

Feaſtyng a freend, the ſeaſter (whoſe man did waite)
Bad him at the laſt courſe, fetche the clouted conceite.
What bringſt thou here knaue (quoth he) What haſt ỹ owne?
I haue (quoth his man) brought here your clouted ſhowne.
Clouted ſhowne carterly knaue, what doſt thou dreame?
Eate thou the clouted ſhowne, fetche vs the clouted creame.

Of holdyng an Inne. 78.

Weyng holden in Newgate, thou canſt not bée
An inholder, for thine Inne holdeth thée.

A wiues defence of hir beetill brow. 76.

Were I to wed againe wife, I make avow,
I would not wed a wife with a beetill brow.
And I (quoth ſhe) rather woulde a huſband wed
With a beetill brow, than with a beetell hed.

The ſhrew-wife wiues tounge. 80

A dog dame ruleth in degree
Aboue a diuell (with thee:

At lest sower winde a dog letth flée,
Thy nose will stopped bée:
But no deuils word maie make decrée
To stoppe thy toung I sée,
Sens thou aperst to be (quoth she)
A dogged deuill to mée,
To tame thy deuillish propertée,
My toung shall still be frée.

A fooles tounge. 81.

Upon a fooles prouocacion
A wise man will not talke:
But euery light instigacion
May make a fooles tonng walke.

Of glas and lattise. 82.

Where glasiers and lattise makers worke in sight,
This one difference in their to feates we fynde:
Glas kéepeth out the winde and letth in the lyght,
Lattise kéepeth out the light and letth in the winde.
Of both sort? I wishe whan I shall wish any,
Lattis makers few, and glasiers many.

Two wisshers for two maner of mouthes. 83.

I wisshe thou hadst a littell narow mouth wise,
Littell and littell to droppe out word? in strife.
And I wisshe you sir, a wide mouth for the nonce,
To speake all that euer you shall speake at once.

Of dispraise. 84.

All men must be blinde and deafe er thou prayse win.
For no man seeth or herth ought to prayse thée in.

A discharge from hipocrisie. 85.

Thou art no birde of hipocricise brode.
For thou fléest all thing?, that might shew thée gode.

Of the foole and the gentlemans nose. 86.

One gentleman hauing an other at meate,
That guest hauing a nose deformed foule and great.
The fole of that house, at this tyme standing by,
Fell thus in hand with that nose sodeinly.
Nose *autem*, a great nose as euer I sawe.
His maister was wroth, and cride hence with that dawe.
One said: talke no more of great noses ye fole,
Lest he be talkt withall in the whippyng schoolle.
The fole warnd of great noses no more to speake,
To mend that faut, this way these wordes did breake.
Saide I, this is a foule great spittell nose:
By r lady I lyed, it is a fayre littell nose.
Will not that fole be had hence (quoth the maister:)
Thou wilt fole (quothe one) by walkt with a waster,
If thou speake of any nose greate or small.
The fole at thyrd warnyng mindyng to mend all,
Stept to the borde againe cryng as he gose,
Before god and man, that man hathe no nose.
The fole was fealt for this: but what of that?
The greate faute here to note, he amended nat:
Which is this: not the wise, but the foleye see,
In clokyng of one faute, makth fautes two or three.

A foole taken for wise. 87.

Wisdome and foly in thee (as men scan)
Is as it were a thyng by it selfe fole:
Among foles thou art taken a wise man,
And among wyse men, thou art knowen a fole.

Things to forbeare. 88.

Displeasures that fume and fret
Ewd to forgeue and forget.
All othes, what whan, and where,
Better forbeare, than forsweare.

Other mens liuyng all,
As good forsteale as forstall,
Not at bottom but at brynke,
Better forsée, than forthinke.

Of medlars. 89.

To séede of any fruts at any least,
Of all kynd of medlers, meddell with the least.
Meddle not with greate meddlers, For no question,
Meddlyng with greate meddlers, maketh yll digestion.

Of dwelling. 90.

Betwene Ludgate and Newgate thou canst dwell neuer,
For in Ludgate or Newgate thou must dwell euer.

Of the Milner and the Sexten. 91.

The milner toith corne, the serten toith the bell,
In whiche tollyng, tollers thinke not a lyke well.
Thone toith with the clapper, thother in the hopper.
Thone sauerth of syluer, thother soundeth of copper.

Of bookes and cheese. 92.

No two thynges in all thinges can séeme onely one:
Because two things so, must be one thing alone.
How be it readyng of bookes and eatyng of chéese,
No two things for some thyngs, more like one then théese.
The talent of one cheese in mouthes of ten men,
Hath ten different tastes in iudgement most tims when.
He saith tis to salt, he saith tis to freshe,
He saith, tis to hard, he saith tis to neshe.
It is to strong of the rennet, saith hee.
It is saith he, not strong enough for mee.
It is saith an other, well as can bee.
No two of any ten in one can agrée.
And as they iudge of cheese, so iudge they of bookes.
On lokers on whiche, who that narowly lokes.
Male loke for this: Saith he, that booke is to long.
Tis to short saith he, Nay, saith he, ye say wrong.

Tis

Tis of méete length, and for fine phrase or faire stile:
The like that booke was not made a good while:
And in touchyng the truth inuincibly wrought.
Tis all lies, said a other, the booke is nought.
No booke, no chéese, be it good, be it bad.
But praise and dispraise it hath, and hath had.

Of heades. 93.

Some heades haue taken two heads better then one
But ten heads without wit, I wene as good none.

The woodcocke and the daw. 94.

A woodcocke and a dawe set vpon a playne,
Both shewde comparison eche other to disdayne.
Backe (quoth the woodcocke): Straw for thée (quoth the daw)
Shall woodcocks kepe daws now in dredfull awe?
None awe (quoth the woodcocke) but in behauour
Ye ought to reuerence woodcocks, by your fauour.
For what cause (quoth the daw?) For your long bils?
Nay (quoth the woodcocke) but lords will by their wils
Rather haue one woodcocke, than a thousand dawes.
Woodcocks ar meate, daws ar carren, wey this clause.
In déede sir (said the daw) I must néedes agrée,
Lords loue to eate you, and not to eate mee.
Cause of dawes curtesis, so, if woodcocks thus gather,
Ye shall haue curtsy: For this I would rather.
Be a daw, and to woodcock curtesy make:
Than be a woodcocke, and of dawes curtesy take.
I were double a daw, had I not leuer,
Byrders should (in their byrdyng endeuer)
Take vp gins, and let me go, whan they geat mée,
Then set gins to get me, for lordes to eate mée.

Of few wordes. 95.

Few wordes shew men wise, wise men doe deuise,
Whiche is oft tyme true, and oft other wise.

In some case silence may as stifly stand
With folly, as with wisdome, wisely scand.

Wottyng and weenyng. 96.

Wottyng and weenyng, were thos two things one,
Who could wot him selfe wise like thée. I wene none.

Otherwise.

I would geue the best cardell in my packe,
To be as wise as thou weenest thou art Jacke.
And to be as wise as thou I wot art,
What would I geue troiwest thou? what? not a cart.

A muche like matter. 97.

Tom, thou thinkst thy selfe wise, ye what of that hewe?
Thou thinkst thy selfe wiser then I. Ye Tom, trewe.
It seemth (said a third man) by this deuise,
No maistry for foles, to weene them selues wise.

Wisedome and foly. 98.

Thy wisedome and foly both, may no one
Can be conteined in volumes great nor small.
Thy wisedome beyng none, occupieth place none,
Thy foly beyng all, occupieth place all.

Of lacke. 99.

Oné lacke of late in thée I saw thee,
Whiche lackth not now, for this we sée,
Thou hast lackt lacke of honestée
But now that lacke lackth nor in thée.

The weathercocke, the reede, and the wynde. 100.

The wethercocke and the rẽde comparyng late,
Their ſeruice done to the winde, fel at debate.
The wynde (quoth the wethercock) windth no where,
But ſtreight bolt vpryght I ſtand waityng there.
Forſoth ſaide the rẽde & where the wynd is found,
At euery blaſt I bow downe to the ground.
Surely ſaid the wynde, the waytyng of the tone,
And curteſie of the tother I take both one.
And none of both good but rather yll to me:
For whan I oft in corners ſecrete would be,
Other the crooked curtſy of the rẽde,
Or wethercockes waytyng, bewraith me with ſpẽde.
As lieke is to me, in ſuch ſeruyng pretence
Single negligence, as double diligence.
The wethercocke and the rẽde, being both blanke,
Ech told him ſelfe, much ſeruice haue ſmall thanke.

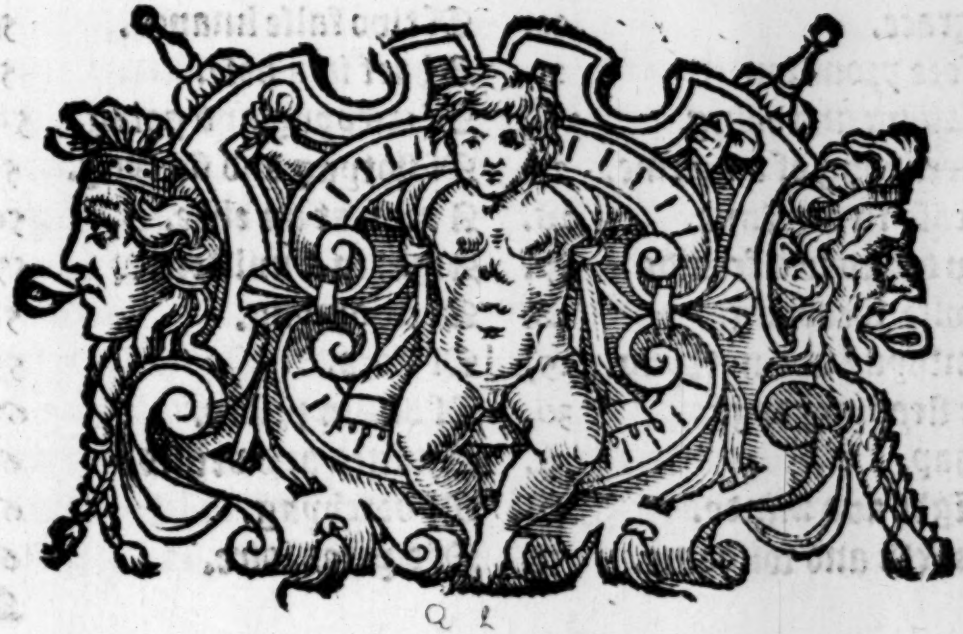
FINIS.

I H

Three hundred Epigrammes, vpon three hundred *prouerbes*,

Inuented and made by John Heywood.

LONDINI
1566.



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FINIS.

✻ Epigrammes vpon Prouerbes.

Of amendment. 1.

IF euery man mend one, all shall be mended.
This meane to amendment, is now intended.
For though no man looke to mend him selfe brother:
Yet eche man lokth to controll and mend other.

Waggyng of beardes. 2.

It is mery in hall when beardes wagge all,
Husband for this, these wordes to minde I call,
This is ment by men, in their mery eating:
Not to wag their beards in brawlyng and threating.
Wife, the meanyng hereof, differth not two pins,
Betwéene waggyng of mens beards and womens chins.

Of haste. 3.

The hastie man wanteth neuer woe.
In hastie women not euer so.
With suffring husbande, hasty wiues,
Haue oft we sée, full mery liues.

Breakyng of square. 4.

An inche breakth no square: whiche sins thou hast hard tell
Thou doest assay how to breake square by an ell.

Otherwise. 11.

An inche breakth no square: thou breakst none, though it ow.
Thou rather bringst square the breakst square betwéene two.

Lookyng and leapyng. 5.

Loke er thou leape, nay thou canst in no wise breke.
To loke ere thou leape, for thou leapst ere thou loke.

Weddyng and hangyng. 6.

Weddyng and hangyng, are destenyd I sée.
Weddyng or hangyng, whiche is best, sir (quoth shée)
Forsoth good wife, hangyng I thinke best (quoth hée)
So helpe me god, good husband, so thinketh mée.
Why how like louest man and wyfe here agrée.

of delaye. 7.

He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall haue nay.
But to that nay, nay I say:
If of my wife I delay,
To take shroude wordes: yet that stay
Stayth them not from me next day.

Of wittes. 8.

So many heades, so many wittes, nay, nay.
We see many heades, and no wittes some day.

No lacke in loue. 9.

In louers no lacke, none I dare be borowe.
In loue is neuer lacke, of ioy or sorowe.

Otherwise.

In loue is no lacke, no in no woyng day.
But after wedding day, lets hers what ye say.

Of homely home. 10.

Home is homely, yea and to homely sometyme.
Where wiues fortelles, to their husbandes heads clime.

Geueyng and takyng. 11.

Better geue then take, all say, but so thinke none:
All thinke better take xx. pounde, then geue one.

Jacke and Gill. 12.

All shalbe well, Jacke shall haue Gill:
Nay nay, Gill is wedded to hyll.

Of the end of a wit. 13.

Thou art at thy wits ende, whiche I wonder in
To see a wit at ende before it begin.

Of bought wit. 14.

Wit is neuer good, till it be bought:
Thy wit is dere bought, and yet starke nought.

Otherwise.

Wit is neuer good till it be bought Will,
Jacke, to bie or sell that ware, foles can no skill.

Of haste and waste. 15.

Haste makth waste: which perceiued by slouth,
Slouth will make no haste, be it worth by his trouth.

Makyng of melte. 16.

Soft fire maketh sweet malte, as malt makers tel:
Then to make sweete malte, fire is to ralhe in hel,
Wherby sins in hell no good ale is to sel,
Dzle dzunken soules can not lyke in hell to dwel.

Of an akyng eye. 17.

Better eye out, then alway ake:
In rage of ache, true as I spake:
But in meane ache, meanely to mone,
Better an akyng eye then none.

What thing beggers choose. 18.

Beggers should be no choosers, but yet they will:
Who can bzyng a begger from choyle to begge still.

Of robbyng. 19.

Rob Peter and pay Poule, thou sayst I do:
But thou robst and pillst Peter and Poule to.

Of neede and law. 20.

Néede hath no law: in some sale in vary néede.
Neede hathe no lawe: and yet of lawe we haue neede.

Of beginnyng and endyng. 21.

Of a harde beginning, comth a good endyng:
Truth, on this terme is not alwaie depending.
Some hardely begyn, by the feete to sit fast:
That ende with harde hangyng, by the neckes at last.

Of grace. 22.

In space comth grace, I graunt grace may come in space.
But in rule, by thy rule neuer looke for grace.

Of fore prouision. 23.

Who so that knew what would be dere,
Should néede be marchaunt but one yere.

But thou hast knowen yeres, two or three:
That good condicions would in thée
Both dere and deintely be growen:
And yet for all this, thus fore knowen,
To warne thée of good fore prouision,
Thou hast not now one good condicion.

Of saiyng and doyng. 24.

Saying and doyng, are two thinges, we say:
But thy sayinges and doynges euery way,
Joyne iumpe in one thy wordes and déedes procéde:
But thou art good, nother in worde nor déde.

Of treadyng on a worme. 25.

Treade a worme on the tayle, and it turneth agayne:
But thou tredst on the wormes head, that to restrayne,

Of ease in an Inne. 26.

Thou takest thine ease in thine Inne, so nie thée:
That no man in his Inne, can take ease by thée.

Otherwyse.

Thou takest thine ease in thine Inne, but I sée
Thine Inne takth nother ease, nor profit by thée.

Howe to proue a frende. 27.

Proue thy frend ere thou nede, that canst thou no way:
For without nede of thy frendes thou art no day.

Vnwise wedding. 28.

Who wedth ere he be wise, shall die ere he thrive.
Then shalt not thou be wedded and liehe alive.

Some thyng and nothyng. 29.

Some thyng is better then nothyng.
In some thyng I graunt this othyng:
In some I deny: for I sée
As good haue nothyng, as haue thée.

The sleapyng dogge. 30.

It is ill wakyng a sleapyng dogge.
So thinke many, namely the wrotyng hogge.

Of hay. 32.

It hapth that in an oute that hapth not in dti. yére.
That hapth this our wife, for thou makst me good chéere.

Of sight and mynde. 32.

Out of sight out of mynde, this male run right:
For all be not in mynde, that be in sight.

Of mirth with wisdome. 33.

Tis good to be mery and wyse:
How shall fooles folow that aduyse:

Of holding of a nose. 34.

Thou canst hold my nose to the gryndstone:
So can not I thine, for thou hast none.

An eye sore. 35.

It is but an eie sore, but an eie sore, bye
That eye sore is as yll as any sore eye.

Of frecknyng. 36.

Recknyng without thine hoste thou must recken twyse:
Male not my hostes disapoint that deuise:

Settyng vp a candell. 37.

To set vp a candell before the deuyll.
Dym syghted deuyls, I déeme, déeme it not euyll.

Of cloudes and weather. 38.

After cloudes blacke, we shall haue wether cléere:
And after wether cléere, we shall haue cloudes blacke:
How whot, now cold, now fayre, now foule appéere:
As wether cléerth, or cloudth, so must men take.

Of makyng and maryng. 39.

Make or mar I will, so saist thou euer:
But thou dost euer marre, thou makest neuer.

Of byrdes and byrders. 40.

Better one byrde in hand, then ten in the wood.
Better for byrdes, but for byrders not so good.

Of sorowes. 41.

Make not two sorowes of one, if thou can:
Lest mistyng of two sorowes, marre one man.

Of feedyng and teaching. 42.

Thou art better fed then taught, I vnder take:
And yet art thou skyn and bone, leane as a rake.

Of suffrance. 43.

Of suffrance comth ease: how shall I know that, wyfe?
I haue suffred the, without ease, all my lyfe.

Of him that set his hand on his money. 44.

Thy hand is on thy halfepeny, and must John:
For thou hast no more coine to set thy hand on.

Of a horse coriyng. 45.

A short hors, is soone coride, that is to weete,
When short hors, and short coriers do méete.

Of shame. 46.

Shame take him ỳ shame thinkth for thou doest thinke non.
Thou art far past shame, shame to thinke on.

A lordes hart and a beggers purse. 47.

There is nothyng in this worlde that agreeth worse,
Then doth a lordes hart and a beggers purse,
And yet as yll as those two doo agree,
Thou canst not bryng them a sunder to bee.

Of fergettyng. 48.

The paryshe priest forgeth, he was paryshe clarke:
And the person forgeth, he was parishe pype.
But priest, clarke, and no clarke, all, who will marke,
To forget what we were, shall see vs entyse.

Of the harte and the heele. 49

Shall I set at my hart, that thou settst at thy heele:
Nay, a hart in a heelde hose, can neuer do weele.

otherwyse.

Shall I set at my hart that thou settst at thy heele
Nay, how euer tydde heeles do, tydd hart do not weele.

A man

Praise of a man aboue a horse. 50.

A man may well leade a horse to the water:
But he can not make him drinke without he list.
I praise the aboue the horse, in this mater:
For I leadyng the to drinke, thou hast not mist
Alway to be ready without resistens
Both to drinke, and be drunke, ere thou were led thens.

Of weeping. 51.

Better children weepe then olde men, say wise men.
But olde men weepe when children laugh, now and then.

Of two false knaues. 52.

Two false knaues neede no broker: but yet is neede
That brokers breake false knaues felowshyp with spede.

A harte in a hose. 53.

Thy hart is in thy hose, which sayle is not stronge,
Thy hose are to full of holes, to kepe it longe.

Of creepyng and goyng. 54.

Children must learne to creepe ere they can go.
In the spyttell, olde knaues learne to do so.

Of flotyng and fleetyng. 55.

Thou art a flote thou wenest, beyng in the fleete:
But flotyng and fleetyng agree not theremete.

A man at an ebbe. 56.

Thou art at an ebbe in Newgate, thou hast wrong,
But thou shalt be a flote at Tyburne ere long.

Sight in a milstone. 57.

Thou seest far in a milstone: thanke God therfore.
Thou seest in a milstone in nothyng more.

Of thrownyng. 58.

Throw no gyft against the gyuers hed:
Namely no gyfte of thy wife, geuen in checke.
If thou do, the rebounde may hese red,
That the red blood may run downe in thy necke.

Of store. 59.

Store is no sore, yes, store may be sore.
I thinke it a sore, of sores to haue store.

Of one in prison. 60

Thou art in by the wéeke, nay syr I am here,
Not in by the wéeke, I am in by the yere.

Saintes and diuelles. 61.

Yong sainte, olde diuell: thers mo of women kinde:
Then yong diuelles olde saintes, in mankynde as I finde.

Of botchyng. 62.

God is no botcher, but when God wrought you twoo.
God wrought as like a botcher, as God might doo.

Of a yeres faire. 63.

The fayre lastth all the yere, but wise I tell thée,
In this yeres fayre, for fayre I can not sell thée.
I haue woorse lucke (quoth she) and began to scoule,
I can not sell thée there, for fayre nor for foule.

Of a cap and a head. 64.

Thy cappe is better at ease then thy hed,
Betwene whiche twayne, might I at wishe be sped,
To choose one of the twayne, whiche I would fyrst craue,
Thy whole cappe before thy sicke hed I woulde haue.

Otherwise.

My cappe is better at ease then my hed.
Thy cappe is better then thy hed, tis sed.

A theefe that hath no felow. 65.

Aske my felow whether I be a théefe,
No way, can that way, of thy theft make préefe:
Thou hast no felow in theft: to catche thée,
For ther is no théefe (in thefte) can match thée.

False measures. 66.

Thou fearest false measures, which are thing? to feare fore:
But I feare false measures, as muche and more.

New

Of cleane ſweeping. 67.

Newe broome ſweepeth cleane, which is thus vnderſtande:
Newe broome ſweepeth cleane, in the cleane ſweepers hande.

Turnynge of typpettes. 68.

He hath turnd his tippet: that turne ſhowth plaine,
Our tippets haue ben turnd and turnd againe.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his tippet dyed it and dreſt it,
Vpon the ryght ſyde and feyre and plaine preſt it.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his tippet and preſt it ſo cloſe;
That for a turnd tippet it hath a faire gloſe.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his tippet, lord how he prouides,
Tippetts turnd, dyed, ſhorne, and worne bare on both ſydes.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his tippet, twiſe in my ſight:
Fyrſt on the wronge ſyde and laſt on the right.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turned his tippet an honeſt turnyng,
To turne his tippet and tyrne round for burnyng.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turned his typpet ſhorne againſt the wull ful,
And more againſt his will then againſt the wul.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his typpet, that haue we turnd all.
Sum halfe turne, ſum hole turne, turnd round as a ball.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his typpet, ye for a while:
But might he turne againe, lord how he wold ſmyle.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turned his typpet, yet no turns ye mocke,
But who hath weare his typpet a weathercocke?

Otherwise.

He hath turnd his typpet, now for a nouelte,
And for a nouelte woulde turne streyght ageyne he.

Otherwise.

He turnth his typpet, or his typpet turnth him,
But whiche turnth which, I see not by swete saint Sym.

Otherwise.

He hath turnd his typpet,
For symony a syppet.

Otherwise.

He turnth his typpet, if that turnyng turne him
Into the pulpyt, that turnyng is turnd trim.

Of theft and receite. 69.

Where are no receiuers, there are no theeues:
Where nought is to receiue, theeues bryng no greeues.

Of woorke and play. 70.

As good to play for nought, as woorke for nought:
But thou wylt play for nought, and not woorke for ought.

Of peinted sheathe. 71.

Thou makst much of thy peinted sheathe, and wilt do,
It hauynge not one good knyfe longyng therto.

The hare and the hounde. 72.

Holde with the hare and run with the hounde, run thare
As wight as the hounde, and as wise as the hare.

Of beggers syngyng. 73.

Beggers syng before theeues, but what of that?
When beggers synge so, theeues see nought to laugh at.

Of two faces. 74.

Thou berest two faces in one whood:
Thou hast one yll face, both be not good.

Of beggyng. 75.

Thou begst at wrong dore, and so hast begd longe:
Thy gettyng by beggyng, shewth euery dore wronge.

Nothynge

Of nothing. 76.

Nothyng hath no sauer, which sauerles showe:
Shewth nothing better, then sum thing that we know.

Otherwise.

Nothyng hath no sauer, as yll is this othyng:
All sauered sumthing, as vnsauered nothing.

Of venting. 77.

Nought venter nought haue, and ventryng of much,
May haue a lyttle, ventryng is no such.

Of shalbe and shall not be. 78.

That shalbe, shalbe. but all that shoulde bée:
Shall not be, no; hath bene, as far as I sée.

The black oxe. 79.

The blacke Oxe neuer trode on thy foote:
But the dun Asse hath trode on both thy féete.
Whiche Asse and thou, may séeme sprong of one roote:
For the asses pace, and thy pace are méete.

Of brydlyng. 80.

I will brydell the with rough byt wyke. Quoth she,
If thou wilt brydell me, I will snakell the.

Mendyng and payryng. 81.

I will mende this house, and peyze another.
Ye but when wilt thou mend thy selfe brother?

Of runnyng without turnyng. 82.

He runth far, that neuer turnth againe: nay nay,
Though the snayle neuer turne, he runth no far way,

Biyng a pyg. 83.

I will neuer bye the pyg in the poke:
Thers many a foule pyg in a fayze cloke.

Hungry flies. 84.

Hungry flies byte soze, which shall byte vs euer.
For without hungry flies, we shalbe neuer.

Of louyng a dog. 85.

Loue me, loue my dog: by loue to agree,
I loue thy dog, as well as I loue thee.

Of precious stones. 86.

Folly to cast precious stones before Hogs Hewe,
Hodge, except they be precious hogs thou sayst trewe.

Otherwyse.

Cast precious stones before hogs, cast stones to hogs nay,
But precious stones haue ben geuen to hogs some say.

Of yll and good wynde. 87.

It is an yll wynde, that blowth no man to good:
And lyke good wynde, that blowth no man yll.
But fearyng yll wyndes, olde men most tymes stood.
Out of all extreme wyndes vnder the hyll.

Of sooth boorde. 88.

Sooth bourde, is no bourde: sooth bourde soundeth yll,
In false fayre flatteryng bourde; bourde as ye wyll.

Of tales tolde in the eare. 89.

In at the tone eare and out at the tother.
If tales be tolde the, go in and out so brother,
Then the traueil of those tales shewe muche wonder
Thy two eares be two hundred myle a sunder.

Of goyng. 90.

The further we go, the further behynde.
Yéte fotemen to go, with crabbes, in my mynde.

Otherwyse.

The further I go, the further behynde.
Stand styll fole, tyll thou better footyng fynde.

Of neede. 91.

Néede maketh tholde wyfe trot: is she a trotter now?
Gallop yong wyues, shall tholde trot, out trot you.

Takyng hart of grasse. 92.

Thou takest hart of grasse wyfe, not hart of grace.
Cum grasse, cum grace, syr, we grase both in one place.

Where

Of nothyng and althing. 93.

Where nothyng is, a little thyng doth eale.
Where al thyng is, nothyng can fully pleale.

Couetyng and leeſing. 94.

All couet, all loſe: this comth oft in vze.
But nought haue, nought loſe: this is euer ſure.

Of the marche hare. 95.

As mad as a march hare: where madnes compares:
Are not midſomer hares, as mad as march hares?

How god will not do for vs. 96.

Euery man foz him ſelfe, and god foz vs all:
God will not ſeale that wzytyng, wzyte it who ſhalle

Of harping on a ſtring. 97.

Harpe no moze on that ſtrynge, foz it ſtandth to hie:
And ſoundeth as baſely as a halter, wel nie.

A loſſe by the deuils death. 98.

The deuill is dead, then haſt thou loſt a freende.
In all thy doinges, the deuill was at tone ende.

Otherwiſe.

The deuill is dead, one deuill is dead but wée ſée:
Yo deuils left aliue, as yll oz wozſe then he.

Otherwiſe.

The deuill is dead, who ſhall enherite his lande:
Inowe, the deuill hath left childzen a thouſande.

Otherwiſe.

The deuill is dead, who ſhall his lande rightly win,
Thou, foz thour by conditihin, art nert of kin.

Otherwiſe.

The deuill is dead, nay the deuill is in a ſowne,
But the deuill reuiueth agayne, chil ley my gowne.

Otherwiſe.

The deuill is dead, what helpeth the death of the deuill,
The deuill hath heyzes as ill as he, and moze euill.

Of a sheepes eye. 99.

He cast a sheepes eye, at her: a straunge eye syzed,
To se a sheepes eye looke out of a calues hed.

Of rule. 100.

Better rule, then be rulde: wise thy endeuer,
Hath shewde thée to be rulde, by that rule euer.

Of blinde bayard. 101.

Who so bolde as blinde bayerd: no beast of trouth.
Wherof my bolde blynde bayerd, perfite pzoke shouth.
Both of his boldnes, and foz his bold blindnes.
By late occasion, in a cause of kyndnes:
A company of vs, rode in certaine grounde:
Where we welny, an impassible slough founde.
Their hozses, ere they entred began to stay.
Euery one hozse geuing an other the way.
Of good manor as it were, and moze and moze,
Eche hozse gaue backe, to set his better befoze.
Saue this rude rustie, bolde blinde bayerd of myne,
As rashely, as rudely, chopt fozth: and in fine,
Without any curtsie, ere any man bids:
Blindly and boldly, he lepte into the mids.
And looke how boldly, the mids he lept in till,
Euen with like boldnes, in the mids he lay styll:
And trow you the Jade, at the best mens wozdes theare,
Would stur one foynte: nay not the bzeade of one heare.
But starde on them, with as bolde a countenaunce:
As that hole had ben his, by enheritaunce:
He hauyng no moze to do there then had I.
But streight there comth, a carteweare, of good hozses by:
By fozce wherof, and helpe of all that rout,
Blynde bayerd and I, were dzawen together out.
Which blinde boldnes, by this admonicion:
Except he amend in some meete condicion,

Rather

Rather then ride so, I will a fote take paine,
Blynde bolde bayerd, shall not thus beare me againe.

Of the spinsters thrift. 102

Thus rideth the rocke, if the rocke be ridyng,
The spinsters thryft, is set a fote stidyng.

Of defenes. 103.

Who is so deake, as he that will not heare:
Not the deuill, till will draw his hearyng neare.

Of a good hors. 104.

It is a good horse, that neuer stumbleth.
Then haue I a good hors, for my hors tumbleth.
And fauleth downe right, my hors stumbleth neuer.
So well am I horst, and haue bin horst euer.
And so loth to lend him, to feelde or townes ende.
That as soone shall my foride him. as my freende.

Of waies to the wood. 105.

There be mo waies to the wood then one.
Of all good wayes to wood, thou goste none.

Of one that may soone amend. 106.

He may soone amend, for he can not apeyze.
A good euidence to proue him the deuils heyze.

A ill hearer. 107.

I can not heare on that side, no, trueth to tell:
Of any side, thou couldst neuer yet heare well.

Of a good face 108.

I did set a good face on the matter Jone.
Thou didst borow it then Bes, for thou hast none.

A sharpe thorne. 109.

It pricketh betymes, that shalbe a sharpe thorne.
I weene thou prickst wike, ere time thou were borne.

Comming and goyng. 110.

As fast as one goth, an other cumth in hye.
Two buckets in a well, come and go so sure.

But go or cum, who shall, whyle all come and go:
Seldome cumth the better, practise prœueth so.

The better cumth seldome. 111.

Seldome cumth the better, come or go who will,
One nayle driueth out an other, we se still.

One driueth out an other. 112.

One nayle driueth out an other, with strokes so stout:
That the hammer hed which driueth them, werth quite out.

of burden. 113.

Light burden, far heuy: that dost thou try.
A fether borne far, will tyre thée welnie.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, borne for other men:
For our selues, heuy burdens light inough then.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, thy braine lacketh strength
To beare a pinte of wine, a payre of buttes length.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, thou dost finde that lacke:
In all light good burdens, that lie on thy backe.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, how can lame folke proue,
Who in all their liues, their lengthes do not remoue.

Runnyng and goyng. 114.

He may ill run, that can not go:
He that sitth by the fére, finde so.

A lacke of tooles. 115.

What is a workeman without his tooles.
How may bables be mist among fooles.

Tast of a mans tales. 116.

A tale of a tub, thy tales tasts all of ale.
Not of pescod ale, yet, my tales are not stale.

A cat

Of a cattes looke. 117.

A cat may looke on a kyng, and what of that.
When a cat so lookth: a cat is but a cat.

One put out of a creede. 118.

Thou maist be in my pater noster in deede.
But surely, thou shalt neuer come in my créede.
I care not, though I do not, what can I win,
To come in a créede, whiche créede god is not in.

All that may be won of the fox. 119.

Wée can haue no moze of the Fox but the skin:
And the Fore thinketh that, to much foz vs to win.

The suertie of some scale. 120.

As sure as 't were sealde with butter, foz soth:
Sum butter seale lasteth, as longe as some ware doth.

The hares goyng away. 121.

There goth the Hare away, is she gone say you:
Let her go, we haue Hares, and hare heds ynou.

Judgement of colours. 122.

Blinde men should iudge no coloures: should they nat:
Blinde men will iudge all colours, foz all that.

Hap and wit. 123.

Better be happy then wise, here art thou hit,
Thy hap hath euer ben better, then thy wit.

Otherwyse.

Better be happy then wyse, not so, sum say:
He that can be wyse, shalbe happy, say thay.

Of fortune to fooles. 124.

God sendth foztune to soles, not to euery chone:
Thou art a sole, and yet foztune thou hast none.

Otherwyse.

God sendth foztune, to soles, and to wise men still.
God sendth good foztune, oz the deuill sendth ill.

Of looſers wordes. 125.

Let the loſers haue ther wordes, all at once:
Shall the loſers talke? there will be chat for the nonce.

Getting and ſpending. 126.

Ill gotten ill ſpent: be that tale true to tell,
Thou art neuer like to ſpende peny well.

Matters not leyde a water. 127.

My matter is leyde a water, thats a falſe tale:
Thy matters lie not in water, they lie in ale.

Meaſure. 128.

Meaſure is a mery meane.
Wihich filde with noppy drinke.
When mery drynkers drynke of cleane:
Then merely they winke.

Otherwiſe.

Meaſure is a mery meane,
But I meane meaſures gret:
Where lippes to lytell pitchers leane:
Thoſe lippes they ſcantly wet.

Otherwiſe.

Meaſure is a mery meane.
But ynche, foote, yarde or ell:
Thoſe meaſures are not worth a beane:
They meaſure no drynke well.

Otherwiſe.

Meaſure is a mery meane.
Be drynke deare or good cheape:
From meaſure no wight, may thée weane:
Thou meaſurſt drinke by heape.

Otherwiſe.

Meaſure is a mery meane.
Good licker may not ſhrinke:
Thou takſt no triacle of Geane
So holſome as good drinke.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
Shewyng indifferency:
Would thale wife, play the poulyng queane:
Yet measure will not lie.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
That doth diligently:
Attend the tappes of stande and seane:
To moyst thy lippes full dry.

Otherwise.

Measure is amery meane.
And measure is thy mate,
To be a deacon, or a deane:
Thou wouldst not chaunge the state.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
Who that shall enterprise,
This measure from thée, for to gleane,
Right erly must he rise.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
In volewmes full or flat,
There is no chapter, nor no seane,
That thou applyest like that.

Goyng beyonde the wall. 129.

Furder then the wall, we can not go,
Thine vsage showth otherwise, then so:
Thou gosse, when thou must start out of sight:
To the wall, and ouer the wall quight.

Of harme. 130.

A man far from his good is nie his harme,
Ny thy good, nert thy harme, as chaunce may charme.

Otherwise.

A man far from his good, is nie his harme,
For thée to feare that, it were worse then woodnes.
Mouables, vnmouables, lande or farme,
Thou hast not one grotes worth, of good or goodnes.

Otherwise.

A man far from his good, is nie his harme.
This shewth thée nie harme: for hadst thou an arme
That could and woulde, reache hence to Constantine,
That arme coulde not reache to any good of thine.

Wit kept by warmth. 131.

Thou art wise inough, if thou keepe thée warme:
But the least colde that cumth, killth thy wit by harme.

Light comyng and goyng. 132.

Light cum, light go, that cumth in vre by light féete:
But light heds, make light féete, ly lame in the stréete.

Otherwise.

Light cum, light go, for that thou art well wrought:
For thou art as light, as a thing of nought.

Otherwise.

Light cum, light go, pas, cum and go lightly,
In a Juggler, that lightnes is sightly.

Otherwise.

Light cum, light go, thy light goyng doth excell:
But thy light comyng, I like not half so well.

Of kissyng. 133.

Uuknowen vnkist, and beyng knowen I weene,
Thou art neuer kist, where thou mayst be séene.

Otherwise.

Unknowen vnkist, from that desyre, wise bits thée,
For no man that séeth thée, desireth to kis thée.
From kissing in sight husbande, surhe as ftée mée,
Let them come kis me, wher they do not se mée.

Leaue

Of leaue. 134.

Leaue is light, light inough as thou wilt make it,
If thy maister geue no leaue thou wilt take it.

Otherwise.

Leaue is light, ye and leaue is axed lightly,
And may be graunted lightly, axed rightly.

God in the almery. 135.

There is god in thalmery, a well playde part.
Shut god in thine almery, out of thy hart.

The diuell in thorologe. 136.

The diuell is in thorologe, the houres to trye,
Searche houres by the sunne, the deuyls dyall will lye.

Otherwise.

The deuyll is in thorologe, nowe chéere in boules:
Let the deuyll kepe our clockes, while god kepe our soules.

The best. 137.

The best is behinde, the worst is before:
Betwene bothe, beware dryft to the worst shore.

Otherwise.

The best is behynde, we go before to fast,
Byde for the best, els it will be lost at last.

Otherwise.

The best is behynde, starte thou backe and set it,
Abyde abyde, a wiser man must get it.

Otherwise.

The best is behynde, euen so I thought it woulde:
The best lacketh feete, fote pace with vs to houlde.

Otherwise.

The best is behynde, behynde nor yet before:
Wolde I haue the best, but with vs euermore.

The worst. 138.

The worst is behynde,
There art thou assynde.

Otherwise.

The worſt is behinde, but the way is not rough:
The worſt will get before agayne, tyme ynough.

Otherwise.

The worſt is behynde, yet behynde worſe euill:
We ſée oure, at nert courſe, cumth the deuill.

Otherwise

The worſt is behynde, god kepe it behinde vs.
Or vs before it, as it neuer finde vs.

Laſtyng of woonder. 139.

A woonder laſteth but .ix. daies:
Yes thou didſt. ix. yeres gon
But one good déede, for whiche ſum ſaies,
Thou art yet woondred on.

Of a galde horſe. 140.

Rub a galde horſe on the backe and he will kicke:
But the galde aſſe will ſtande ſtill, rub, ſpur, or pricke.

Good beginnyng and ende. 141.

Of a good beginnyng. there cumth a good éende:
Nay, Lucifer began well, and now a fiende.
But of good beginnyng and ending, truth to tell,
The beſt way to ende well, is to begyn well.

The ſtill ſoowe. 142.

The ſtyll ſowe eath all the draffe, my ſowe eath none,
The deuill ſtyrth not my ſowe, tyll hir groyne be gone.

Of ſtumblyng. 143.

Stumble at a ſtrawe, and leape ouer a blocke,
Such ſtumblers are blockeheads, or els they do mocke:

Otherwise.

Stumble at a ſtrawe, and leape ouer a blocke,
The Aſſe and the Ape, ſeme here ioyned in one ſtocke.

Of the ſhoe and the ſole. 144.

The ſhoe will holde with the ſole. No man knowth it,
But he that knowth, how the ſhomaker ſolyth it.

Otherwyse.

The shoe will holde with the sole, what shulde the shoo do,
But holde with the sole, the sole will holde with the shoo.

Myght and ryght 145.

Myght ouercomth ryght. God keape vs from that myght,
God geue vs that myght, that stryueth not with ryght.

Byrth and teaching. 146.

Better vnborne then vntaught, but of truth, thow
Were as well taught afore thou were borne, as now.

Of hangyng. 147.

I haue hangd vp my hatchet. and scapte thy selfe:
Thou shuldest rather be hangde, then thy hatchet, elfe.

An olde knaue. 148.

An olde knaue is no babe, no but we knowe,
Of an olde knaues babe, an olde knaue may growe.

A mans heare and his whood. 149.

Thy heare growth through thy whood. is thy whood torne:
Or doth thy heare perse through thy whood, lyke a horne.

Geynes and losses. 150.

Lyght geynes, make heauy purses.
Lyght losses make heauy curses.

Otherwyse.

Light geyns make heuy purses, and lyght purses
Make heauy hartes, and heuy harted curses.

Otherwise.

Lyght geynes make heuy purses, so brag marchantes bare,
When they take three halfpence, for two penyworth ware.

Theeues fallyng out. 151.

When théeues fall out, trewe men come to their goode.
Cum betymes, or els it is gone by roode.

Of a shorne face. 152.

Thy face is shorne agaynst the wull, very déepe,
Yaue I wol in my face: ye thou art a shéepe.

A benche whistler. 153.

Thou art a benchwhistler. a shrylll whystlyng wenche,
But how long hast thou whistled in the kynges benche,
I haue whystled in the kynges bench (Gefrey)
As longe as thou hast marcht in the Marshalley.

What god sayde to one. 154.

Thou art one of them, to whom god bad who,
God toke the for a cart horse, when god bad so.

Otherwise.

Thou art one of them, to whom god bad who,
I wene thou wentst to far, when god bad so.

Boowyng and breaking. 155.

Better bowe then breake, when strainyng shall stretche.
Nay as good breake as bowe, beynde our retche.

Otherwise.

Better bowe then breake, I praise this that ye speake,
But sum bend, or be bent and boude, tyll they breake.

Otherwise.

Better bowe then breake, it is truly spoken.
Boude wands serue for sumwhat, so do not broken.

Of wrestlyng. 156.

The weaker hath the worse, in wrestlyng alway.
Best for the weake to leaue wrestlyng then I say,

God and the church. 157.

The neare to the churche, the furder from god,
Bothe one to thee, a reame thence, or a rod.

Of one tale in all men tolde. 158.

It must needes be true, that euery man saith,
Tyll all men say one thinge, the iudgement staith.

Otherwise.

It must nedes be true that euery man saith,
Must it so: then art thou a fole, in sayth.

Of malkin. 159.

There be mo maydes then Malkyn, thou saist truth Jone.
But how may we be sure, that Malkin is one: I will

Rasshe ventryng. 160.

I will set all, euen at fyre and at seuen,
Ye, and repent all, betwene ten and eleuen.

A scabde horse. 161.

A scabde horse is good enough, for a scabde squyre.
Your maistershyp, nede not care, what horse ye hyre.

Of syttyng. 162.

Betwéene two stooles, my tayle goth to the grounde.
Better stand then syt, tyll sure seate be founde.

Ale and wit. 163.

When ale is in, wit is out,
When ale is out, wyt is in.
The fyrst thou shewst, out of dout,
The last in thée hath not byn.

Of restitution. 164.

Steale a goose, and sticke downe a fether.
In a fether, and suche conscience,
If I shoulde sticke them downe together:
I can deuise no great difference.

Eating of flies. 165.

The blinde eateth many a flie, not thou wife,
For though blyndnes haue banyght thine eyes defence,
Yet when flies in flenge to thy mouth be ryfe,
Thy toung is a flie flap, to flap flies from thence.

of the foxes preachyng. 166.

When the fore preacheth, then beware our géese.
You that feare your géese, learne wyt here a péese.
Kepe fores from pulpets, your geese to teache:
Or kepe géese from sermons, when fores do preache.

Of poore mens soules. 167.

Poore men haue no soules, no but poore men had soules:
Tyll the drunken soules, drowned theyr soules in ale boules.

Otherwise.

Powre men haue no soules, yes but we se,
Powre men soules as powre: as their purses be.

Otherwise.

Powre men haue no soules, no. haue ryche men any,
I feare but fewe, for they haue lost soules many.

Otherwise.

Powre men haue no soules. No no. the dyuell mad them.
The sots coulde not kepe their soules, while they had them.

Promise of lycence. 168.

I will say no more, tyll the day be longer,
No no, say no more tyll thy wyt be stronger.

Of lyttle saying. 169.

Little saide, sone amended.
Little good, sone spended.
Lyttle charge, sone attended.
Lyttle wyt, sone ended.

Of the tyde. 170.

The tyde tarieth no man, but here to scan,
Thou art tyde so, that thou tariest euery man.

Prayse of good ende. 171.

All is well that endth well, a good sayinge (wise)
But I would se it proued, by thende of thy life.

Of hearyng and iudgeyng. 172.

Here all parts, ere ye iudge any.
God send suche hearers many.

A lesson for lookyng. 173.

Sum man may better Steale a horse,
Then sum may stand and loke vpone.
Where such suspicion standth in force,
Flee syght of stolne horse, loke on none.

Of a womans liues. 174.

Wilke, a woman hath nine liues lyke a cat.
Nay, you haue but one lyfe, and yet inough of that.

The crowe called white. 175.

I wyll say the crowe is whyte. art thou so lyght,
What is thy credence, when the crow cumth in syght.

Otherwise.

Ye must say the crowe is whyte, in any case,
Not nowe, but we were made sey so long a space.

Otherwise.

I wyll say the crowe is whyte. wylt thou so?
When euery man seeth hir blacke: go fole go.

Of the olde foole. 176.

There is no fole to the olde fole.
Go yong foles, to tholde foles to scole.

Otherwise.

There is no fole to tholde fole. speake not that loude,
That prayse will make olde foles vengeable proude,
Which prayse of olde foles, yong foles perceyuyng playne:
Yonge foles, and olde foles, ech other will disdayne.

Of a beane. 177.

A beane in a monkes whood, very good,
Here is the beane, but where is the whood.

The gyft of a pyg. 178.

Syr ye gyue me a pyg, of myne owne sowe.
Wyfe, I gyue a sowe pyg to a sowe nowe.

Chaunge and robery. 179.

Chaunge is no robry, that is a tale not straunge,
Chaunge is no robry, but robry maketh chaunge,
Many swéete blyssynges chaunge to bytter curses.
When trewe mens mony, chaunge into theeues purses.

Of fayre woordes. 280.

Fayre wordes make foles fayne, that was by olde scoles:
But nowe we sée fayre wordes make wyse men foles.

Otherwise.

Fayre words make foles fayne, yet fayre words are therefull,
But foule words make all folke, Irefull or lerefull.

Of laughyng. 181.

I laught in my slæue, feynt laughynges there to wyn,
Slæues be to narowe, to laugh lustily in.

Of seekyng. 182.

I sæke for a thyng wyfe, that I woulde not fynde.
God husande ye are the moze fole in my mynde.

Otherwise.

Thou sækest for a thyng, that thou wouldst not fynde.
And I fynde all thynges, that I do not sæke:
In my hap, and thy wyt, what dyffrence assynde,
I wæne not the value of a god græne sæke.

Of a head vnder a gyrdell. 183.

He hath thy hed vnder his gyrdell, take hede
He hange not thy hed, in his gyrdell in dede.

Of wyde shootyng. 184.

He shooteth wyde. the cause why, I sæ euen syth.
He hath not on streight shafte, to shote streight with.

Otherwise.

He shooteth wyde.
On which syde.

Otherwise.

He shooteth wyde, but he can not amende that,
For he sæth not the marke that he shooteth at.

The fooles bolte. 185.

A fooles bolte is sone shot, and sæth oftymes fer,
But the fooles bolte and the marke, cum few tymes ner.

Of a marchant. 186.

He is a marchaunt without mony or ware.
Wyd that marchaunt be couered, he is bare.

Otherwise.

He is a marchaunt without mony or ware.
He hath in sum respecte, the lesse cause of care.

Tounge

Of tongue. 187.

Tounge breaketh bone, and bone it hath none.
I wishe (wife) thy tounge may haue a bone.
And I wishe (quoth she) a bone in your whode,
Wyshe that bone away (said he) tis not good.
Then wishe you the tother (quoth she) away.
They did so, which done: now sayd she wee may
Witnes bothe, that you haue your wishe in fine,
But both can not witnes that I haue mine.

Otherwise.

Tounge breaketh bone, it selfe hauing none.
Such tounges should haue bones, or bockins the tone,

Otherwise.

Tounge breaketh bone, and bone it self hath none.
Yes, thy tounge is full of good ale bones (Jone)

Of speeche. 188.

Spare to speake, spare to spéede. If spéeche bryng spéede,
Then wilt thou spéede, for thou speakst more then néede.

A busy body. 189.

He will haue an ore in euery mans barge.
Euen in cocke lorels barge, he berth that charge.

Otherwise.

He will haue an ore in euery mans barge,
Then with sum of those ores, he rowth at large.

Of time. 190.

Time is tickell, we may matche time in this,
For we be euen as tickell, as time is.

Otherwise.

Time is tickell.
Chaunce is fickell.
Man is brickell.
Freilties pickell.
Powdreth mickel.
Seasonyng lickell,

Of farcastyng. 191.

He castth beyond the moone. great diuersitie,
Betwéene far castyng and wyde castyng, may be.

Otherwise.

He castth beyond the moone: what néede that be doute?
We haue castyng inough, a this syde the moone.

Of hunger. 192.

Hunger dzoppeth out of his nose.
That is the wozst kynde of the pose.

Of feasting. 193.

He hath fed till he is as full as a ton.
I meane an emptie ton. What fode hath he won?

Of Mortimers sow. 194.

Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow.
Went that sow backe, at that biddyng trow you?

Otherwise.

Bacare quoth Mortimer to his sow: se
Mortimers sow speakth as good latin as he.

Otherwise.

Backare quoth Mortimer to his sowe:
The bore shall backe first (quoth she) I make a bowe.

Of fleabityng. 195.

Tis but a fleabityng: frende if fleas bite so,
They will bite men to the bare bones where they go.

The breechelesse meyster. 196.

The maister weareth no breeche. then I protest,
The master is a girle, a boy, or a best.

Of meate and sauce. 197.

Swéete meate will haue soure sauce, to this reason leate,
Ioyne this conuersion soure sauce will haue swéete meate.
Thus sournes and swéetenes, the one and thother.
In feare of the tone, we hope of the tother.

Swéete

Otherwise.

Swéete meate will haue soure sauce, where that is séene,
As good lacke that meate, as haue that sauce, I wéene.

Of proferd seruice. 198.

Proferde seruice stinketh, thou art deceiued elfe,
Thy proferde seruice stinkth not: thou stinkst thy selfe.

Otherwise.

Proferde seruice stinkth. more fœle thou to profer it,
Thou shuldest season thy seruice ere thou offer it.

Of common medlers. 199.

He that medleth with all thing, may shœe the gollyng:
If all such medlers were set to gœse shoyng:
No gœse néede go barfote betwene this and Gréese,
For so: we should haue as many gœse shooers as géese.

Of enough and a feast. 200.

As good ynough as a feast: ye god saue it.
Inough were euen as good, if we might haue it.

Otherwise.

As good ynough as a feast.
This for a truth say most and least.
But what ynough is iustly ment,
And with inough to be content,
Those are two pointes that fewe or none,
Can learne to know, and stande vpon.

Of plaine fashion. 201.

The playne fashin is best, what playne without pleates?
That fashin commendth the calfe when it bleates.

Otherwise.

The playne fashin is best, and accepted beste
In thinges that please heares but not in the reste.

Otherwise.

The playne fashin is best, thats trewly exprest
Where fashiners of playne fashins are honest.

Of him that cumth last. 202.

Ye that cumth last make all fast, to this say sum
All is made fast ere the last cummer cum.

Otherwise.

Ye that cumth last make all fast,
Who shall make him fast that cumth last.

Of striuyng. 203.

Ye striueth against the streme. by custums scole
That striuer is either a fishe or a fole.

Of syttyng. 204.

Better sit still then rise and fall.
If all fayle ye may hange when ye shall.

Of writyng to freendes. 205.

Ye may wryte to your freendes that ye are in helth:
Who may wryte to his freendes that he is in welth.

Of great clarkes. 206.

The greatest clarkes be not the wisest men
Be smaule learnd or vnlearud soles wisest then.

Of killyng. 207.

Ye will kill a man for a pottle of mustard,
Ye will kill ten men then for a custard.

Of falshed. 208.

Ther is falshed in felowshyp, there is so
The felowshyp is small els as the worlde dothe go.

Otherwise.

There is falshed in felowshyp, no wunder
Falshed and felowshyp are seld a sunder.

Of bleedyng. 209.

Here lithe all and bleadth all, thats fals and foolish,
Thou neuer sawst bloud bleed out of a stockfish.

Of seyng. 210.

Seest me and seest me not both one thing for sothe
As good vnseene as seene whose sight no good doth.

Of yls. 211.

Of two Ils chose the least, of ils many
The least is to great to chose any.

Otherwise.

Of two Ils chose the least, may we chose ils now,
Chose on choslers the like choyse neuer had yow.

Of Pepper. 212.

Thou takst pepper in the nose, and yet thy nose,
Lokth not blacke like pepper, but red like the rose.

Otherwise.

Thou takst pepper in the nose which nédeth not,
Thy nose without pepper is firy red whot.

Otherwise.

Thou takst pepper in the nose which so sesond
Shewth thy nose better sesond then thy hed resond.

Of an ill stake. 213.

An ill stake that can not stand one yere in a hedge
If the stake selfe fayle, the stake is as ye alege.
But if stake stobbers will not let stakes stand
Blame not the stake, blame the stake stobbers hande.

Of suffraunce. 214.

Suffrans is no quittans, but suffryng to longe,
Showth much like a quittans in suffryng of wrong.

Of misreckning. 215.

Misreckning is no paiment, yes as doth fall
In sum reckners, misreckning is payment all.

Otherwise.

Misreckning is no payment, to auoyde that,
Sum detters with their creditours reckon nat.

Of euen reckning. 216.

Euen reckning makth long frends
Od reckning makth many fends.

Of taking. 217.

I will take as falth in the sheake, where euer it fall
In the sheake or out of the sheake thou takst all.

Of mum. 218.

Mum is counsell in euery man we sée,
But mum except, nothing is counsell in thée.

Of stoppyng a mouth. 219.

He shall not stop my mouth, no Pan I thinke that
I beleue all the deuils in hel stopth it nat.

Of castyng. 220.

He is cast in his owne turne, that is likly,
And yet in all turnes he turnth wonders quikly.

Of Jacke. 221.

He is Jacke out of office, curtsie withdrawe,
Jacke once out of office all hayle Jacke dawe.

Of the winking Cat. 222.

Let the Cat winke and let the Mouse run, run mise
Or els the cats clawes will catch you at a trise.

Otherwise.

Let the Cat winke and let the mouse run, run rats
Smale holes kéepe smale mise, from wily winkyng cats.

Otherwise.

Let the cat winke and let the mouse run, créepe mouse créepe
Run not before cats that winke more then they sléepe.

Of saying nay. 223.

Say nay and take it, ye say nay and take it
But say nay or say ye neuer forsake it.

Otherwise.

Say nay and take it, here me say this othing
Say nother ye nor nay, takte and say nothing

Of the pie and the crowe. 224.

Not to hie for the pie nor to lowe for the crowe
Hie pies made lowe crowes we haue inough I trowe.

Of saying nought but mum. 225.

I will say nought but mum.
Thou showst the more wyt sum.

Otherwiſe.

I wyll ſay nought but mum, that I beſéeche,
Mum hath a grace in thée far moze then ſpéeche.

Of tounge and wit. 226.

Thy tounge runth beloze thy wit, thats no raſhe raſe
Foz ſo may it run, runnyng but a ſnayle pace.

Of owne. 227.

Owne is owne,
Whers owne knowne.

Otherwiſe.

Owne is owne, theſe wozdes I ſpeake with eyes wéepyng,
Foz all mine owne is in other mens kéepyng.
But good is that riches where it is heapt
That from thowner by no means can be keapt.

Of ſpinnyng. 228.

She hath ſpun a fayze thréede, which ſhowth in déede
That a fowle ſpinner may ſpyn a fayze thréede.

Of laughyng. 229.

They laugh that win, falſly to win and kéepe,
Winners may laugh when they haue cauſe to wéepe.

Otherwiſe.

Thei laugh that win, by theft to win and kéepe
Théeues at ſtealyng laugh, théeues at hangyng wéepe.

Of pleying. 230.

He pleyth beſt that wins, that deny I will
Many pleyers win much that pley very ill.

Otherwyſe.

He playth beſt that wins; there is a lye runnyng,
Many win much. much moze by hap then cunnyng.

Of the winde blowyng. 231.

Let this winde ouerblow, when ouer blow
This winde will ouer blow vs firſt I trow.

Of far and nie. 232.

I haue seene as far come as nie, come no nere
The ferder thou art hence the better is it here.

Of thynstep. 233.

He is hie in thynstep, his steps may be hie,
But to step in good steps he stepth nothyng nie.

Of smaule and greate. 234.

Many smaule make a great, and sum great made smalt,
Thou hadst great goodmaners, and thou hast non at all.

Of the keyse. 235.

The keise hang not all by one mans gyrdle, no
Euery key hath a clog, who woulde be clogd so.

Of prouender. 236.

His prouender prickth him, prick him godsforbod
What is his prouender, pinnes by likelyhod.

Otherwise.

His prouender prickth him, where grew that corne,
Pricking prouender as il as botes borne.

Otherwise.

His prouender prickth him, that hors must neede stur
Pricke, with in with prouender, without with spur.

Of sum here and there. 237.

Here sum and there sum, ye here and there sum:
But most when and most where no sum doth cum.

Of the persons lemman. 238.

She is as tender as a persons leman,
Parsons lemans are tough inough now and than.

Of il weede. 239.

Ill weede growth fast, it groweth fast in deede
The corne can scantly growe for the weede.

Otherwise.

Ill weede growth fast, that is showyng
In the show of thy fast growyng.

Of ſynkyng. 240.

Ye ſhall ſynke in his owne ſinne. ye when he ſynkth,
But he ſléeth in his owne ſin yet me thinkth.

Of good ſyluer. 241.

She thinkth hir farthyng good ſyluer, but truſt me
She is quicke ſyluer what euer hir farthyng be.

Of the proude cocke. 242.

Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghyll,
The hen is proude enough there marke who wyll.

Of fat in the fyre. 243.

The fat is in the fyre, that is a thrówde turne,
Call the leane after, fat and leane let all burne.

Of bowe bent. 244.

I haue the bent of his bowe, that I knowe.
What bolts ſhotſt thou from that bow, fooles boltes I trowe.

Of gods beyng. 245.

God is where he was. ye but ſo art not thow
Thou were abrode late and art in Newgate now.

Of kinſfolke. 246.

Many kynſfolke fewe frends,
Fewe frends and many fends.

Of Freendſhippe. 247.

A freende is neuer knowne tyll a man haue néede
Nor then nother for any I know in déede:

Of nothynge. 248.

Where nothyng is the kynge muſt léeſe his ryght,
Wher allthynge is there ryght is loſt by myght.

Of ponertee. 249.

Pouertée partth felowſhip, thats not trewe euer.
Pouertie in beggers partth felowſhip neuer.

Of eares glowyng. 250.

Thyne eares may glowe, lets ſée whether they glow John.
I lye: thyne eares can not glowe for thou haſt non.

Of poste and pyller. 251.

Tost from post to pyller, thou art a pyller stronge,
And thou hast byn a pyller sum say to longe.

Of maycke. 252.

Be as be may is no bannyng.
But be as be shall hath much scannynge.

Of vse. 253.

Use maketh mastry, that is a trew tale to tell,
In that vse hath made the pycke a purse so well.

Of spurnyng. 254.

Folly to spurne or kycke ageynst the harde wall,
Beyng shod with cakebread, that spurner marth all.

Other wyse.

Folly to spurne or kycke ageynst the harde wall,
But ageynst soft walles spurners spurne and kyck all.

Of tiyng the bell. 255.

Who shall ty the bell about the cats necke how,
Not I (quoth the mouse) for a thyng that I know.

Of had I wyst. 256.

Beware of had I wyst wyfe. Oh man tys to late
To beware therof syns thou were my wedded mate.

Of daunsyng. 257.

He dauncth attendance. are attendantes daunsyng?
Then haue we much daunsyng with small auaunsyng.

Of the cat eatyng fysbe. 258.

The cat woulde eate fyshe but she wyll not weate hir féete,
She thinkth fleshe with dry féete more swéete thē fish wͭ wéete.

Of the blinde. 259.

The blynde eate many a flie, that we fynde,
Chefly where caruers to the blynde are blynde.

Of the woorst and the best. 260.

Prouyde for the woorst, the best wyll saue it selfe.
For that sauyng syde thou art a suttle elfe.

Of all kynd⁊ of thing⁊ thou haſt prouiſyon preſt,
For thy neighbours the wurſt, for thy ſelfe the beſt.

Of fyue egges. 261.

He cumth in with his. v. egges, what egges to call?
Hen egges, goſe egges or ducke egges, nay dawes egges all.

Of climyng. 262.

He that neuer clymbd neuer fell, ſum men clyme
For doups neſts and finde dawes neſts ſam tyme.

Of the wey. 263.

It is out of my way, ſo it lyghtly may,
To all good thyng⁊ thy way is out of the way.

Of waityng. 264.

He wayteth for moone ſhine in the water,
Such waytyng ſuch winnyng thats a méete mater.

Of Ryme. 265.

It may ryme but it acor̄dth not. cor̄dth not Will,
Beware of cor̄dyng rymes thoſe rymes agrée yll.

Offiſhyng. 266.

It is yll fyſhyng before the net.
Wurſe fyſhyng behynde as nets are ſet.

Of good. 267.

He knowth none ende of his good, marke his wynnyng,
He knowth of his good none ende, nor beginnyng.

Of the hot yron. 268.

When the Iron is hot ſtryke, ſtryke hot Iron and ſtéele,
But golde or ſiluer to ſtryke we haue no déele.

Of the purſe. 269.

Thy purſe is thréede bare, we ſée on the out ſyde,
And more bare on the in ſyde when both ſydes are tride.

Of many handes. 270.

Many handes make lyght warke, many handes ye marke.
Ye muſt ſay thus. many lyght handes make lyght warke.

Otherwiſe.

Many hands make lyght worke, no worke is finde thée,
Thou canſt not worke thy handes be bounde behynde thée.

Of the lothe stake. 271.

The loth stake standth longe, we haue many loth stakes,
Eche stake welny to other it selfe, lothe makes.

Otherwise.

The lothe stake standth longe, in some place, but some hande
Pluckth vp all stakes, suffrynge no stake long to stande.

Of hauyng and wishyng. 272.

Better to haue then wishe, may ye may so craue,
That better to wishe ten tymes then once to haue.

Otherwise.

Better to haue then wishe, not alway colyn,
What yf ye rashely wisht stryppes now a dolyn.

Otherwise.

Better to haue then wishe. better haue as we haue,
Then to haue at wishe all that wishers wolde craue.

Of counsell. 273.

Thrée may kepe counsell if twayne be away.
But one sole doth ofte his owne councell bewray.

Otherwise.

Thrée may kepe councell if twayne be away,
Sum women I here say, that saying denay.

Of Roome. 274.

Rome was not bylt on one day, that is well known,
Nor in one day Rome will not be ouerthrowne.
For where Rome stood puld downe in one day brother,
There is Rome set vp agayne in an other.

Of Speeche. 275.

Spare to speake spare to spéede.
Some men wyn nought in véede,
And spéeche as spéeche may fall
May wyn nought, and lese all.

Of one had in the winde. 276.

I haue him in the wynde. well syr it is your mynde
To haue him in the winde, or hange him in the wynde.

Of one yll shod.

Who is worse shod then is the shomakers wyfe
The deuyls wyfe, she was neuer shod in hir lyfe.

Of all and naught. 278.

He woulde all haue and naught forgo, no,
He may all forgo and naught haue so,

Of warnyng. 279.

I gaue him scarborow warnyng, scarborow
That warnyng cam shorte to bryng good harborow.

Of byrdes flowne. 280.

The byrdes are flowne, that byrdes nest was yll watcht,
Byrdes wynges once full sumd byrdes will hardly be catcht.

Otherwyse.

The byrds are flowne. Flowne, that flight no wunder brings
Byrdes may sone flée where byrders clyp no byrds wyngs.

Of leauyng. 281

Leaue it or it leaue you, leaue what folly,
He can neuer leaue it nor it him wholly,

Of setting in foote. 282.

He hath set in foote, thyngs by wyt to be sped,
His foote shall dwe seruyce as good as his hed.

Otherwyse.

I wyll set in foote, frende thou maist set in fyt
Foote hande and hed but thou canst set in no wyt.

Of fast byndyng. 283.

Fast bynde fast fynd, nay thou weare prentyse fast bownde,
And yet ranst thou a waye where thou couldst not be founde.

Of hap. 284.

Happy man happy dole, so say sycke and hole,
But good hap is deintie, most men haue seelde good dole.

Otherwise.

Happy man happy dole, hap is full of holes,
Hap catcheth and holdeth very few doles.

Of tyme. 285.

Take tyme when tyme comth, we are oftymes tolde of it,
But when tyme cumth yet can we take no holde of it.

Otherwise.

Take tyme when tyme cumth, alay to be bolde of it,
But slyper as an éeles tayle is the holde of it.

Otherwise.

Take tyme when tyme cumth, are we set tyme to take?
Beware tyme, in meane tyme, take not vs in bzake,

Otherwise.

Take time when time cumth, when time cumth thou saist wel
But when cumth good tyme to take, I can not tell.

Of the fat hog. 286.

Euery man basketh the fat hog. nay frænde nay,
Mast kayth soze this yere fat hogs pyne away.

Otherwise.

Euery man bastyth the fat hog, tis agréd
That those hogs shall haue most help that haue least néed.

The bale and boote. 287.

When bale is hekst, bote is next, though bote be nye.
What helpyth bote, where bale is euer mocke hye.

Of sowes. 288.

As méete as a sowe to beare a saddle John.
A sowe to beare a saddle, we haue séene none,
But though sowes beare no saddles yet may we say
We sée saddles beare sowes welny euery day.

Of makyng a crosse. 289.

I wyll make a crosse vpon this gate; ye crosse on
Thy crosses be one gates all, in thy purse none.

Of a pad. 290.

It wyll bzéede a pad in the strawe, bery wéele.
Beware it bzéede not a padlocke on thy hæle.

Of long standyng. 291.

Longe standyng and small offryng makth pwze parsons,
Long wayghtyng and small wages makth pwze garsons.

Of the weaker. 292.

The weaker goth to the pot, ye, and god wot,
Sum the weaker for ofte goyng to the pot.

Of catchyng. 293.

Catch that catch may, after catchyng and snatchyng,
Pyllyng and pollyng, we fall now to patchyng.

Of holdyng. 294.

Holde fast when ye haue it, if it be not thyne,
Holde fast and run fast when thou hast it frend myne.

Of knowledge. 295.

I know him as well as the begger knowth his bag.
Thou knowst him, but when wilt thou know thy selfe wag.

Of smellyng. 296.

I smeld him out, further then he might smell thée.
The smeller of smellers then, thou art euyn hée.

Of nought layde downe. 297.

Nought lay downe nought take vp, welsayde,
Nought ly downe nought ryse vp, welwayde.

Of syght and fare. 298.

Ye sée your fare, a very straunge fare to sée,
A blinde man may sée our fare as well as wée.

Of the pot not broken. 299.

Neither pot broken nor water spylt, water
Thou spilst none, but thou spylst all other mater.

Of late and neuer. 300.

Better late then neuer. ye mate,
But as good neuer as to late.

otherwise.

Better late then neuer.
That is not trew euer.
Sum thynges to rule in rate.
Better neuer then late.

FINIS.

The fifth hundred of Epygrammes.

Inuented and made by Iohn Heywoode.

*

LONDINI.

Anno Christi.

1566.

❧ To the reader.

Were it as parellous to deale cardes at play,
As it is quarellous to deale bokes this day,
One and fortye men, among one and fiftie,
Wolde flée one and thirtie, to flée one vnthriftie.
And yet Cardes so dealt should haue, in reuealyng,
Foredeale of bokes in this harde time of dealyng,
Cardes be toted on but on the tone side:
Bokes on both sides: in all places porde and pride.
Not to content, but to contend, vpon spiall
Of the least tittle. that can come in triall.
If the best writer to write be muche afrayde,
Wore may I (the worst) by fearefull feare be stayde.
And were not this one thing, feare should stay me so,
That boke or ballet, I neuer durst write mo.
In all my simple writyng neuer ment I,
To touch any priuate person displeasantly.
Nor none do I touche here: by name, but onely one,
Which is my selfe: whom I may be bolde vpon.
This ment in my makyng, syns prowe doth declare,
I pray you readers to scan this, by this square.
As I, for mirth, myrily did make it,
So you, in mirth, myrily will take it.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

Of weenyng and wottynga 1.

Ise men in oldetyme, wold wéene thē ſelues ſoles.
Fooles now in new time, will wéene thē ſelues wiſe.
Wéene wiſe, and wot wiſe differ in wiſe ſchooles:
To wéene them ſelues wiſe, when fooles ſo deuiſe,
As fooliſh as fruteleſſe, is thenterpꝛiſe.
This caſe is thus adiudgde, in wiſedomes ſchoole:
Who wéenth him ſelfe wiſe, wiſedome wotth him a foole.
Made by John Heywood to theſe fooles euerychone,
And made of John Heywood, when he wéenth him ſelfe none.

Of a man of law and his clientes. 2.

Twentie clientes to one man of lawe,
Foꝛ counſell in twentie matters did dꝛawe.
Eche one pꝛaying at one inſtant to ſpéede,
As all at once woulde haue ſpéede to pꝛocéede.
Fréendes all (quoth the learned man) ile ſpeake with none,
Till one barber haue ſhauen all, one by one.
To a barber they went all together:
And beyng ſhauen, they returnde agayne thyther.
Ye haue (quoth the lawier) tarid longe hence.
Syꝛ (quoth one) twentie coulde not be ſhauen ſence
Of one barber, foꝛ ye well vnderſtande.
One barber can haue but one ſhauyng hande.
Noꝛ one lawier (quoth he) but one talkyng tung,
Learne clientꝛ this leſſon of this lawier ſpꝛung.
Like as the barber, one after one muſt ſhaue,
So clientes of counſailours, counſaile muſt haue.

Of aduiſe agaynſt mockyng. 3.

Vſe to thy true fréende no deriſion
If thy fréends ſpie it, he takth it poyſon.
Though thy fréend diſſemble theſpiall cléerely,
Yet ſpide in a fréende it toucheth him néerely.

Tellyng thy freende his faute, mockyng him not,
If he thanke thee not, then is he a lot.

Of itchyng and smartyng. 4.

Itchyng and smartyng, both touch vs at quicke.
When we itche, we scratch: when we smart, we kicke.
But in our kickyng at our present smarte,
Let vs consider our former desarte.

Of a sharpe tunge. 5.

Wife, I perceiue thy tunge was made at Egeware.
Ye sir, and yours made at Rayly, harde by thare.

Of horse. 6.

A Tilt horse, alias a beere horse to bée,
Which wouldst thou be? a beere horse I say to thee.
When the horse is seene cheerely to drawe the beere.
He is so praysde, that he may be proude to heere.
At Tilte when the horse runthe as fast as he can,
All crie well runne, not to the horse, to the man.
And if the horse fall with the man ouerlade,
Then crie they all, a vengeance on that lame iade.

Of a butler and a horse. 7.

The butler and the béere horse both be like one.
They drawe béere both; that is truth to bide one.
Both drawe béere indéede, but yet they differ Iones:
The butler drawth and drinkth béere, the horse drinkth none.

Of brasse. 8.

I perceiue well now that brasse is waxen proude,
Because brasse so much with siluer is aloude.
And beyng both ioynde, sins they most by brasse stande,
That makth brasse bolde, to stande on the vpper hande.

Of a louces dwellyng place. 9.

Were thou a louce and shouldst chose one dwellyng place,
Whether wouldst thou dwell, hauyng choyse in this case,
In mens bigge brèeches, or in womens thicke ruffes:
I would be in both, for the places and stuffes.

In sommer with women, in winter with men.
In sommer the womans necke pleasant then,
In winter the mans breeche is close and warme.
Large walks for life to walke warme without harme.
Galeries, gable endes, chambers, parlers, halles,
Colde frost to defende, a dosen double walles.
Som seeld, som hangd, som dide, some painted, some staind,
Rents of all sise, great and small rentes retaynd.
And when by louce bityng, the legge itchyng,
The barres of mens breeches haue such strog stitchyng,
Such bolstring, such broydring, let men stare and stampe,
The louce is as safe there, as he were in a campe.
In winter I say these breeches are alone.
But then in sommer let the louce thens be gone,
For feare of a plague: if he then thither gette,
A thousande to one, he shall die of the swette.

Of a straunge glasse. pag. 10.

God god what a glasse to bewe is this?
See what an vnsightly sight here is.
Great promise, small performance.
Greate countenaunce, smal continuance.
Great winnyng, small sauyng.
Great hopyng, small hauyng.
Great hiues, small hony.
Great purses, small mony.
Great gappes, small bushes.
Great speares, small pushes.
Great wine, small water.
Great worde, small mater.
Great botome, small brinke.
Great brewyng, small drinke.
Great rent, small place.
Great space, small grace.

Greate dzift, ſmall ſhifte.
Great gift, ſmall thzifte.
Great watchyng, ſmall catchyng.
Greate patchyng, ſmall machyng.
Great bloud, ſmall bzuite.
Great flowers, ſmall fruite.
Great woddes, ſmall okes.
Great ſtaues, ſmall ſtrokes.
Great hennes, ſmall egges.
Great hoſe, ſmall legges.
Great ſtudie, ſmall arte.
Great deſyze, ſmall deſarte.
Great geuyng, ſmall takyng.
Great marryng, ſmall makyng.
Great ſhippes, ſmall ſaylyng.
Great loſſe, ſmall auaylyng.
Great markyng, ſmall mynoyng.
Great ſeekyng, ſmall fyndyng.
Great lawyng, ſmall louyng.
Great ſturryng, ſmall mouyng.
Great ſowyng, ſmall growyng.
Great trowyng, ſmall knowyng.
I trow ſo great ill, and ſo ſmall good.
In one glaſſe together, neuer ſtood.

Of *driuyng and drawyng.* 11.

If thou muſt be forſe forth to take iorney quicke,
Whether woldſt thou be dziuen forth, or drawne forth Dicke.
I wolde be dziuen forth Jacke: for as doth appeere,
Drawyng and hangyng drawe vengeable neere.
I thynke it leſſe ill Jacke, hauyng choyſe in ſcope.
To be dziuen with the whip, then drawne to the rope.

Of *ſonge ſutes.* 12.

Sutes hange halfe a yere in Weſtminſter hall,
At Tyburne, halfe an houres hangyng endeth al.

Nothyng

Of lightneſſe. 13.

Nothyng is lighter then a fether, Kytte,
Yes climme: what lyght thyng is that? thy lyght wytte.

Of a diſagreement. 14.

Eche one man welny falth out with an other,
And lykewyſe eche thynge diſagréeth with other.
Namely malte and water, theſe two thinges are
So far faine a ſunder, by ſcornefull ſquare,
That no bruer, be he luſtie or lither,
Dare couch malte and water, in houſe togyther.
But chiefly ſour water now bearth ſuch ſway.
That, ſwéete malte from brewhouſe, water driuth away.

Of chepenyng of conies. 15.

Jane thou ſelleſt ſwéete conies in this pultry ſhoppe:
But none ſo ſwéete as thy ſelfe, ſwéete conye moppe.
What is the price of thee? forſoth ſhe tolde,
At what price ſo euer my ſelfe ſhalbe ſolde,
Strange is the hearyng, for ware or for monye,
To heare a woodcocke cheapen a conye.

Of a wyfe hauyng childe. 16.

My wife hath a childe now at fowre ſcore and ten.
At fowre ſcore and ten yeres? nay frend, nay: what then?
At fowre ſcore and ten quarters of a yere I ment.
Ment ye ſo? and I ment yeares. by which extent
Your wyfe might ſeeme your mother: but now I ſmell,
You may ſeeme you, your wyues father wonderfole well.

Of a bachiler and a mayde. 17.

Is that bachiler a woer to that mayde?
The commons common ſo: tis commenly ſayde.
Where dwelth that bachiler? wyde a bowe of brydewell.
Where dwelth that mayde? at broken wharfe very well.

Of ſhorte payment. 18.

Thy dettar will paie thee ſhortly: ſhortly?
Ye will make that ſhort lye, a long lye, dread I.

Whence certaine thinges came fyrst. 19.

Whens come great brǽches? from little wittam.
Whens come great ruffes? from small brainfoorth they cam.
Whens come these round verdingales? from square thrift.
Whens come dǽpe copped hattes? from shallow shift.
Whens come broudered gardz? from the towne of euill.
Whens come vncomde staryng heades? from the deuill.
Whens come these womans scarfs? from folly John.
Whens come these glitteryng spanges? from much wanton.
Whens come perfumde gloues? from curiositǽ.
Whens com fine frapt moyles? from superfluitǽ.
Whens come corne crooked toes? from short shapen shoone.
Whens come wylde hie lookers? from midsomer moone.
Whens come sayre painted faces? from peinters tooles.
Whens come all these? from the vicar of saint fooles.

Of furred and lyned gownes. 20.

Thicke furd gownes worne in somer, shew bare worn thrǽdz
Thin linde gownes worne in winter, come from S. needes.

Of a wyne drawer. 21.

Drawer, thy wyne is euen with thee now I see:
Thou persyste the wyne and the wyne perseth thee.

Shorte checkes betwene a man and his wyfe. 32

I am carefull to see thee carelesse, Iyll:
I am wofull to see thee wytlesse, Wyll.
I am angnishte to see thee an ape, Iyll:
I am angry to see thee an asse, Wyll.
I am frettyng to see thee flee from me, Iyll:
I am sory to see thee sǽke to me, Wyll.
I am madde to see the mate thy husbande, Iyll:
I am sad to see thee sklaunder thy wyfe, Wyll.
I am dumpyshe to see thee play the drabbe, Iyll:
I am knappysh to see thee play the knaue, Wyll.

Of a woman deckt in two colours. 23.

My honny bes, blacke and whit doth set thée out nette.
Thy heare whit as perle, thy téeth blacke as iette.

Of vnsweete breath. 24.

Thine vnsauery breath lackth salte, beale belsabubbe:
It hath tane to much wynde in the poudring tubbe.
Thy breath, bodge, with salte is so sauery to smell,
That no seasonyng lyckour, can season it well.

Of clippyng and clensyng. 25.

Not clyppyng your beardes, why clyp you your nayles:
Not kombyng your heades, why wype you your tayles:
These beyng superfluous thinges euery chone,
Kombe, clyp, or clense all: or clyp or clense none.

Of a man and his wyues departyng. 26.

Wife I will go abrode. will ye take the payne:
Béte: but when the diuel will ye come in agayne:
Makst thou me a diuell: nay then be out of dout,
The diuell will come in, when the diuels damme goth out.

An account of a mans children. 27.

Wife, of ten babes bet wene vs by encreals growne,
Thou saist I haue but nine. no mo of your owne.
Of all thynges encreasyng, as my conscience lithe,
The parson must nédes haue the tenth for the tithe.

Of a woman of Huntyngton. 28.

Where dwellst thou Sys: I dwell at huntyngton nowe.
Like so, for thou lookst lyke a nelve hunted sowe.
Where dwellst thou Sym: at hammersmith dwell I.
A méete soyle for thée: for hammer hed is hardby.

Of a laundries. 29.

A lyke launders to thée, neuer sawe I.
Thy clothes washt but once a wéeke commonly,
Thy selfe washte once in an houre vsually.
And yet eche wéekes ende doth this thus trie,
Thy clothes euer wette, thy selfe euer drie.

Of the cutter of purſlane. 30.

This herbe purſlane thou cutſt prettily I ſée:
But to cut apurſe in a lane, none like thée.

Of one ſtandyng in his owne conceite. 31.

He ſtandth well in his owne conceite eche man tels.
So had he néede, for he ſtandth in mans els.

Of one that hard without eares. 32.

I ſée men heare, though they eares haue none.
Thou doſte heare me ſpeake, thine eares beyng gone.

Of an archers rouyng. 33.

What a ſhakte ſhotes he with a rouyng arrowe?
Styll he hits the marke. be it wyde or narrowe.
Where ſhoteth this ſharpe ſhotyng archer moſt, Will:
He ſhoteth moſt at rouers on ſhoters hill.

Of perill to one by the number of three 34.

In thy hand I ſée, thy fortune ſhalbe ſuche,
That the numbre of thrée ſhall daunger thée muche.
Thrée bedfelowes in thy bed ſhall diſpeaſe thée
Thrée lice in thy bumme breeche ſhall okte diſeaſe thée,
Thrée cuppes full at once ſhall okte diſgiſe thee,
Thrée beares of the hom ſhall okte diſpiſe thee,
Thrée drinkes, wyne, ale. and béere, ſhall ouerflowe thée
Thrée wreſtlers in one ſigne ſhall ouerthrowe thée,
Thrée wiues in thrée yeres ſhall wonderly weare thée,
Thrée ſhe beares thoſe three yeres, ſhall al to teare thée.
But in thinges numbred by thrée, aboue all theeſe,
Blis the three thouſand tymes, from frame of three treeſe.

Of gloria patri. 35.

Dicke I maruaile muche, why in euery plat,
Gloria patri ſtandth before Sicut erat.
Tom, Gloria patri is a gentleman:
In pleaſant ſpeeche, ſpeake to ſweetely no tung can.
Sicut erat is a chorle ſo rude and playn,
That to here him ſpeake, all degrees do diſdayne.

Of a dyar. 36.

Is thy husband a dyar woman: alacke,
Had he no colour to die thée on but blacke:
Dieth he oft: ye, to oft when customers call,
But I wolde haue him one day, die once for all.
Were he gone, diar woulde I neuer mo wed.
Diars be euer dying, but neuer ded.

Of a Jugge. 37.

Pot him Jacke: pot him Jacke: nay pot him Jugge.
To pot the drunkarde, the Jugge is the dugge.

Of the three cuppes. 38.

Wilhers thine Jn John: at thrée cuppes in bredstrete Jhone.
At thrée cuppes in breadstrete: well let bread alone.
At those thrée cuppes when euer thou dines or suppes,
Ere thou goe to bed, thou hast in all thy cuppes,

Of brasse and Iron. 39

Brasse and olde Iron who brought those two togyther:
Brasse thinketh scorne to sée them brought so hyther.
Olde Iron is rouslty and rotten to bewe,
Brasse with syluer layre blauncht and polysht newe.

Other-wise.

Brasse sayde to olde Iron with brasse perking late,
Backe ye kancred karle, ye be not my mate.
Backe brasse (quoth Iron) plainnes is most talowe.
I shewe as I am: and so dost not thou.

Of Jacke and John. 40.

Jacke and John in degrée dyffer farre brother.
Jacke dawe is one, master John dawes is an other.

Of wrestlyng. 41.

Wilhere we wrestled by couples, we wrestle alone:
And shall, tyll tyme our shakled brèeches be gone.
In steppyng and strydyng it is a wunder,
How we wrestle to get our legges a sunder.

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Brasse thinketh scorne to see them brought so hyther.
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Brasse with syluer fayre blaunchi and polyshte newe.

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And shall, tyll tyme our shakled breeches be gone.
In steppyng and strydyng it is a wunder,
How we wrestle to get our legges a sunder.

Of pryde. 42.

If thou wil nedes be proud, marke this frend myne:
Of good dedes be not proude: they are not thyne.
But when thou plaiest the knaue in yll dedes growne,
Be proude of those yll dedes: they are thyne owne.

Of one hanged. 43.

What faute had he done that was hangde yesterday?
Of any faute done by him I can nought say.
Two or three two peny tryfles were layd to him,
But, his fayre gay hangde house, man, did vndo him,
Here is tyt for tat, measure met very trym:
First he hangde his house, now his house hath hangd him.

Of a detter. 44.

Doth your mastershippe remember your dette to me?
Remember my dette? ye frende, I warrant the:
I remember it so, that though I say it,
Ile neuer forget it, nor neuer pay it.

Of louing of a goose. 45.

A goose, greene or gray whiche louest thou better?
A greene goose: for it is farre the swetter.
Loue both as thy selfe, for as proude shewth ryfe,
Thou art and hast bene a goose, all thy lyfe.

Otherwise.

Thou louest a goose to much: ware surfet elfe.
I neuer sawe goose yet, lyke the, loue him selfe.

Of harpe stringes. 46.

Which string in all the harpe wouldst thou styll harpe on.
Not the base, I will be none vnderlyng, John.
Nor the standyng tennor: for stiffe standyng.
Nor the treble: for feare of to hye hangyng.
Nor the counter tennor: for countryng to long.
Upon what harpe stryng then wouldst thou harpe thy song?
Aboue all strynges, when we shall fall to harpyng.
The harpe stryng to harpe on, is the meane harpe stryng.

Take

Of fortune. 47.

Take thy foztune as it falth, some aduiseth:
But I woulde fayne take foztune as it riseth.

Of choyce. 48.

Choice is good in most thyngs folke say, in which choise,
Foz choyce of one two thynges, thou maist reioice:
Foz man alyue lyke thée franke choise can haue,
To play the knauyshe fole, oz the folyshe knaue.

Of a false bragge. 49.

I was neuer but an honest man.
Put out that but, and thou saist truth than.

Of lyyng and true sayng. 50.

Wyse, the people are disposed all to lye:
Foz thou art commended vnyuersallye.
Nay syr: the people to tell truth, are all bolde,
Foz you are discommended of younge and olde.

Of a dawe pate. 51.

Thou art a very dawe pate, as euer I sawe.
Sir, in déede the pate is the chiefe parte of a dawe:
Foz when dawes shall appere in any coste,
Foz all those dawes parts, their dawe pates be moste.

Of water and wyne. 52.

Thou makst curtsy to washe handes with water of mine.
Makyng no curtsy to washe thy mouth with my wine.
But I pray the make this change in this matter:
Moze curtsy at my wyne, and lesse at my water.

Betwene dogges and a deere. 53.

Set malles asyde: sayde a bucke to a greehounde.
Beware of pryde: sayde that dogge to that déere.
Be pacient in trouble: a hounde sayde rounde,
Louyng aduyse to this déere this dyd appéere.
In which counsell geuen, to kyll him they run neere.
Whiche counsayle amounth to this euery man séeth,
Comfort him with their tunges, kyll him with their téeth.

Of twelue and one. 54.

It is twelue a clocke: lyr tys moze, well ny one.
Is one moze then twelue? that s a reason alone.
Sir when the day to after noone doth amounte,
One is moze then twelue, by our fertens accounte.

Of verdingales. 55.

Alas poze verdingales must lie in the streate:
To house them, no doze in the citie made meete.
Syns at our narow dozes they in can not win,
Send them to Oxforde, at Brodegates to get in.

Preceptes of a man to his wyfe. 56.

Stande styll wyfe, I wyll:
Be styll wyfe, I nyll.
Now barke wyfe, I wyll:
To warke wyfe, I nyll.
Proue me wyfe, I wyll:
Loue me wyfe, I nyll.
Now chat wyfe, I wyll:
Leaue that wyfe, I nyll.
Kéepe chayze wyfe, I will:
Speake fayze wyfe, I nyll.

Of an expert man. 57.

Is he such an expert man? an expert man?
Put out that er, and no man moze expert than.

Of deliuerance from yll. 58.

Wyfe, from all euyll, when shalt thou deliuered bée?
Sir when I (saide she) shalbe deliuered from thée.

Of cuttyng of the berbe tyme. 59.

All tymes of the day to nyght from the pryme,
Thou gardner wylte not leaue cuttyng of tyme.
Thou wylt neuer leaue cuttyng of tyme, I sée,
Tyll suche tyme, as tyme, shall in tyme cutte of thée.

Sweatyng

Of one fearyng the ſwette. 90.

Sweatyng ſicknes ſo fearſt thou beyonde the marke,
That winter or ſommer thou neuer ſweatſt at warke.

Of one thinkyng on an other. 61.

When doth your maiſterſhip thinke on me? euer.
When do you thynke vpon my matter? neuer.
Ye ye remember, my matter ye forget:
Remembrance and forgetfulneſſe, is wrong ſet.
For I woulde wiſhe you rather, if it myght bee,
To remember my matter, and forget mee.

Of one beyng at a poynt. 62.

Is he at a poynte with his creditors? yée.
For he'is not worth a pointe they all ſée.

Of teſtons. 63.

Teſtons be gone to Orforde god be their ſpéede:
To ſtudie in Brealennole there to procéede.

Of redde Teſtons. 64.

Theſe Teſtons loke redde: how like you the ſame?
Tis a token of grace: they blushe for ſhame.

Of ſtampyng. 65.

We ſtampe crabs, we ſtamp teſtons: which ſtampyng done.
We ſtare vpon Teſtons now beyond the moone.
Which ſtampyng of Teſtons brought it not ſome ſkill,
Our ſtaryng on Teſtons coulde iudge them but ill.
But as the whot ſunne melteth ſnowe away,
So ſhall whotte fire melt colde Teſtons, as folke ſay.
We, for Teſtons leauyng ſcoldyng and ſquaryng.
And on Teſtons leauyng ſtampyng and ſtaryng.

Of John longe the carier. 66.

Of what length is John long the carter Prat?
A quarter of a yere long. how proueſt thou that?
Therténe wéekes paſt he ſhuld haue brought me a mat:
But yet long John, John long: with that mat comth nat.

Wherby I John shorte, am as shorte to compare,
As John longe by this length is longe to declare.
For as John longe lurkth to longe this wat to fet,
So I Jhon shorte leape to short this wat to get.

Of turnyng. 67.

Wilt thou vse turners craft still: ye by my trouth.
Muche thrift and most suretie in turners craft growth.
Halfe turne or whole turne, where turners be turnyng,
Turnyng kepes turners from hangynge and burnyng.

Of master Carter. 68.

Is that gentlemans name master Carter: ye.
How his name and condicions differ now se.
So cunnyng, so comly, so curteisie, so kynde,
So gentle a gentleman in eche mans mynde:
That all men are strken in pitifull wunder,
To se master carter and the cart a sunder.

Of goyng fare. 69.

As he goth farre that neuer doth turne hym backe,
So goest thou farre wide: thou neuer turnst againe.
Where thou goest, or what thou dost, come luck come lacke,
Thy selfe or thy matters forth they go amaine.
To turne agayne no counsayle can thée strayne.
Except thy will shall showe thy wytte in the wane,
Finde meanes to take a house in turne againe lane.

How money is made lame. 70.

Money with couetousnesse thou doest rest so,
That lacke of vse doth lame thée: thou canst not go.
With prodigalitee thou trudgest so fast,
That excesse of to much exercise, doth lame thee at last,
These to beyng lame lett of extremitee,
Where woldst thou be lotted to be from both thees:
With liberalitee woulde I be the meane.
With liberalitee: nay he is gon cleane.

Lady

Of an olde woer. 71.

Lady I loue you, in way you to wed:
But mine age with your youth disagréeth so,
That if I speake: I thynke not to be sped.
Your age in your sute, is no whit your so,
To your yeres many, had ye many mo.
We wolde wed the soner by yeres, showyng playne,
That I should the soner be vnwed agayne.

Of a younge wooer. 72.

I brought thée late an olde riche widow to wo:
Whom thou mightst haue had, but nought woldst thou thē do.
Nor nought canst thou do now: thrift and thou art od.
For now lieth she spéechles at mercy of god.
For the mercy of god bring me now to hir:
I neuer sawe méete time: till now, to woo hir.

Of weakenes and strengthe. 73.

Weakenes and strength, here showst thou both in préele,
Thou art a weake man, and yet a strong théefe.

Warnynge of pride. 74.

Beware of pride, sayst thou to me:
Let pride, say I, beware of thée.
In euery place thou dost so watche hym,
That if pride sturre, thou wilt sure catche hym.

Of paciens. 75.

Be pacient in trouble. how can that bée:
Sins out of trouble nothing pleaseth thée.

Of pleasynge. 76.

Be glad to please, yea be glad to please brother.
But whom: please thy selfe, sée thou please none other.

Of a hande gonne and a hande. 77.

Thou hast a good handgonne: but whats thy hand:
When thou shootst of, out of daunger to stand,
No standyng more sure in any place or plat,
Then to stande close to the marke thou shootst at.

Of brasse and silver. 78.

Brasse hath beene a lost, with siluer set vp.
Come downe brasse and drinke on an ashen cup.

Of difference betwene wis. men and fooles. 79.

Betweene wise men and fooles, among thynges many
This one differth. whem both sortes get thynges auy.
Whiche to their pleasures are pleasantly alloud,
Of those thynges wun, wise men are glad, fooles be proud.

Of a pithy wytte. 80.

God god, what a pithy wit hast thou Dicke,
The pith of thy wordes so deepe and so tricke,
Thy wordes so pythily pearse to the quicke,
Pith of no wordes agaynst thy wordes may kicke,
No more then the pith of a gonstone may pricke,
Agaynst the pithy pith of an elder sticke.

Of choyse to be a wise man or a foole. 81.

A wise man or a fole: if thou must be one,
Which woldst thou be in winter, John: a fole Jhone.
Where best men in winter sit nert fire from colde,
There standes the fole warme while all his tales be tolde.
Whiche woldst thou be in sommer, when winter is gon:
A fole. a fole, why: that why howth herevpon.
In sommer when states sit from fire in the cole,
At that bordes ende in cole ayre there stands the fole.
Winter and sommer what tyme men must to worke,
Which woldst thou be: a fole to loke on and luake.
All times of the yere for one thing or other,
Better be a fole then a wise man brother.

Of a knightes carterly coller. 82.

I bad this carter bring my collar of golde:
And he bringth me my horse collar, holde knaue holde,
Sir if I may speake my thought without fearyng,
This collar of both showth best for your wearyng.

For

Of males and male horses. 83.

Of al horse, a male horse would I not bée.
Where he erst bare on male, now berth he thrée.
Those are one behinde and on eche side,
The man, who on the male horse doth ride,
Werth on eche legge, one male. for his stoppes are,
Eche one stoppe one male (kindely to declare.)
Longe, round, wide, weightie as a male eche one.
But all horse are now male horses euerychone.
For euery one horse, bearth two males at leaste.
Of male horse and male men, frends heres a feaste.

A man discommended. 84.

Not once a yere ought séene in thée to alowe.
Not once a yere thy knée to god dost thou bowe.
Not once a yere openest thou thy lippes to pray.
Not once a yeare showste thou gwdnesse any way.
Not once a yere geuest thou almes to the powre,
Not once a yere dost thou repent thée therfore.
But all times a yere thou wouldst all vnderstwd:
Thou neuer dost repent, but when thou dost gwd.

Of runnyng. 85.

In poste haste run horson run. art thou here yet?
Shall I run out of breath? nay run out of thy wit.

Of pollyng. 86.

Our heads grow to long, god geue our barbers curses.
Our barbers polle no heads, our barbers pole purses.

Of plate lente forth. 87.

Where is thy plate? lent out to a mariage.
Whether? to saynct néds. to whom? to maister gage.

Of a man of law and his wife. 88.

You beyng a pleader at law excelente,
Yet hath youre wyfe brought you to an exigent.
Pray hir to let fall thaction at law now,
Or els, so god helpe me, she will ouerlaw yow.

Of pennes and pence. 89.

Pennes and pence, differ far in proporcion.
The penny flat and round, the pen straight and long.
And yet for aydes, in ease of extorcion,
Pennes and pence are like in worckyng of wrong.

Of a womans thinne tounge. 90.

I neuer saw wife like thyne for this thyng: Dicke,
Hir tung wondrous thin, and hir spéech wondrous thicke.
Tom, I haue spent much in vaine since she was yong,
To haue hir thicke spéeche as thinne as hir tong.
It is the tung of tunges: Dicke, for runnyng rounde:
I take the tippe for siluer: by the shrill sounde.
It hath Tom, a shakyng sharpe sounde in the eare,
But it is no siluer, woulde god it weare.

Of drinkyng to a man. 91.

I drynke to thée John: nay thou drinkst frō me Jhone.
When thou drinkst to me, drinke for me thou leuest none.

Of runnyng at Tilte. 92.

We apply the spigot, till tubbe stande a tilte.
Ye, ren at the spigot tilt, leaue the speare tilte thou wilte

Of expence. 93.

What may he spend: ten pound a yere he myght spend.
Ist morgage: nay: no man will one penylende
Upon it. ist solde: nay, no man will bie it.
Then he holdth it: nay, he can not come nie it.
Why sole: how may he spend ten pound by yere than:
I said not he may, but he might spende it man.
Meanyng he might spend it, if he had it.
O, if he had it: a fir the diuell mad it.

Of fraying of babes. 94.

When do mothers fray their babes most from dugg?
When they put on blacke scrafs, and go like beare bugg?

Wyll

Of Reedes and okes. 95.

Wyll you réedes at the windꝫ will still make lowe beckꝫ?
Wyll you Okes stand stiffe stil while wind breke your nckꝫ?
Wyll you réedes, like apes, stil tucke & bowe eche ioynt?
Wyll you okes, like asses, still stand stiffe at one point?
Will you réedes be still bendyng bowyng bodies?
Wyll you okes be still stoute stiffe necked nodies?
Wyll you réedes be staggeryng still for vayne auayles?
Wyll you okes be stern still till your tops kisse your tayles?
Wyll you réedes shrinke still to all winds towardly?
Wyll you okes swell still at all windes frowardly?
Wyll you réedes crouch stil to be the windꝫ footestooles?
Wyll you okes crake still to be the windꝫ hed fooles
Okes will doo as we haue doone. so will we réedes.
Wherin for our purpose marke what ende procéedes
In eche one storme a thousand okes downe are blowne
In a thousand stormes not one réede ouerthrowne.

Of biyng a morter. 96.

That spice mortar to sell it be you wellyng?
Yea mistres: whats the price? ten shillyng.
Ten shillyng? fréende: I am hither entised
To bie a spice morter, not a morter spised.

Of a stepmother. 97.

Thy fathers second wife, thy steppe mother,
For a steppe mother thers not such an othe.r
At thrée steppes I saw hir steppe, sins she was wed,
From a stayre foote, strayght vp to thy fathers hed.

Of a lyar. 98.

Where doth Frances fabler now lie, Jane?
At signe of the whetstone in double tunge lane.
He lieth by night: and by day dayly hée
Lieth downe right, in what place so euer he bée.
That he lieth still day and night, this thing doth trie,
He neuer speketh woorde but it is a lie.

One difference this is, on which our tunges may carpe,
Betwene pinchyng pinsons, and tauntyng tunges sharpe.
Where these two nippers nip any were or when,
Those pinsons nip dead thing?, those tunges nip quicke men.

Of Heywood. 100.

Art thou Heywood with the mad mery wit?
Ye forsoth maister, that same is euen hit.
Art thou Heywood that applieth merth more then thrift?
Ye sir, I take mery mirth a golden gift.
Art thou Heywood that hath made many mad plaies?
Ye many plaies, fewe good workes in all my daies.
Art thou Heywood that hath made men mery long?
Ye: and will, if I be made mery among.
Art thou Heywood that woulde be made mery now?
Ye sir: helpe me to it now I beseche yow.

FINIS.

A hundred of Epigrammes.

Newly inuented and made by

John Heywood.

LONDINI.

Anno Christi.

1566.

To the reader.

Readers, reade this thus: for Preface, Prokace.
Much good do it you: the poore repast here,
A sirt hundred dishes I bring in place
To make good welfare, nay to make good chéere.
Far eis kode: chéere is mirth: sins meate is déere,
Not of meate but of mirth, cum pong cum olde,
Cum who cum will, here is open housholde.

FINIS.

Of rebellion. 1.
Of tounge, mouth, teeth and wisdome. 2.
Of Siluer to be horowed. 3.
Of an vnkindly matche. 4.
Of goynge to heauen and hell 5.
Of the hie way and a maides face. 6.
Of on that wold be praised. 7
Of lokyng. 8.
Of a hare a kote. 9.
Of Hob and John. 10.
Of sekyng a dawe. 11.
Of saiyng grace. 12.
Of dette. 13.
Of steppyng. 14.
Of wyryng a gentlemen. 15.
Of a wykes affection to hir husbande. 16.
Of a mans thryuyng. 17.
Of lernyng the lawe. 18.
Of good will and good deedes. 19.
Of Newgate wyndowes. 20.
Of treadyng a shoe a wry. 21.
Of a kayre sowe. 22.
Of prayer. 23.
Of chéese. 24.
Of a lease. 25.
Of stocks. 29.
A taunt of a wyke to hir husbande. 27.
Of pryde. 28.
To walke, talke drinke and sleepe. 29.
Of a lanterne and a light. 30.
Of a crie. 31.
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Of a tounge and a wytte. 33.
Of a peincter. 34.
Of peter and Powle. 35.
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Of lokyng out. 37.
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Of hanging and standing. 39.
Of a mans head and the pyllory. 40.
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Of the assaiyng of a hat. 53.
Of bying a cote. 54.
Of paryng of nayles 55.
Of a mans head. 56.

Of mony in ons purse. 57.
Of fréendes and foes 58.
Of diffrence in sundry thingz. 59.
Of callyng one flebergebet. 60
Of crowes bréedyng. 61.
Of Powles. 62.
Of a crow keper. 63.
Of Rape séede. 64.
Of red roses. 65.
Of peny ryall. 66.
Of Margerom. 67.
Of Popy. 68.
Of tyme séede. 69.
Of Rue. 70.
Of Liuerwurt. 71.
Of pine appall. 72.
Of hartz ease. 73.
Of parsnep. 74.
Of Annes séede. 75.
Of lettise séedes. 76.
Good newes to a man. 77.
Of least & most maistry. 78.
Of a man and a clocke. 79.
Of a spare horse. 80.
Of a husband hangd. 81.
Of horsedowne. 82.
Of a cocke and a capon. 83.
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Of Petur. 85.
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Of hogstowne. 88.
Of Coleprophet. 89.
Of thinges vnlyke. 90.
Of the gētlenes of a wyfe. 91.
Of catchyng a flie. 92.
Of a horse wearyng great bréeches. 93.
Of a recknyng at a shote. 94.
Of vse. 95.
Of one askyng for sheepe. 96.
Of walkyng and talkyng. 97.
Of seeyng & feelyng mony. 98
Of takyng thinges wrong. 99
Of Rattes taken for diuelles in a mans sloppes. 100.

FINIS.

Of Rebellion. 1.

AGainst god I dayly offend by frailte,
But against my prince, or native countre,
With as much as bodkin, when I rebell,
The next date after hang me vp fayre and well.
The next date after: nay the next day before
Wishe thou thy selfe hangd, in that case euermore.
Before thou hangst honestly vnworthyly.
After, thou hangst, worthyly vnhonestly.
But ho: at our fyrst dishe in our merry feast,
Why talke we of hangyng our myrth to molest.
Be our chéese no better then our pottage is.
Better fast then feast at such feastes as is this.
But beyng true to god, quéene, countre, and crowne,
We shall at all feastes, not hang vp, but syt downe.

Otherwise.

Wylt thou be taken for a true Englysh man?
Ye: be true to god, thy quéene, and countre than.
Stand fast by thy countre, who euer wold wyn it.
Better stande fast by it, then hange fast in it.

Of toung, mouth, teeth, and wisdome. 2.

The tounge is assinde, of wordes to be sorter:
The mouth is assinde, to be the tounges dorter:
The téeth are assynde, to be the tonges porter:
But wisdom is sinde, to tye the tounge shorter.

Of syluer to be borowed. 3.

Hast thou any bowde syluer to lende me Jone?
Nay: hast thou any broken syluer for me? none.
Hast thou any clypt syluer? I had, but tis gone.
Hast thou any crakt grote? crakt grote? nay not one.
No syluer, bowde, broken, clypt, crak, nor cut,
Hers a frend for frendshyp, not worth a crekt nut.

Of an vnkyndly march. 4.

This lyke marche, as lyke as I am a march hare.
March is not so lyke marche freend: I woulde it ware.
Though shap of the March hare show not in thee.
Yet hast thou the march hares made propertee.

Of goyng to heauen and hell. 5.

Of heauen or of hell, which go folke fastest to?
To hell fole to hell, go for moze fast they do.
The hie way to both lyth thus as clarks tell,
Up hill to heauenward, downe hill to hell.

Of the high way and a maydes face. 6.

The moze the highway is washt, the fouler it is.
Mayde, the high way and thy face, are lyke in this

Of one that would be praysed. 7.

Wouldst thou be praised? ye: why? prayse pleaseth me well
Ye, but how doth deserte of prayse please the, tell.

Of lookyng. 8.

Loke vpwarde to heauen my freend, what, where lookst thou?
Sir I was lokyng downewarde to hell for you.

Of a hare a foote. 9.

I here by the hounds, the hare is a foote.
Then must she to horsbacke, none other bote.
Nothyng doth moze a hares hope of lyke quayle.
Then doth a hounds nose nye a hares tayle.

Of Hob and John. 10.

Horse and harnesse vp, on all hands: Hob and John.
Hob and John? nay. Lob and John: would now be gon.
But tyll your prince sturre you to harnesse to start,
Harnesse you your horse, and get ye to the cart.

Of seekyng a daw. 11.

I haue sought for to finde a daw: why thou elfe,
When thou wouldst quickly fynde a daw, seeke thy selfe.
What is domine dawe in Englishe to say?
No mo dawes: thou dawe, art dawes enowe for this day.

Of saying grace. 12.

To say grace sayze and to say grace oft John,
From Gracechurch to Grantam, thy lyke thers non.
At breackfast, at diner, at supper, at all,
At sittyng, at risyng, haue grace we shall.
Thers no man a lyue, in house, stræte, or sælde,
That sayth grace so ofte, and showth grace so sælde.

Of dette. 13.

What deffrence intrew dette, and blew dette, to rate?
Diffrence as in diftance Ludgate and Newgate.

Of sleppyng. 14.

In skeppyng one foote backe, skeppyng fazward twayn,
My steps so stept. are not stept in vayne.
If one backstep, be as much as fozesteps thzée,
By your stout skeppyng your winnyng let vs sée.
Where wyde strydyng skeppyng gets no gayne ought wozth,
As good to stand stone still, as skep one skep fozth.

Of writyng a gentleman. 15.

Thou wzytst thy selfe gentleman in one wozde bzother.
But gentle is one wozd, and man is a nother.

Of a wiues affection to hir husband. 16.

I wene thers no wyfe lyke the wyfe of thyne.
Thy body beyng hers, yet doth she enclyne,
Fayzest, or foulest, whom fancy doth pzefer,
To take whom thou lyst, so thou touche not her.

Of a mans thrift. 17.

Lozde what thzife aryseth in thy behalfe?
Thy sowe great with pig, thy cowe great with calfe:
Thy ewe great with lambr: thy bych great with whelpe:
Thy cat great with kytte: and mozе encreafe to helpe,
Thy wyfe great with childe: and to shew thy thzift sole,
Thy mare great with fole, and thy selfe great with sole.

Of learnyng the lawe. 18.

Thou wilte lerne the lawe, where euer thou bée.
Lyncolnes In, or Lyncolne towne, both one to thée.

Of good wyll and god deedes. 19.

Is good will the best part of a frend: nay, nay:
Beggers with lordes so, for frendshyp compare may.
God déedes by good will had, differ there brother.
A poddyng prycke is one. a mylpost is an other.

Of Newgate wyndowes. 20.

All Newgate wyndowes bay wyndowes they bée.
All lokers out there stand at bay we sée.

Of treadyng a shooe awrye. 21.

My wife doth euer tread hir shoe a wrye.
Inward, or outward: nay, all outwardly:
She treadth so outward, that if she out wynn,
She wyll by her will, neuer tread fote within.

Of a fayre sowe. 22.

I neuer sawe a fayrer sowe in my lyfe.
A syr, thy sowe is euen as fayre as thy wyfe.

Of prayer. 23.

Some pray familorum familorum.
Sum say, that is folorum, folarum.

Of cheese. 24.

I neuer saw Banbery chéese thicke enough:
But I haue oft séene Eſſex cheese quicke enough.

Of a leose. 25.

Thy lease of fresh wharfe, byndth thée there to dwell:
Which thou hast forfited, as thy neighbours tel:
These foure yeres at fresh wharfe as folke consyder,
Thou hast not bene fresh, full foure houres togyther.

Of ſtockes. 26.

Thy vpper stockes be they stufte with sylke or flockes,
Neuer become thée lyke a nether payre of stockes.

Wilfe

A taunt of a wife to her husband. 27.

Wyfe, I wéene thou art dronke or Leunityke.
Nay husband: women are neuer mone sicke.
Come that contunction in tyme, late, or sone,
Wée say (not the woman) the man in the mone.

Of pryde. 28.

Fie on pride when men go nakte: nakte or clothed,
Pride is in all men a thyng to be lothed.
But yet may ye sée, though it dos ill accord,
Sum nakte begger as proude, as some clythed lorde.

To walke, talke, drinke or sleape. 29.

Walke roundly,
Talke profoundly,
Drinke roundly,
Sleape soundly.

Of lanthorne and light. 30.

A Lanthorne and a light mayde: manerly sayde.
But whiche to be light: the Lanthorne, or the mayde.

Of a crie. 31.

Thou losist a marke in Iewes, criers cry.
Crie not so for me crier, and marke this why.
I woulde rather geue thée a gowne of Tiffew,
Then be in dread to léese my marke in Iflyw.

Of a watermans rowyng. 32.

Thy fares ouer the water thou shouldst row them,
But vnder the water thou doost bestow them.

Of tunge and wyt. 33.

Thou hast a swyft runnyng tunge: how be it,
Thy tunge is nothyng so quicke as thy wyt.
Thou art when wyt and tunge in runnyng contende,
At thy wittes end, er thou be at thy tales ende.

Of a peinter. 34.

Thou arte the peinter of peinters, marke who shall,
In makyng and settyng colours aboue all.

No paynter, paintyng within Englands bound?,
Can set so fayre colours vpon so fowle ground?.

Of Peter and Poll.. 35.

I dwell from the citée in subbarbes at rowles.
I pray to saint Peter to bring me nere Powles.
Alas, thou prayst all in vaine, poore séely soule:
Peter will set no hand, to bring thée to Poule.

Of losse of helth and wealth. 36.

How lost you your helth?
That glotony telth.
how lost you your welth?
That lost I by stelth.
Who was your welthes wringer?
My thombe and my finger.

Of lookyng out. 37.

Stande in and loke out: hange out and loke not out.
Newgate and Tyburne, do bring both about.

Of chafyng dishes. 38.

Wylke, all thy dishes be chaffyng dishes plaist:
For thou chafest at sight of euery dishe thou hast.

Of hangyng and standyng. 39.

Whether wilt thou hange vp with ropes of ynions?
Or stifly stande vp, with roperipe minions?
Forsoth, both for nomber and stuffe truly cast,
As good hange with the first, as stand with the last.

Of a manz head and the Pillery. 40.

Upon the Pillery, your worshipfull hed,
Unto the pillery doth worship far spred.
Which worship the pillery requitthe ill now:
For as you worship it, so it shameth yow.

A prayse of ons. 41.

Sée how some aboue some other, prayses wyn.
I praise thée for one thyng aboue all thy kyn.
They, without teachyng could neuer practise ought,
Thou canst play the knaue, and neuer was taught.

Of diuers bandes. 42.

All kindes of bandes to be bounde in being scande.
Headbande, smockbande, flailebande, bousleband, or husbande,
Which shall binde thee: not the lasse on sea nor lande.
Before husbandes bands, in deuils bands I will stande.

Of couenantes. &c. 43.

Many posts without apposition.
Many couenantes without good condicion.
Many promises without good payment.
Many arbitterments without good dayment.

Of promise and paiment. 44.

May I trust that he promised:
Ye: scantly to be performed.
Promiseth he thrise or he once pay:
Sometimes he doth: but not alway.
Some thinges he promiseth to pay euer.
Which thinges so promisde he paithe neuer.

Of one that dare not steale. 45.

Thou boldowest, and thou begst, but when wilt thou steale:
Neuer: for to be hanged sir I haue no zeale.
Thou wouldst steale if thou durst: ye but I dare not.
Well then for thy hangyng, in this world care not.
And in the worlde to'come, as well thou shalt spæde,
For good will to steale, as thou hadst stolne in deede.

Of the creation of the deuils dam. 46.

When was the deuils dam create, tholde withred lade:
The next leape yere after wedding was first made.
In an ill time. when the deuill will that deuill die:
At that yeres end, that endeth weddyng finally.

Of reward to a seruyng man. 47.

Wayt well: thy master will do for thee I wis:
Canst thou spie nothing to aske of him: yis:
But when I aske, I can not haue that I craue.
No, aske him blissyng: and that shalt thou surely haue.

Two properties of a seruaunt. 48.

Who so that hath a good seruaunt, kepe him well.
Well must I kæpe thée then by this that I tell.
Singuler in many things: in this above all,
To take thy wages great, and make thy seruice small.

Of toughnes and tendernes. 49.

For toughnes and tendernes both in one man séene,
One like your maistershyp few or none hath béene.
Are ought of ye: then are ye so tart and tough,
That your taunts would touche a hors hart most rough.
Giue ought to ye thus tender and mæke are you,
Teares like Tares from your eyes, your knées to ground bow.

A question to a childe. 50.

Who is thy father childe, are his mothers husband.
Are my mother (quoth he) that to vnderstand.
The boy dalieth with you sir: for verily
He knowyth who is his father as well as I.
The man, of this childes wit, was wrapt in such ioy.
That he knew not what he might make of the boy.

Seekyng for a dwellyng place. 51.

Still thou sækest for a quiet dwellyng place.
What place for quietnes hast thou now in chase?
London bridge. Thats ill for thée for the water.
Quéene hyth. thats more ill for an other mater.
Smarts key. thats most ill for feare of smartyng smart.
Carter lane. nay. that soundth all on the cart.
Powles cheine. nay in no wise dwell not neere the chaine.
Wood street: why wilt thou be wood yet once againe?
Bread street. thats to dry by drought thou shalt be dead.
Philpot lane. that breedth moist humours in the head.
Siluer streete: Coper smyths in Siluer streete: fie.
Newgate streete. ware that man, Newgate is hard by.

Falter

Faster lane: thou wilt as sone be tide fast: as fast.
Croked lane: nay croke no more, be streight at last.
Creede lane: they fall out there, brother against brother,
Aue mary lane: thats as ill as the tother.
Pater noster row: Pater noster row:
A grēde: thats the quietest place that I know.

Of three soules. 52.

Thou hast three soules in charge: thy body soule one,
Thy fēte soules twayne: but let thy fēte soules alone:
Discharge thy body soule: and fēte soules, poze elues,
They shall pay their owne fées and discharge them selues.

Of one saying of a hat. 53.

Sayd he that hat on his hed? nay, chaunce so led,
That by that time the hat cam he had no hed.

Of biyng a coate. 54.

I must bie a new coate foz shame.
To get shame: nay tauoyde the same.
Tauoyde shame, thou maist desire it,
But ten new coates will not hire it.

Of paryng nayles. 55.

Payze my nayles wife: nay man, if your nailes fayle,
Where can ye finde frēndes to scart your scabd tayle?
Pare thine owne nayles then: foz as they be led,
They proue frēndly frēndes in scrattyng my hed.
That may be: but as those wozdes are sone spoken,
So euen as sone is a scald mans head broken.

Of a mans head. 56.

Thy head is great, and yet sēemth that head but thin:
Without heare without, and without wyt within.

Of money in ones purse. 57.

He hath in his purse foztie oz fiftie pounde.
Put n to or, and marke then how that doth sounde.

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Of frendes and foes. 58.

The deuill shall haue freendz: and as god reason goes,
That the deuill shall haue freendz: as god shall haue foes.

Of diffrence in sondry thinges. 59.

Small diffrence betweene receiuyng and takyng:
Great diffrence betweene maryng and makyng.
Small difference betweene sighyng and sobbing:
Great diffrence betweene bassyng and bobbyng.
Small diffrence betweene fayre lokes and fayre wordes:
Great diffrence betweene blount wordes and sharp swordes.
Small diffrence betweene talkyng and tellyng:
Great diffrence betweene smartyng and smellyng.
Small diffrence betweene true loue and truskyng
Greate diffrence betweene rubbyng and rasckyng.
Small diffrence betweene lowryng and snowryng:
Great diffrence betweene laughyng and lowryng.
Small diffrence betweene waste ware and weedes:
Great diffrence betweene god wordes and god deedes.
Small diffrence betweene closnes and consealyng:
Great diffrence betweene geuing and stealyng.

Of callyng one flebergebit. 60.

Thou flebergibet: flebergebet, thou wretche:
Wottst thou wherto last parte of that word doth stretche:
Leaue that worde or Ile baste ye with a libet,
Of all wordz I hate wordes that end with gibet.

Of crowes breedyng. 61.

I woulde wish som god prouision to prouide,
That Crowes should neuer breede by the hie wales side.
They so mistrust euery man to steale their burdes,
That no man can scape their oppробrious wurdes.
No man passeth by, what soeuer he bee,
But those crowes be knaue him to the ninth degree.
Shoulde the crowes worde stande when he ragis and raues,
We should haue in England foztie thousand knaues.

Thankes

Of Powles. 62.

Thankes to god and good people, Powles goth vp well tell:
Powles goth vp, but when goth polyng downe: that.

Of a crowe keper. 63.

There be many cald crowe kéepers: but in déede
Thers no crowe kéeper but thou in tyme of séede,
Where other kéepe crowes out, lyke sternelynges forlorne,
To kéepe crowes in plight, thou kéepest crowes in the corne.

Of Rape seede. 64.

Hast thou any Rapeséede: ye: if you to rape fruite fall,
Here is Rapeséede: but thers hempseede mixt withall.

Of red Roses. 65.

What thinke ye worthe one busshell of red roses:
Wore worthe then are two busshels of red noses.

Of Peniryall. 66.

I séeke Peniryall: haue ye eny:
Séeke further: I haue nother ryall nor peny.

Of Margerum. 67.

Hast thou any Margerumgentill: ye in deede.
But it is somwhat mingled with Nettilseede.

Of Poppie. 68.

Lets se Poppie seed: my Poppie seede is gon.
But for your grounde, I haue puppie seede alone.

Of Tyme seede. 69.

Haue ye any Tyme seede: Tyme seede, ye be rude:
But it is so miskynde, that it bringth no time good.

Of Rue. 70.

I would haue a groatesworth of your seede of Rew.
Ye shall haue Rew seede inough, both olde and new.

Of Lyuerworte. 71.

What lacke you sir: Lyuerworte seede I come to craue.
Lyuerworte I haue none: but Lypwort seede I haue.

Of a pine tppell. 72.

Hast thou any graffes of the Pine appell trée?
Ye: pining graffes, great growers as can bée.

Of hartes ease. 73.

Haue you any hartes ease séede? ye for god, I.
But what other ware with hartes ease wyll ye bie?
None: then haue I no harts eyse for you brother:
We séede sellers must sell séedes one with an other.
To bie harts ease séede of me, that no man shall,
Except he bie some séedes of ars smart withall.

Of Parsnip seede. 74.

Here is Parsnip séede that will nip you as nere,
As ye were nipt with any parsnip this yere.

Of Annesse seede. 75.

This Annesse séede is browne, but to occupie,
Browne Annes as swéete, as white Annes like I.

Of Lettis seede. 76.

I woulde bie Lettis séede for my graden Jhone.
Lettes séedes? forsooth good moster I haue none.
But put out e s, and these séedes Ile auow,
Best séedes in England for your garden and you.

Of good newes to a man. 77.

What newes? good newes for thée as wit can scan.
We haue newes that thou art an onest man.
These newes comyng euen now thus fresh and new,
All men take for good: no man takth for trew.

Of least and most mastrie. 78.

What is the least mastrie thou canst deuise?
Least maistrie is a foole to wéene him selfe wise.
What is the most maistrie that thy wyt spise?
The most maistrie is, to make a foole wise

Of a man and a clocke. 79.

Men take man of earthly thynges most excellent:
But in one thyng thou semst vnder that extent.

A clocke

A clocke after none aboue thée I avow,
A clocke can go alone then: so conſt not thou.

Of a ſpare horſe. 80.

Haſt thou any ſpare horſe to lend me one?
A ſpare horſe? thers one: take him and be gone.
Sadled and brydled he was, and with that,
As the man leapt vp, the horſe fell doune flat.
He fell without helpe: but then vp to get,
Fyue men were to fewe him on foote to ſet.
A ſpare horſe (quoth he) the diuell may ſpare him:
He that ſhall occupie him muſt bare him.
Sins this ſpare horſe will not ſerue thée brother,
Yet of my ſpare horſes hers an other.
Vp lept the man, hens ran the horſe amayne:
In ten myles galloppyng he turnd not ageyne.
For iudgment in ſpare horſe, let this be compardc:
Run euer, run neuer which may beſt be ſparde.

Of a huſband hangd. 81.

Is thy huſband hangd? he was: but he is nat:
In ſpyght of his foes I found frends to eaſe that.
For or my déere hart had hangd fully houres twayne,
I gate his pardon and cut him downe agayne.

Of Horſadowne. 82.

Hyredſt thou not this horſe at Horſadowne? yis.
Where is Horſadowne? that maiſt thou lerne by this:
In hye way, low way, feyze way, foule way, féeld, town?
Where ſo euer this horſe is. there is Horſeadowne

Of a Cocke and a Capon. 83.

A braue capon by a brag cocke late beyng,
The proud cocke thinkyng ſcorne, the ſame ſo ſéeyng,
Sayde to the capon: what thou barren baſtarde,
Perkſt thou with me here as I were a haſkarde.
Wher I, comely combed crowyng cockyng cock,
Am huſbande or father to all this hole flock.

What (quoth the capon) thou lewd lecherous wretch:
These chyckens all for thyne bendst thou this brag to stretche
As though there were but one treadyng cocke alone,
Yes cocke yes: there be mo treadyng cockes then one.
But sins thou thus proudly dost make this auaunt,
To represse thy pryde, take this tale for a taunt.
I haue of myne owne: I treadyng hennes neuer,
As many chyckens as thou, treadyng thy hennes euer.
This strake the cocke in a deepe dumpe, dull and dead.
Hauyng a styll tounge he had a besy head.
Two dayes after this, he trode not nor fed not,
His comb sore cut: but thankes to god it bled not,

Of disdeigne. 84.

Is maistry to disdeigne thinges by enuise scole?
Nay nay, no more maistry then to be a sole.

Of Peter. 85.

Peter the proude, and Peter the poore, in whiche,
Poore Peter oft as proude, as Peter the riche.

Of one in Newgate. 86.

Art thou in Newgate to stand to thy tacklyng?
Nay: I am in Newgate to stand to my shaklyng.

Of sauyng of shooes. 87.

Thou wearst (to weare thy wyt and thryft together)
Moyles of veluet to saue thy shoes of lether.
Oft haue we seene moyle men ryde vpon assys:
But to see assys go on moyles: that passys.

Of hogstowne. 88.

The head man in hogstowne, hogherd is erpest:
Where hogs be parishoners, hogherd must be best.
Yet hogs head in hogstowne is no John a droyne,
Pigs dare not quich there, if hogs head hang the gronye.

Of coleprophet. 89.

Thy prophesy poysonly to the pricke goth:
Coleprophet and cole poyson thou art both.

Like

Of thinges vnlyke 90.

Lyke will to lyke men say: but not alway so.
Contrary to contrary oftymes doth go.
When folke be most open, their lowe parts most lose,
Then go they to stooles that be made most close.

Of the gentlenesse of a wyfe. 91.

Thy wyfe is as gentle as a falcon: trew.
And namely in this kynde of gentlenesse: Yew.
Beyng not hungry, lewze falcons when he list,
They will check oft, but neuer come to the fist.

Of catchyng a fly. 92.

A boy on his booke clapt hand to catche a fly:
Hast hir cryde his master? nay god wot I.
Then thou shalt drinke: master I haue hir I thinke.
If thou haue hir sayde the master, thou shalt drynke.
To furious maisters, what helpth fayze spæches:
Flies caught oz not caught, vp go boyes bræches.

Of a horse wearyng great breeches. 93.

Why hozse to weare greate bræches is asynde:
Why? to kepe him from enterferyng behynde.

Of reckenyng at a shotte. 64.

Geue vs a reckenyng vpon this pot fyllyng:
What haue we to pay in all? ten shyllyng.
What comth our meate to? foure shyllings vp and downe.
What? drynke? syxe shyllyngs: thats to say a french crowne.
Why: haue we dronke moze then we haue eaten, knaue?
Ye, as many other men, many tymes haue.
Loke where so euer malte is aboue wheate.
There in shotte euer drynke is aboue meate.

Of vse. 95.

Vse maketh maistry, this hath bene saide alway:
But all is not alway: as all men do say,

In Abryll the Kooco can syng hir song by rote,
In June out of tune she can not syng a note.
At fyrst, kooco, kooco, syng styll can she do,
At last kooke, kooke, kooke: syre kookes to on ko.

Of one askyng for sheepe. 96.

Cam there any shéepe this way, you shéepishe maidz? nay:
But euen as you cam: there cam a calfe this way.

Of walkyng and talkyng. 97.

Walke thou narowly, walke thou néerely:
Walke as thy walke may ende chéerely.
Talke thou basely, talke thon boldely:
In all thy talke, talke thou coldly.
Walke thou weatly, walke thou dryly:
In thy walke, walke not to hyly.
Talke thou meryly, talke thou sadly:
Talke as thy talke may take ende gladly.
Walke thou dayly, walke thou wéekely:
In all thy walke, walke thou méekely.
Talke thou softly, talke thou loudly:
In any talke, talke not proudly.
Walke thou fyrstly, walke thou lastly:
Walke in the walke that standth fastly.
Talke or walke oldly or newly:
Talke and walke blainly aud trewly.

Of seeyng and feelyng mony. 98.

Lackyng spectacles, canst thou sée money, John?
Ye: but hauyng spectacles I can féele non.

Of takyng thinges wronge. 99.

Perseyued and taken thinges right, thou hast long:
But for one thinge in thée long sens taken wrong,
Thy credite is toucht, and thou therby the wurs.
What thyng sayst thou haue I taken wrong? a purs.

Of a number of rattes mistaken for diuelles in a mans sloppes. 100.

A byg bréecht man fearyng a déere yere to cum,
Bestowde in his bréeche a chéese harde by his bum.
And leauyng of those hosefor dayes two or thrée.
Rattes two or three crept into that breeche they bee:
Poyntyng them selues of that cheese to be keepers.
In which ware watch be sure ther weare no sleepers.
No wyght rydyng men: from Sandwich to Sarum,
Could wyn that cheese from them without a larum.
At three daies end this man puttyng these hose on,
Hauyng tyde his poynts, the rattz began anon
To starte and to sturre that breeche rounde aboute,
To seeke and fynde sum way, what way to get out.
But that breeche was bolstred so with such brode barres,
Suche crankz, snche cony holes, such cuttes and such starres,
With warde, within warde, that the rattes were as fast,
As though they with theeues in newgate had bene cast.
But this man in his breech feelyng such fumblyng,
Suche rollyng, such rumblyng, ioystyng and iumblyng,
He was ther with striken in a frantik feare:
Thinkyng sure to him selfe that sume sprites were theare.
He ran out, he cride out, without coate or cloke,
Those rattes in those ragges whind lyke piggz in a poke.
A coniurer cride he in all haste I beseeche,
To coniure the diuell: the diuell is in my breeche.
Runnyng and turnyng in and out as he flung
One of the rattz by the rybbes he so wroung,
That the rat in rage to his buttock gat her,
She set in hir teeth, his eyes ran a water.
She bote, he cride, dogs barkt, the people showted,
Hornes blewe, bells rung, the diuell dredid and dowted.

To be in his breech to bring him streight to hell.
The wo and wunder wherof, to much to tell.
At last to see what bugg, in his breech frayde him.
Foure or fyue mankull man, mankully frayde him.
The rattes hoppyng out at his hose pullyng of,
All this sad matter, turnd to a mery scof.
When he saw these rattes by this chese brought this feare
Reloysyng the scape he solemnly did sweare,
That in his breche shuld come no chese after that,
Except in his brethe he weare like of a cat.

FINIS.

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